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T[illegible] WEEKLY

Down the Home Stretch

By

Walter Davenport

"Fare Enough!" A Short Story By [illegible]

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Nov. 3, 1928

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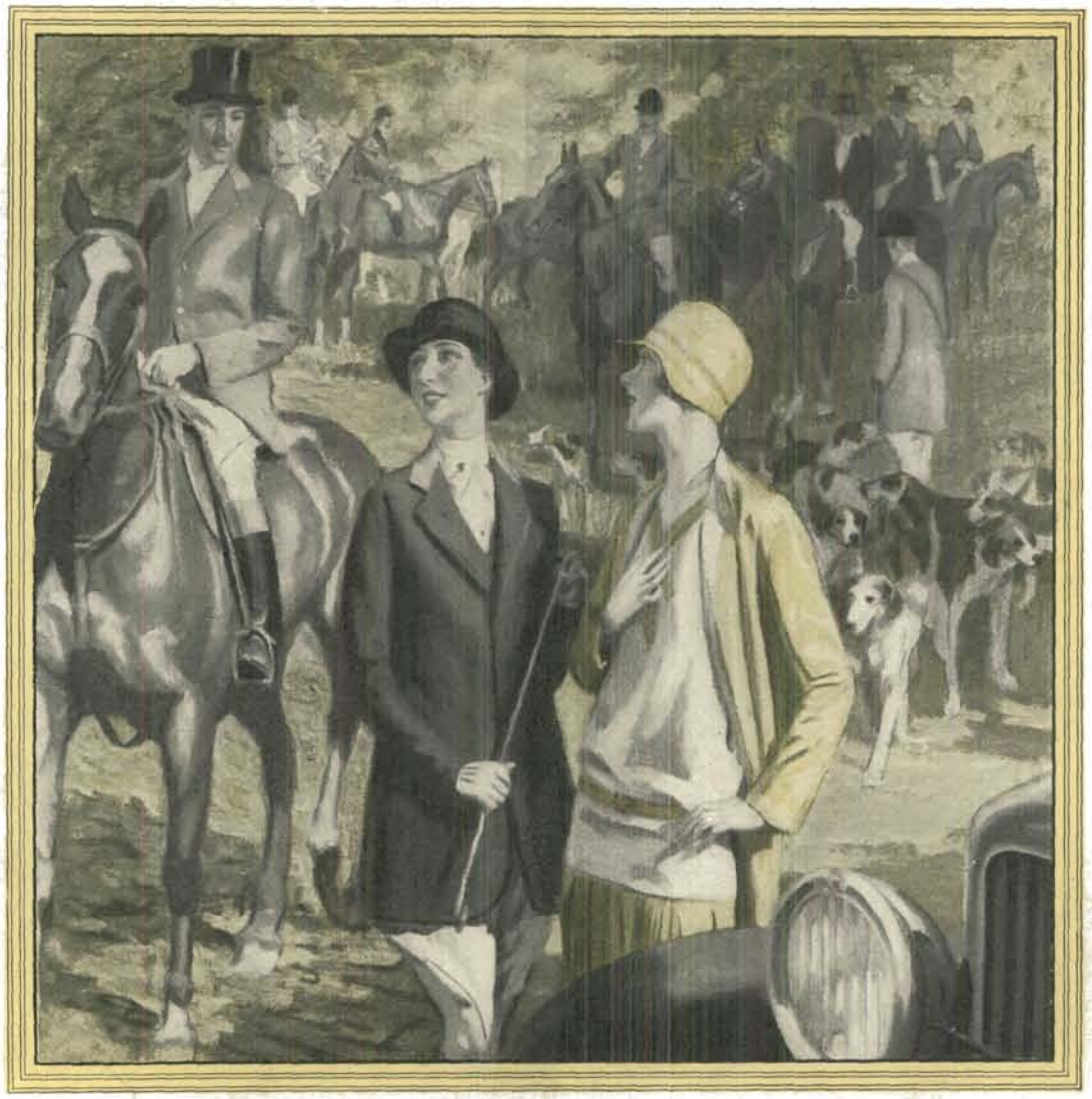
FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES



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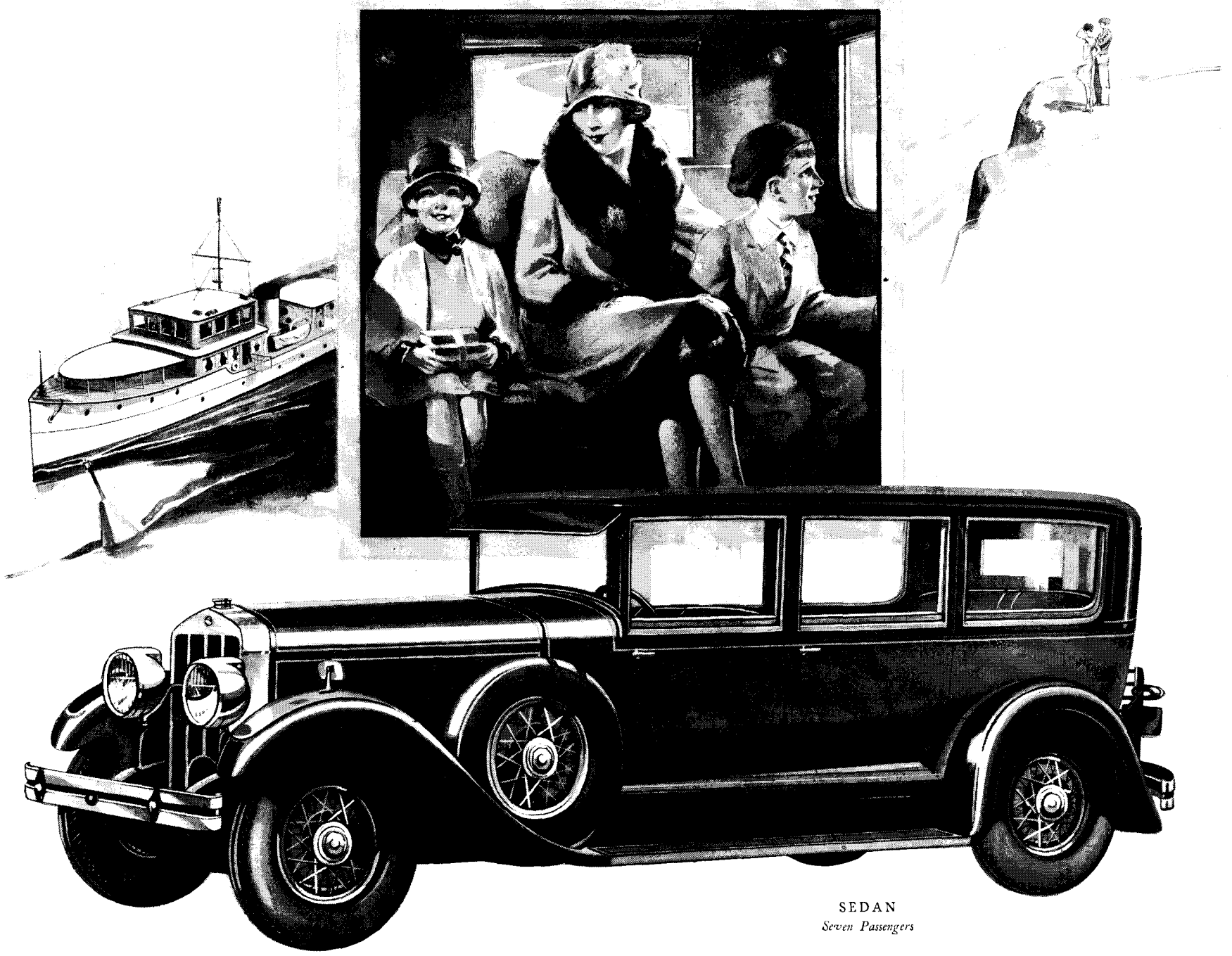

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WITH the power and speed to challenge and conquer all the major road records...

With a beauty of external body lines already copied by half the motor world...

With a new elegance of interior finish and appointments which has created wholly new standards in modern luxury...

...the new Airman Limited stands *supreme*...the first car in the world to offer truly LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL.

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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

THE NEW FRANKLIN
AIRMAN LIMITED

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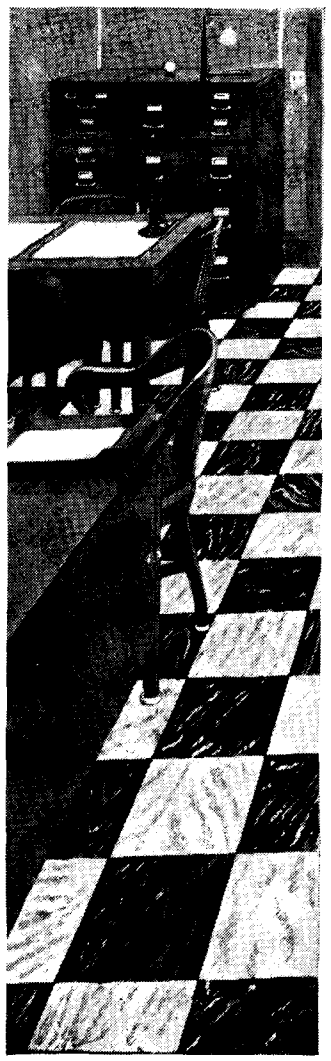
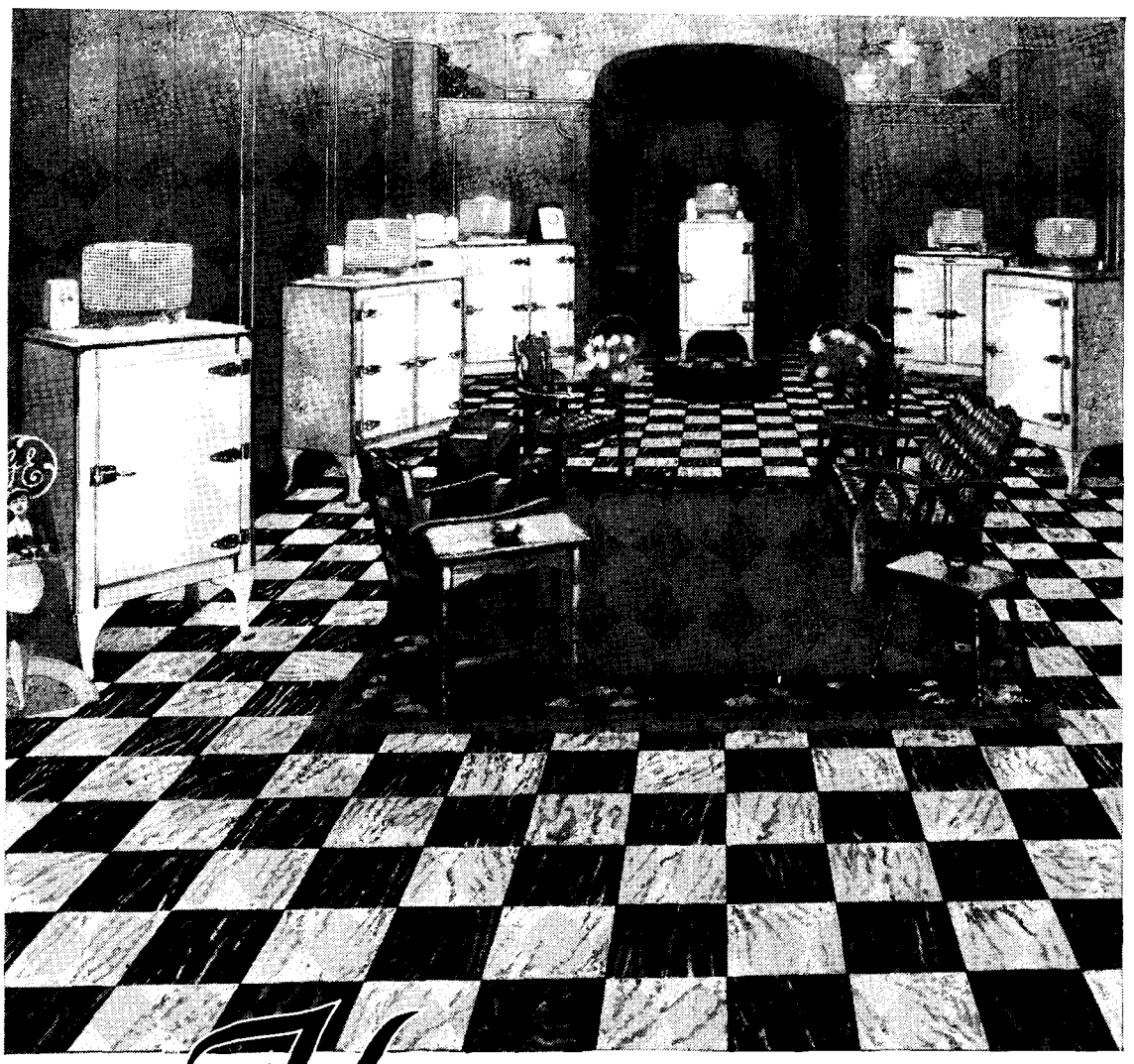
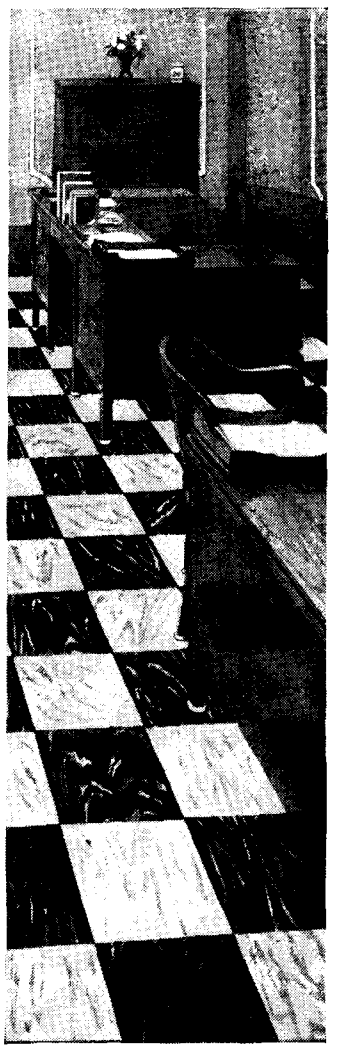
In both General Electric Company's home office and in many of its distributors' showrooms the floors are Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum. All these floors are permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt.





A typical General Electric office and display room, with Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Floor No. 76. Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum is used by many General Electric Refrigerator distributors throughout the country.



How GENERAL ELECTRIC *puts showmanship in selling*

IF you sell from the floor, let your floor help you sell! The Electric Refrigeration Department of the General Electric Company has demonstrated the wisdom of this modern selling logic. Today in all parts of the country General Electric Refrigerators are shown in sales-attracting showrooms like the one illustrated above . . . against a sales-making floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum.

"Many of our distributors' showrooms have Armstrong's Linoleum. It seems to have all the qualities necessary for strenuous service. Then again, appearance is a vital factor with us, and the wide range of patterns in Armstrong's Linoleum lends itself so well to our decorative plans."

New finish cuts cleaning

Long wear and *fine appearance*. These seem to be the outstanding reasons why so many leaders in the business world have adopted Armstrong's Linoleum Floors as standard equipment for office, showroom, shop, and store. But there are many other advantages. Quietness is one. Warmth is another. Cleanliness is a third.

And the man who pays the cleaning bills will tell you that cleaning costs are cut when Armstrong Floors are installed. By the new Accolac Process,

Experience of business leaders a good guide in selecting equipment for office, store, or shop

a dirt-resisting lacquer is made to permeate and seal the surface. It keeps dust and dirt *on* the surface for quick, easy cleaning. It simplifies waxing and polishing. It helps retain the original beauty of the colors. This new Accolac Process finish is an original Armstrong development in the cause of better business floors.

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Fare Enough!

By George Weston

For three precious years J. Anthony Cadwallader led a quiet, restful life. After which he stepped into a taxi —and made up for lost time

J. ANTHONY CADWALLADER sat in his club overlooking the Avenue, by far the youngest man in any of the windows. The best-dressed, too, for that matter. Even in repose, his double-breasted serge was a pretty thing to see, and so was his mauve shirt and his diagonally-striped tie of lavender and purple.

It was a balmy May morning. The room was warm. In front of the window the busses humped over a filled-in trench like so many Gargantuan sheep hopping a stile. And when you heard that the clock had been striking three when J. Anthony Cadwallader had sought his solitary couch that morning, you may possibly sympathize with him when you hear that bit by bit his eyelids drooped, notch by notch his head dropped, until at last with a long, luxurious sigh he found himself adventuring in that strange, that beautiful country which was sometimes known to the ancients as the Land of Nod.

Not a bad-looking young fellow, you might have told yourself, if you had seen him thus. Hair inclined to be both red and curly. A ruddy complexion, in spite of his hours. Nose a bit beaky, but lips good-natured, so that he seemed to be smiling in his sleep. Indeed, one might have guessed that he was on the point of chuckling, when a hawk-browed old member sternly took the chair by his side and placed a vigorously shaking hand upon his knee.

"Oh! . . . It's Uncle Austin," said Tony, opening his eyes. And closing them again with a sigh, he added, with a touch of resignation, "You may fire when you are ready, Uncle Austin. But it's really the fault of the busses bumping the ditch."

"BUSSES be damned, sir!" exploded Uncle Austin under his breath. "Sleeping here in a club window at half past ten in the morning. I could hardly believe my sight when I saw you from the street."

"I wish you hadn't believed it," said Tony plaintively. "I wish you had said to yourself, 'No, no, that can never be my nephew. I have too much faith in human nature! And even if it is—which Heaven forbid!—I will not disturb him, for if he didn't need the rest, he wouldn't be sleeping there, poor fellow!'"

"Rest!" scoffed the older man, still under his breath because of the other members who were sitting around the room as though participating in some solemn rite which it were sacrilege to disturb. "What have you done these last three years but rest? Three precious years when you should have been working!"

Tony blandly opened one eye!

"Working for what?" he asked. "As executor of Dad's estate, you know I've ten times more than I need."

"A man never has more than he needs, sir!" said Uncle Austin quite fiercely.

It may have been coincidence, but Tony seemed to grunt a little as he closed his eye again.

"But that's not the point," continued Uncle Austin, rather hurriedly. "As I've told you before, there is adventure in business, sir. Adventure worthy of men. A game that will keep you fit and keen. Never mind the profits," he continued, reverting for the moment to his subdued ferocity. "Damn the profits; you can give them away, if you wish; but a true Cadwallader never yet dozed his life away—was never seen before asleep in a club window at twenty-five minutes to eleven on a fine spring morning—"

This time Tony suddenly opened both eyes.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Twenty-five minutes to eleven, you say?"

"You can see the clock, sir."

Ann heard a story which she followed with such breathless attention that her eyes expressed every emotion known to man

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

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Tony glanced over his shoulder and then quickly arose to his feet.

"Thanks for dropping in, Uncle," he said. "I've an important engagement at a quarter to eleven. You'll pardon me, I know."

He hurried down to the coat-room.

"A taxi!" he exclaimed to the doorman.

It was, Tony noticed, a good-looking cab which drew to the doorway—a good-looking cab with a good-looking young chauffeur at the wheel. In the window above, Tony saw Uncle Austin watching with an attentive frown.

"I'm late for an important appointment," said Tony to the doorman. "Tell him to drive to the subtreasury—"

"To the subtreasury. Yes, sir!"

"There!" thought Tony with growing satisfaction as the cab started down the Avenue. "That ought to mystify dear old Uncle Austin. He's probably quizzing the doorman by now. Adventure in business! Like fun there's adventure in business. The adventure part's all right; but I want mine neat, thank you—"

There was a sharp cry, the sudden squeak of a brake, a muffled bump—a collision; and presently Tony's chauffeur was being lifted from his taxi. It only needed a glance to see that one of his legs was seriously out of order.

"I'll take him to the hospital," said Tony, turning to the driver of the offending car. "You stay here and make your report to the traffic officer when he comes. And remember, old chap," he added in a warning voice, "you won't gain a thing by slipping away. I have your number, you know."

He helped the injured driver into the car, threw in the gear, opened the throttle, and the next moment the cab was moving forward with the traffic.

"Ha!" thought Tony. "Ambulance-driver . . . there's a business. . . . If Uncle Austin could only see me now—!"

THE driver's leg, it was discovered at the hospital, had been broken below the knee; and while it was being set, Tony engaged a private room for him. From the patient's history, obtained by an efficient young nurse, before he was taken to the operating-room, they had learned that the patient's name was Harry Hoffman, that he lived at a boarding house on West Fifty-ninth Street, and that his nearest relative was an aunt who lived in Sioux City, Iowa.

"For after all," thought Tony, looking at the private room which he had engaged, "he was wounded in my service. Not a very cheerful cell, but he'll have attention—"

He was interrupted by the appearance of a narrow pushcart bearing the chauffeur, one of his legs a white cocoon of bandages. A second nurse followed, carrying part of the patient's clothes.

"Well, Harry, here you are," said Tony, after they had lifted him into the bed. "You'll soon be better; and until you are, this room's on me. I'll get you some cigarettes before I go—oh, and you'd better tell me where to take the cab—"

"I'll say you're white," said the chauffeur in a husky voice. He gave the address of his garage, and added with increasing gloom: "It couldn't have happened at a woise time. That cab belongs to me—see? I'm one of these ambitious guys who's trying to get on in the woild, but I had to buy the boat on installments, and there's a payment due next week—"

Tony's next remark was born of inspiration. He had already dimly sensed the idea on his way to the hospital—but now it suddenly appeared before him in full romantic beauty. A modern Arabian Knight seeking excitement in a taxi. . . . A Don Quixote riding a cab instead of a horse . . . James I, disguised as a beggar, pursuing adventures in his capital at night.

"How much do you make a week?" he asked.

"Taking one week with another, I clear about forty dollars," said the moody young man in the bed.

"Tell you what I'll do, then," said Tony briskly. "I'll give you fifty a week for the use of your cab till you're out again."

Hope brightened the chauffeur's eyes, even while incredulity was trying to keep them dull.

"Straight goods?" he muttered.

"Not a twist in a mile," Tony solemnly assured him.

"No bootlegging?"

"NOT a drink in a carload. I simply feel that I'd like to play chauffeur in a taxi, that's all. I'll borrow your hat and coat, and leave mine here for security. Of course it isn't my picture in the cab; but it's near enough—with the cap on."

Harry's objections were obviously growing weaker.

"You'll get in trouble, if they catch you," he said.

"If I get in trouble, I'll get out again," said Tony with that large confidence which generally accompanies red hair. "And whatever happens, your cab will be waiting outside here when you're ready to walk again—either that or a new one of the same make. And fifty dollars every Monday morning as long as you're here. And the first week now in advance. . . ."

It may have been the first week now in advance which turned the trick.

"Well—" hesitated Harry. "If you think you can woik it—and my coat will fit you—"

As a matter of fact, the coat didn't fit the last of the Cadwalladers exactly as though he had been measured for it; but at least it would serve, and ten minutes later when taxi No. 4499 pulled out of the courtyard of St. Clement's Hospital a new chauffeur sat proudly at the wheel.

"Adventure in business?" he was beaming to himself. "Well, now, let's give it a try!"

Tony's first stop was at a florist's shop. He had noticed that the interior equipment of the cab included a vase.

"Yes, sir," he told himself. "The flossiest cab on the Avenue—that's my motto."

He bought a half dozen Ophelias, the stems wrapped in wet moss. His next stop was at a news-stand where he acquired a fashion magazine, a newspaper and (upon reflection) a copy of the latest best seller.

"There!" he said, after he had arranged his roses in the vase, and his other purchases on the back seats. "Service till it hurts!"

He crossed to Fifth Avenue, rode up the Avenue to Eighty-first Street and there turned right to Park—always driving as slowly as the traffic permitted and keeping his eyes open for prospective fares.

"No, sir," he thought as a testy-looking old man waved his cane. "You have the Uncle Austin complex." And "No, sir," he thought again as a stout blonde signaled him, "you need exercise, dear lady, not a taxi." And "No, sir," he thought for the third time as a party of five signaled him in front of St. Thomas', "that wouldn't be fair to my family. . . ."

TURNING down Park Avenue not far from where he lived, he nearly laughed aloud.

"J. Anthony! J. Anthony!" he told himself. "You're having a lovely time. Wait till you see someone you know."

He didn't have to wait long.

"Rita Mosely!" he continued, in growing excitement. "Taxi, lady? But no; she doesn't even look."

He kept on his course until he came to The Aubrey Arms, one of the new apartment houses south of the station. Standing at the curbstone was an imposing footman, dressed like the Admiral in H. M. S. Pinafore, and evidently looking for a taxi for the girl who stood by his side.

"Ah-ha!" thought Tony. "Let's look into this. . . ."

He gave one look at the girl; and the next moment he was steering for the curb. . . .

"Oh, baby!" he learnedly whispered to himself, as the Admiral opened the door of his cab. "Talk about Anthony and Cleopatra in their little Barge! I'll say there's adventure in business. . . . How well Uncle Austin knew!"

"Charrod's!" directed the Admiral, smartly closing the door.

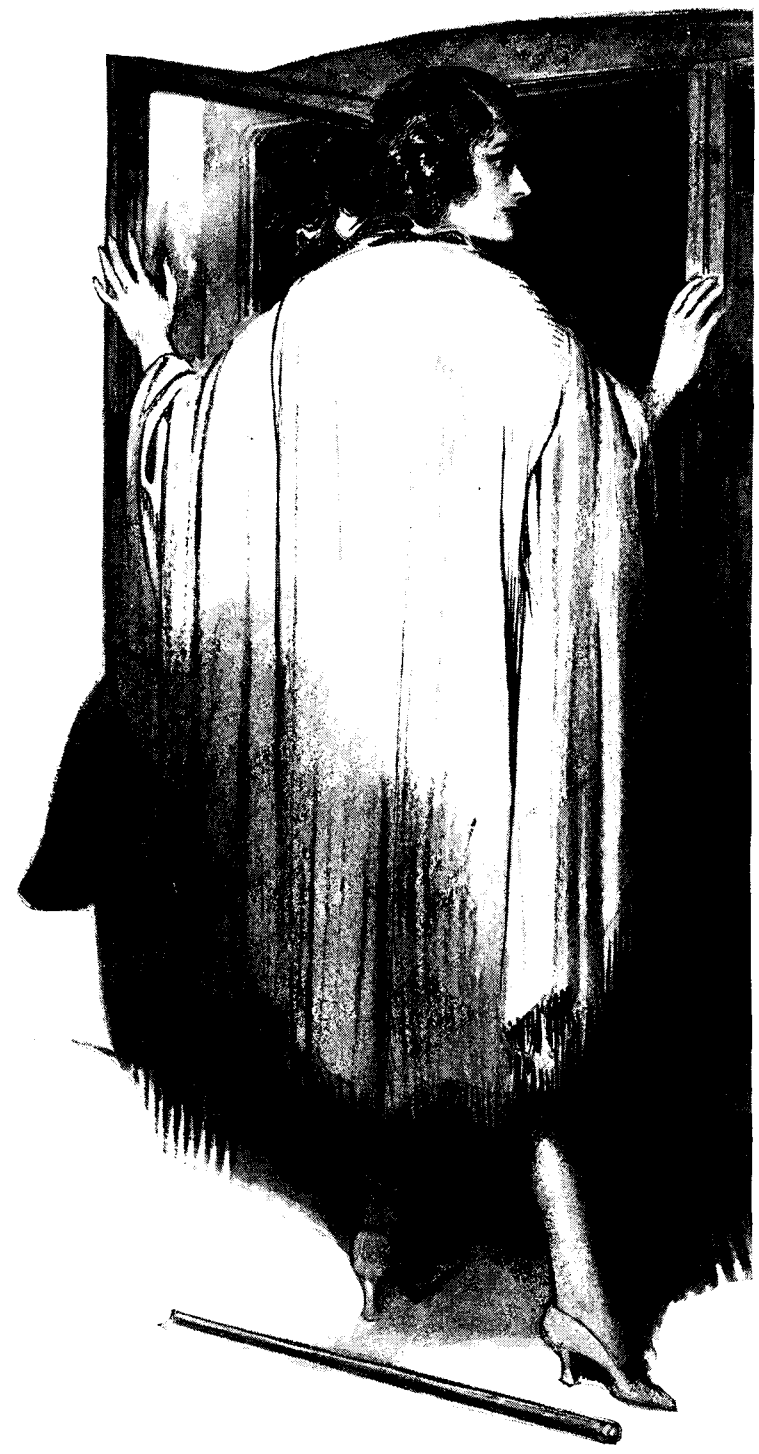
At the first stop for traffic, Tony turned and touched his cap.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but he said 'Charrod's.' *Can you tell me* their address, please?" Speaking, you will understand, not at all in any raucous manner.

THE girl answered him back in the same pleasant, friendly tones that a child would have used.

"I don't know the number," she said, "but it's somewhere on Fifth Avenue, near Fiftieth Street. It's a department store. "Did you know that someone had left a book and a magazine in here?" she added, holding them up for him to see.

"Oh . . . those . . ." he said; and de-



It needed only a glance to see that for the present, at least, there was no more fight in him. "Now! Before anybody comes!" exclaimed Tony

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ciding to venture it, he added, "No, madam; they were placed in there as part of our service."

"But how lovely!" she exclaimed. "And that accounts for the flowers, and the cab being so clean—"

Cerberus' red eye changed to green; and they were on Fifth Avenue, headed north, before they stopped again.

"That big store over there without any name on it—that's Bellamy's, isn't it?"

"Yes, madam," he said; and marveling a little at her question, he added, "You—ah—pardon me, madam; you haven't lived in New York long?"

"Only since the first of the month," she said, "and there's so much to learn—"

He proceeded to give her a lesson or two himself. "Bellamy's business is based upon the engagement ring," he said. "Following a pleasant day in spring, they think nothing of selling a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"Imagine!" she breathed.

"On the opposite corner is Schiller's. Last fall they had thirty chinchilla coats in stock—valued at an even million."

"Imagine that!" she breathed again.

"A FEW years ago, this was considered uptown," continued Tony, now rapidly getting his stride. "An uncle of mine who used to drive—who used to drive a truck"—he hastily caught himself—"can remember when the road was so muddy and full of holes up here that—that he and the other truck drivers always avoided it whenever they could and stuck to Broadway instead."

"I think that's awfully interesting," she said.

The green eye opened then—and stayed awake until they reached Charrod's.

"I have quite a little shopping to do," she hesitated before she got out. "I wonder if you could wait for me, with your nice cab."

"Rather!" said Tony; at which she stared a little and he knew that he shouldn't have said "Rather!" like that. So to cover the moment he jumped out and opened the door for her, touching his cap obediently as he did so.

From Charrod's they went to Harkness & Snee's; and from there to Plaut & Silberman's—and every time Cerberus in his elevated kennel opened his red eye Tony turned and gave his passenger a lesson in local history—a lesson generally illustrated with brightly colored illustrations. But he was careful not to say "Rather!" again, and every so often he substituted "them" for "those," and worked in an "ain't" or two.

It was half past two when they returned to the Aubrey Arms. And the meter said "35c."

"That can't be right," she protested. "I've had you ever so long."

"The meter acts funny at times," said Tony—as though he hadn't set it anew at the last stop—"but I'll tell you what we'll do, miss. The law says I can't collect any more than the meter calls for. But if you'll give me your name and address, our treasurer will 'phone you if he finds the total wrong inside."

"That's better," she said. And frowning a little with businesslike concentration she drew a card from her bag. "Pay no attention to the Maryland address," she said. "I haven't my new cards yet, but this is where Dad and I live now—at the Aubrey Arms."

"Thank you, miss," he said, and thought it clever to put the card in his pocket without looking at it.

She also gave him a dollar.

"Thank you, miss," he said again; and found it hard to wait till she disappeared, so he could look at the card.

"Miss Ann Fitzgibbons," he read, and in the lower left-hand corner, "Garret Park, Maryland."

The next morning, at half past ten, Tony found himself stopping the Barge at the curbstone two doors away from the Aubrey Arms. The Admiral was still on guard, and after a minute's reflection, the young man with ambition jumped out and saluted him.

"You gave me a good fare yesterday—Miss Fitzgibbons," he said. "If she comes out this morning, call me, and I'll split my tips with you."

The Admiral frowned at him.

"How much did she give you yesterday?" he demanded.

"A dollar," said Tony.

"What's the matter with splitting that?"

Tony thought it clever to grumble; but a minute later he had returned to the Barge and the treasury of the Admiralty had been enriched by a silver half-dollar.

"That seriously cuts into yesterday's profits," he told himself, "but it makes for good-will; and above everything else, I take it, a newly established business should build up its good-will."

To while away the time, he drew a newly-purchased notebook from his pocket, and entered his receipts and expenses of the day before. Two dollars went down for gas and a dollar for night storage. Adding to this his contributions to current literature and floral culture, the net result was a loss of $6.10.

"But then on the other hand—" he told himself.

Still whiling away the time, you understand, he turned the page and wrote, "Miss Ann Fitzgibbons. Blue eyes like sky." He drew the outline of a nose, but somewhat hurriedly crossed it out and returned to safer prose. "Unspoiled," he wrote instead. "Hums to herself when thinking in cab. Ankles—" Again somewhat hurriedly he crossed out "Ankles" and continued, "Smile like sunshine. Thinks life wonderful. Profile like Du Maurier girl. Dimple in chin and right cheek. Dignity very precious when crossing sidewalk to and from cab. Kind to chauffeur. All points of thoroughbred—best girl in show—"

THE doors of the Arms swung open and—yes! there she was—a living miracle in old rose and white! The Admiral blew his whistle and waved his hand—Tony jumped out and cranked his engine till it roared. The Barge leaped forward to the canopy and there she was, inside—!

Apparently she didn't recognize Tony, until she noticed the magazines and book on the side of the seat.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, looking very hard at the back of her chauffeur's ears. "It's you again! Lovely! I was telling Dad last night what a wonderful driver I had yesterday."

It pleased the last of the Cadwalladers to touch his cap.

"I hope you'll recommend me to your friends, miss."

"I certainly will. Now let me see. Your name's here underneath your picture—Harry Hoffman—"

"Yes, that's the name on the card, miss. But everybody calls me Tony—"

"Oooh!" she exclaimed.

Fortunately (*Continued on page 47*)

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DOWN THE HOME STRETCH

The men and women who never register their opinions in straw votes are the shock troops in the political army. They are the precinct, ward, or district workers. They haven't anything to do except get out the vote on election day. In the past six weeks Walter Davenport has talked wi.h these men on the firing line in the states which political wise men have regarded as doubtful: Tennessee, Missouri, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Illinois. What he saw and heard has convinced him that Herbert Hoover will be victorious on November 6th. Moreover, what he saw and heard is reported here with Collier's well-known independence—without trimmings.

The nomination of Herbert Hoover produced nothing which would have fetched a frown to a tea party back in the nicer Nineties

THE excitement attending the nomination of Alfred E. Smith was so terrific that several erstwhile obscure citizens died then and there, strangled by their own emotions. There were other fatalities more deliberate in procedure. For example, there was the Missouri patriarch who got it via radio, swallowing the quill toothpick which, his neighbors assured the world, he had not removed from his mouth since he came into possession of it at a Champ Clark banquet at Joplin eighteen years ago. That it would one day be the death of him had been generally predicted.

There were other casualties of a less enduring nature. A number of impressionable ladies and gentlemen whose hearts and souls had long since been consecrated to such simplified organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Loyal Temperance Legion, the Society of Christian Endeavor and so forth promptly took to their beds. Others, running a bit wild under the influence of the Smith furor, fell over things like furniture, fire hydrants, loose planks and window sills, breaking bones and variously unjointing themselves.

And some gave way mentally, their more religious friends hastening to explain with cold conviction that such dismal results of the carouse of the Democratic Party were but heaven's warnings of the wrath to come were the wet and Romish head of Tammany Hall to be installed in our habitually Protestant White House.

Now on the other hand the nomination of Herbert Hoover produced nothing which would have fetched a frown of disapproval to a Lowell-Cabot tea back in the nicer Nineties when, as you probably know, it was even less respectable not to be a Republican.

The decorous cheering over, Mr. Hoover and his party's purposeful leaders paid their hotel bills in full, tidied up their rooms, put the chairs back where they belonged and left Kansas City in parlor cars bearing strictly Nordic names. Back home again they set about organizing their sectors for Hoover with all the decorum, thoroughness and efficiency of a Red Cross drive.

Nobody, except a few common persons in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Memphis, New York, New Orleans and other crude spots, called them unpleasant names, and nowhere was a single voice heard in criticism of Quakers.

With the Boys and Girls

Now it soon thereafter fell to my lot to ride hither and yon throughout our country and talk to politically occupied people of all social and factional complexions. For the most part I ignored the better elements, choosing rather to spend my time with the boys and girls who were neighborhood politicians and who had been entrusted with the intimate and important mission of getting out the ward, district and precinct vote.

Earnestly hoping that I shall not offend you beyond recovery, I dare give you a sample or two:

"A couple of weeks before the convention in Kansas City," said Mr. Matty Schoonover, Republican master of a populous ward in Cincinnati, "they come to me and says, 'Matty,' they says, 'what'll you give for Herbert Hoover?'

"'Oh, so it's him, is it?' I says.

"'Of course it's him,' they says, 'we wouldn't be asking you to go to work now if it was going to be someone else. Also he's coming dry and he's against floods and he's a Quaker, which means absolutely Protestant, and you can play up prosperity and the full dinner pail as far as you like. It's all set.'

"Well," said Mr. Schoonover, "I says, 'Just as you say, Senator,' and I begin lining up the boys and thinking up a program of picnics and outings and Hoover Hurrays, trusting that nothing would slip up at Kansas City. It didn't. When the boss got home we were all set.

"'That's the boy, Matty,' says the senator. 'Here.' And he hands me a roll and says there's more where that come from. And by the time the Democrats get home from Houston I got a lease on the two halls in this ward that'll hold more than a hundred and fifty standing and sitting and got a Hoover Glee Club all ready to break out, not to mention . . ."

An Habitual Victor

We turn from the highly organized and organizing Mr. Schoonover of Cincinnati and listen to the lament of the Hon. Michael F. Tansey of Boston:

"Listen," said he, "it looked easy at Houston, didn't it? Well, it wasn't. We busted our suspenders putting Al over. And what happens when a man busts his suspenders? Why, his pants fall down."

The Hon. Mr. Tansey was morosely silent for a moment. Then he turned to me again and said:

"My boy, that's no way for a man to be caught. Especially in politics."

Mr. Hoover, for whom I have great respect but for whom I did not hope, is, I am convinced, going to defeat Governor Smith. The physical proportions of his victory is for wiser, more courageous, more presumptuous investigators and surveyors than I to forecast.

I did not find anything outside of sectors which are as incurably Democratic as Maine is Republican that indicated that local Democrats had done more toward organization in Smith's behalf than to shake hands with each other and pass congratulations that the year had come when they'd not lack for money.

Not that they had any idea of raising funds themselves. They reasoned thus: Their candidate was an habitual victor. He didn't know how to lose. He was a New Yorker and his calling list was composed almost exclusively of men and women to whom a paltry million dollars was a mere stock-market turnover.

The party had nominated a magician, they told each other. There was nothing to do but sit down somewhere and wait until November 6th, when, with a nonchalant gesture of disdain for all Republicans the great and happy warrior, Al Smith, would vault lightly into the Presidency, carrying with him, of course, all Democrats to four and probably eight years of beer and skittles in unlimited quantities.

Presently a scattering of the more perspicacious began to notice that there were few if any retaliating cheers from the Hoover people. In New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, notably, this lack of Hoover noise was accepted at first as evidence of the absence of Hoover votes. The Democratic cheering grew louder thereat. But there were a cognizant few, led by Governor Smith himself, who suspected that if the Democrats were minded to depend upon their eyes and ears as well as their mouths they would have unlimited evidence that the Re-

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By Walter Davenport

publicans were at the moment much too busy to make a noise.

The pro-Hoover workers (or perhaps it is more correct to call them anti-Smith) understood that fundamental axiom of warfare which has it that an enemy cannot win so long as he is restrained from attacking. Therefore, the Democrats, when finally they got down to work, found themselves on the defensive.

For weeks, for at least three months, their entire energies, from national headquarters down, were absorbed in denying things. The anti-Smith forces had deployed themselves in a manner that would have fetched joyous and spontaneous applause from any of such old-time bosses as Mark Hanna, Boise Penrose, Henry Lodge and Joe Cannon.

Bellows, Not Whispers

There in the front line of the Republican army lay the evangelical churchmen. Behind these sturdy volunteers were the Republican job-holders prepared to die if necessary for their postmasterships, their collectorships and so on and so forth. And in the rear lay the oratorical artillery, the funds-collecting commissary, the vote-fetching recruiting details already busy and successful on the Democratic flanks.

Across political no-man's land—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Washington—the Democrats presented a picture which must have caused the eyes of Senator George H. Moses to dance. Just a mob. A large mob, to be sure, but a remarkably disorganized one. And Mr. Moses understood, and Mr. Hoover understood, that one well-disciplined machine-gun crew can lick a mob.

So the first thing the anti-Smith regiments did was to force the Democrats to deny things. They found the Democrats so fond of denying things that they kept it up. The Democrats are still denying things. Whispering? Nonsense. Bellowed accusations, I'd call them.

Governor Smith, howled the front-line attackers, had taken a secret oath at a midnight conclave of Knights of Columbus to appoint to his cabinet and to federal judgeships none but Roman Catholics. And these dreadful creatures were first to have the sanction of the Pope. (In Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee I found the Smith Democrats so busy denying this that they hadn't noticed that the old Bryan and Wilson votes were being kidnaped in precinct lots by the Hoover press gangs.)

"Do you mean to tell me," gasped the Kansas City lady who had been rewarded in 1919 with a personal letter from Mr. Hoover for her work for the American Relief in Belgium, "that you are writing politics and don't know that Al Smith's campaign speeches and statements are first viséd by the Apostolic Delegate in Washington?"

Incredible as it sounds, I found Democrats devoting all their time to denying this. This and a story that the Pope had promised papal titles to all and sundry who contributed not less than $1,000 to the Smith campaign and excommunication to certain designated capitalists who gave less than a minimum of $10,000.

Thus launched upon a career of denials which consumed much valuable time, the Democrats were kept at bay by their foes, who assured large audiences of shocked voters that Governor Smith was usually quite drunk, that he had never worked in a fish market as a lad but had made a horrid living selling policy slips for one Johnny McLaughlin of Tammany Hall. (The Louisville gentleman telling me this assured me that he had it straight from Mr. McLaughlin's son, who, upon the death of his abandoned father, had changed his name and migrated to Kentucky to start life anew.)

That Governor Smith was really illiterate—so much so, in fact, that Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote his speeches and heroically sat up of nights teaching the governor to utter the phrases just as you'd coach a child.

That the governor of New York was cruel to his family, preferring to sit up night after night in his private speakeasy in Albany to spending his evenings respectably with Mrs. Smith and the children. (Of this I was assured by an eminent clergyman in Tennessee.)

And while the Democrats were thus held off from any local organizing which they might have had in mind, Republican men and women carrying the genuine Hoover credentials were hustling and bustling hither and yon forming Hoover clubs for Italians, Poles, Swedes, Germans, French-Canadians and for various other racial groups who were glad enough to be so flattered by hail fellows of both sexes.

Especially did the Hoover organizers address themselves to the women. It is wholly likely that there never has been in any political campaign a harder and more sustained drive to corral the woman vote. To women generally the Republican candidate had appeal.

Mr. Hoover had fed Europe's widows and orphans. He had succored the starving and war-weary from Sicily to Dorpat, from the Zuyder Zee to Lake Baikal. He represented pacification, the binding up of wounds. He understood things called international crises and, while few of the men going about giving currency to their interesting sidelight on Mr. Hoover were quite sure what constituted an international crisis, it went extremely well with the women to whom it meant the makings of more war. A state committeewoman in Illinois told me that Mr. Hoover could be depended upon to stop all international crises the moment he was elected.

A Paucity of National-Size Issues

Lest you take it that I make little of these Hooverish virtues I hasten to deny it. I go farther and agree that most of these nice things said about the Republican candidate are happily true. But my point is that while the unorganized Smith votes were standing there waiting for a miracle to happen right under their own hats, while they were still dividing their time between cheering the Houston result and singing The Sidewalks of New York and Al's Me Pal, the Republicans were quietly lining up vote-breeding votes and assuring all and sundry that the problem was an extremely simple thing:

"Which would you rather have: three nicely balanced meals a day or a glass of highly improbable beer?"

The farther one traveled in quest of signs of what was going to happen on the sixth of November, the more deeply was he impressed by the paucity of national-size issues in the Republican appeal. Mr. Hoover's personal aides were doing their best to be dignified but with that lack of success which would be any gentleman's who is forced to appear in public clad only in his son's nightshirt and his grandfather's beaver hat.

Local Democrats hither and yon told themselves that the party had nominated a magician in Alfred E. Smith

Governor Smith had two passion-arousing appeals for votes, both involving large questions of human conduct: Man's right to drink alcohol and his right to be a Roman Catholic and not be penalized therefor. The Republicans had—Mr. Hoover.

In what looked like sheer desperation, the Republicans in their search for something to call an issue quietly robbed the tomb of the McKinley campaigns and fetched forth "Prosperity, or The Full Dinner Pail," a slogan which Mr. Bert Horner of Pittsburgh's strip district revised after a week or two of furious mental effort to read "Applesauce, or the Fool's Dinner Pail."

Mr. Horner, a dripping-wet Republican, assured me no fewer than ten times that he wasn't any more afraid of Andy Mellon than he was of Andy Gump.

"Being that there ain't any ladies with you," said Mr. Tom J. Boland, President of the Al Smith Shoe and Boot Welt Stitchers' Association of Lowell, Mass., "I will say that this Full Dinner Pail issue is a lot of horse's neck. Practically every corner in Massachusetts is full of the unemployed, with the textile mills dying on their feet and the boot and shoe business falling off now that everybody's riding around in automobiles and not wearing out a pair of soles a year. (*Continued on page 34*)

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Awfully Marvelous

By David Thibault

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

A simply gorgeous episode in the life of a youthful genius who happened to have brothers

"MARVELOUS! That will be *wonderful*, Clay. It's perfectly gorgeous of you to ask me." Clay Albert Prather felt that his seventeen years had not been lived in vain. Red, hot and incoherent, he had walked from Valmont Street, where he should have taken the street car, to Nashville Avenue, where he knew Dorothy Babin took it. All he had offered was an invitation to see John Gilbert the next evening. But no matter; proffer of a little green apple or of the universe would have loosed the same gracious words from Miss Babin, and they would have gushed forth in precisely the same order.

"I think he's pretty good." Clay ran a shaking forefinger between his collar and neck and swallowed. "He's the one played in The Big Parade."

"It was marvelous! I just adore him. He's perfectly wonderful. He's my favorite actor!" Dorothy was perhaps a month or two older than Clay, but she already knew that eyes and a voice properly used are sufficient equipment for a successful life, and she philosophically refused to worry about acquiring others. Clay would never know that; he was a predestined and willing victim. With their car a half square off, he was noting how the sunlight struck through Dorothy's curls and how firm and sweetly rounded her neck rose from the delicately embroidered collar of her cool dress.

THE car was jammed. Clay found arm room and forked up the fare.

"You mustn't do that, Clay! Put it back—it's marvelous of you to offer." Dorothy fumbled with a ridiculous little purse from which frothed a tiny handkerchief laden with overpowering, nearly tangible fragrance.

Clay paid.

"It's marvelous to have such wonderful friends," Dorothy rewarded him; he was sorry the joint fare was only fourteen cents.

"That's nothing. I'm a working man now," he grinned.

"Are you really, Clay? That's simply gorgeous. I know you are doing just fine. It's a grand and glorious feeling, isn't it? Of course I'm helping around at the library. But it's different with a man. I'm afraid I read more than I work." Dorothy knew her glories too well to waste all of them upon an unmarriageable boy. Clay was getting one picture show's worth. There was a surplus for the several interested men who stood jammed in the aisle of the car.

It was while Dorothy was collecting admiration of these that Clay first recognized as a life force the little ringlets that clustered in front of each of her ears; and discovered that these ears were like pressed flowers that somehow still lived. He saw too that Dorothy's eyebrows were just so wide and no wider, and that they seemed to have been pruned from infancy. Her nose might have seemed short to some coarse-natured people, but he thought it perfect.

"Isn't St. Charles Avenue marvelous this time of year? I think New Orleans is simply gorgeous, even if I do live here. Don't you, Clay?" Then, as though in apology for having nearly thought: "Aren't the flowers all along just wonderful?"

"I like the grass," Clay stated with heavy finality. He wanted to say that the light in her eyes reminded him of tree shadows moving over close-clipped lawns. He put the thought away for future elaboration and use.

"The grass is marvelous too. Isn't that just like a man to think it is prettier than all the wonderful flowers?" Her laugh bubbled up. Clay was sure all the packed humanity in the car was absorbed in them, but he didn't even care. Dorothy's face held his eyes. Dorothy permitted him that much fascination. One picture show's worth; but she was generous in her allocations and rather liked picture shows.

"Oh, Clay! I just thought: What were you doing catching the car at Nashville Avenue? Don't you usually—"

"I sometimes kinda like to walk in the morning." Clay's voice was nearly gruff. He averted his face.

"I think walking is marvelous too," Dorothy lamely assented.

Always after getting a date Clay had a severe let-down. He had rash courage, but no fortitude, and he did not go out very much, for a number of reasons, several of which contributed directly to the feeling of smoldering depression which followed the exaltation of "asking her." For Clay was underfinanced and overfamilied. In the bosom of this family there was for him seldom peace and never privacy. Nor could he be aloof for more than just so long at a time. Clint and Jake were barbarians with no regard for what Clay knew as "one's more sacred thoughts," but they were wealthy barbarians from whom one could borrow raiment surreptitiously, and—occasionally—money. Cissily and Mary didn't count; they were a sisterly, derisive chorus, aggravating the murderousness of Jake's wit or Clint's heavier belaborings. The parents had been dead for years; Cissily had mothered them all with elastic spirit and a devotion greater than any of them suspected. Clint, Clay's eldest brother, was premier breadwinner. Both he and Jake worked. Mary was just out of high school, where Clay would be a senior next term. There was probably never a more loving group or a group which took more pains to dissemble their affection by merciless and unintermittent absorption in each other's peculiarities and defects.

It was accepted family procedure for Jake and Clint to thrust at Clay's sensibilities until he was wild, but there would have been disapproval had he killed either of his tormentors, as he often had a perfect right and a cosmic urge to do. Clay himself recognized these complications of primogeniture, despite the fact that his soul was one and a half times too big for his body. Between the ages of fourteen and seventeen he had only thrown the carving knife at Clint once; Jake, subtlest of persecutors, had escaped all violence.

FOR once Clay had money enough to finance his date unaided. His vacation job in the shipping department of Holderman's department store attended to that—since it was just two days after pay day. But other worries pressed close and hard. His straw hat was last season's, his suit needed pressing, and he had no new ties. Clint had a blue tie. Perhaps it was the snappiest tie in the world. For full six months it was designated in the Prather household as "Clint's two-dollar tie. . . ."

These thoughts now and then got between Clay and Dorothy's eyes as he walked from the car line home that evening. He could not be called methodical by any charitable interpretation of the word, but his mind clung to things that must be done, and in his own way he usually managed. He must be especially nice to Clint and Cissily. That meant he must ask Clint's advice about something and demonstrate his liking for whatever dish Cissily was featuring that evening. He could always tell what Cissily wanted them to like best. Usually something "fixed different." And Clint liked to be consulted about all phases of finance except personal loans.

Clay shamelessly wallowed in ulterior motives. As a background to anything pleasant in the Prather home, Cissily's complacence was necessary because they all, in their own way, loved and admired her. As for pleasing Clint, that was a matter of neckwear. Mary didn't count; she always sided with the older brother in any controversy.

Against Jake, incorruptible as Savonarola and as insensible to flattery as an adder, there was no defense. One survived Jake if possible; unlike others, quick of wit and tongue, he always had, as Clay reluctantly admitted thousands

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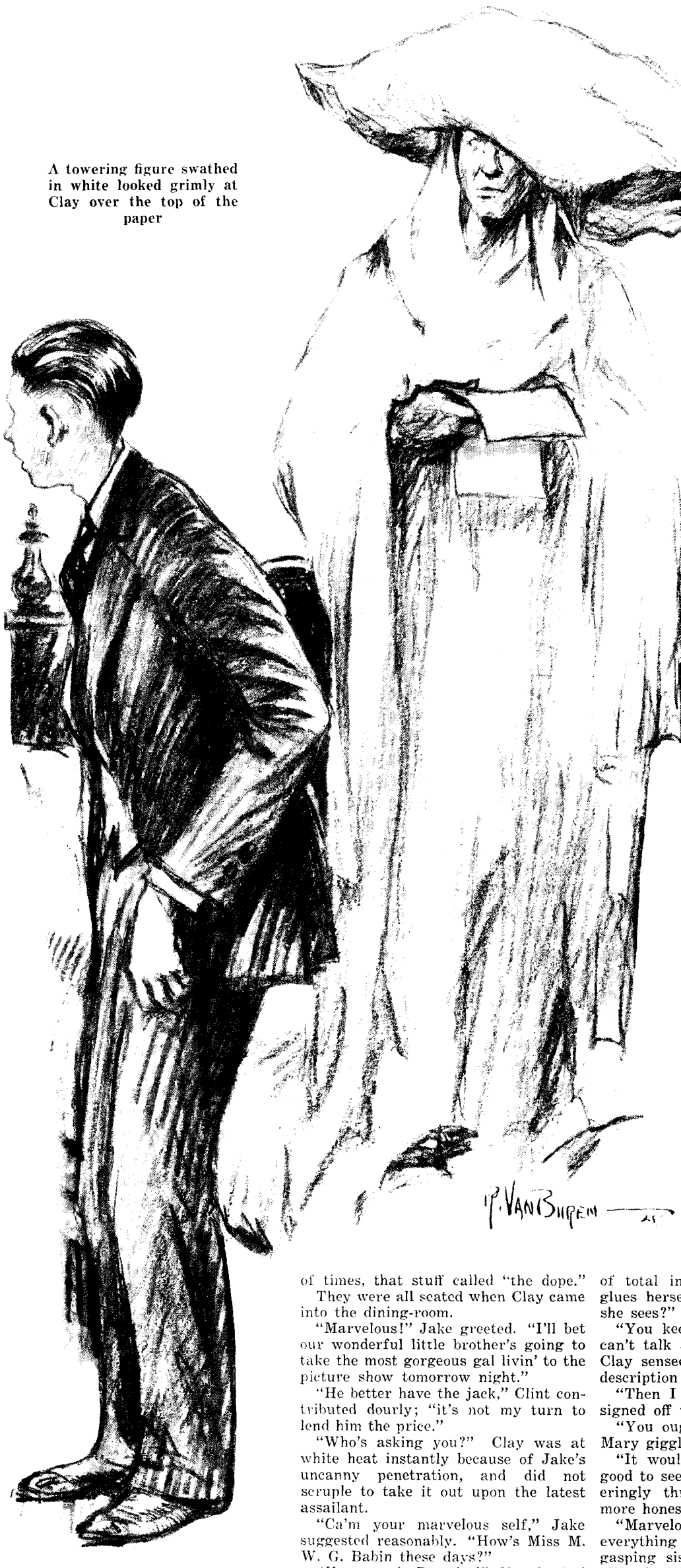

A towering figure swathed in white looked grimly at Clay over the top of the paper

as he sat down at his place tense and defensive. He had tried before to overwhelm this brother's limpid, cherubic stare with a glare of gloomy dignity. It didn't work any better this time.

"Don't look soul kisses at *me*," Jake advised him. "Save 'em for her. I saw you trying to help her off the car at the library without touching her. Don't she ever let you touch her?"

"I didn't! She does! I don't want to!"

"Says *which?*"

(A city of half a million souls, and the only person in it *without any soul at all* had been on that one particular car at that one particular time!)

"Dorothy Babin's—"

"You mean Marvelous-Wonderful-Gorgeous Babin?" Jake asked as one earnestly wishing to know.

Clay choked and turned to Cissily, while the family as a unit wondered if he would rush from the table or merely bark a response at Jake of a temperature demanding reprimand. "Cissily, why don't you say something to him? He can take it out on *me* if he wants to; but when it comes to dragging this innocent girl—"

"It hasn't," Jake explained. "It's nearly always the innocent girls that do the dragging. It's marvelous what wonderful draggers some of the gorgeous creatures are."

"Is she that little short-nosed kitten-looking girl?" Clint asked, with the appalling quiet of total indifference. "The one that glues herself on to every grown man she sees?"

"You keep your mouth shut if you can't talk about her any other way!" Clay sensed just enough truth in this description to rouse him to murder.

"Then I better keep it shut," Clint signed off with amiable finality.

"You ought to see her at a dance," Mary giggled.

"It would do some people a lot of good to see her anywhere," Clay witheringly thrust back. Mary laughed more honestly and choked.

"Marvelous!" Jake commented upon everything in general, and smote his gasping sister between the shoulders. "Wonderful! Gorgeous!"

of times, that stuff called "the dope."

They were all seated when Clay came into the dining-room.

"Marvelous!" Jake greeted. "I'll bet our wonderful little brother's going to take the most gorgeous gal livin' to the picture show tomorrow night."

"He better have the jack," Clint contributed dourly; "it's not my turn to lend him the price."

"Who's asking you?" Clay was at white heat instantly because of Jake's uncanny penetration, and did not scruple to take it out upon the latest assailant.

"Ca'm your marvelous self," Jake suggested reasonably. "How's Miss M. W. G. Babin these days?"

"Her name's Dorothy!" Clay barked

Clay straightened in his chair. Then between himself and righteous indignation came the sane thought of the coveted blue necktie. "Aw, ring off!" he suggested with sudden docility. "Say, Clint: You think building and loan's better than a straight-out savings account for a feller fixed like me?"

"Well, I don't know—" the elder brother began sententiously.

"I do!" Jake pushed back his chair and stood up. "I know there's going to be a touch or a necktie missing by this time tomorrow."

When Clay peeled off his everyday suit in the boys' room at seven o'clock the following evening, feverish haste did not prevent his removing from his inner coat pocket with unusual care two white, unsealed envelopes. He closed both doors—after thrusting his head into the adjoining rooms—and placed the missives upon the dressing-table. He eyed them slantwise as he struggled out of his tie and collar and ripped off his shirt. Then, with one of those sudden accesses of languor common to adolescence, he sat down on the upholstered clothes chest and reached for the envelopes. Neither was labeled in any way. From each he drew out a folded sheet of letter paper written upon in ink.

One of these he identified with a glance and put aside. The other he took up as though he feared to touch it, then laid it down, rubbed his hands vigorously with a clean handkerchief, and picked it up again. This time he unfolded the paper and with rapt attention read the three verses written there. They were headed, "To My Lady. By Clay Albert Prather."

CLAY refolded the sheet of paper, glanced swiftly at both doors, arose, stood before the mirror, and, looking himself in the eyes, raised the manuscript to his lips. Then he returned it to the envelope and picked up the other paper. Clay had written this note the day before. It ran:

Dear Clint:

I'm all jammed up, and the washing hasn't come back yet. Cissily says it won't be back until tomorrow. All my socks are out except that pair of silk socks you gave me Christmas, and they have a hole in both of them where it will show. I knew you wouldn't mind as I'm in a hurry, so I'm taking a pair of yours for this date, as she lives up on Nashville Avenue, and yours fit me better than Jake's. I had to take one of your union suits too because the top button is off the two of mine that are not in the washing, and they come open at the top, and you can see right through the thin shirts like mine. I knew you won't mind helping me out.

Hastily, CLAY.

P. S. At the last minute I can't see a one of my ties. I guess the girls have been straightening up in here again. I hate to take that blue $2 silk one of yours, but it is time I was nearly there now.

The postscript was the thing. For forty-eight hours Clay had planned how he might get that blue silk tie. It was new and beautiful; he hadn't the nerve to ask to borrow it, and he knew if he simply took it there would be war and a protracted period of gloom during which Clint could not be relied upon for aid in any undertaking. The idea of drawing a picture of desperate exigency in ink, and leaving it on the job to mollify Clint while he himself was at the show with Dorothy and the tie, was one of those flashes of genius which hard-pressed men sometimes have in spite of themselves. He knew Clint would come to dinner ten (*Continued on page 45*)

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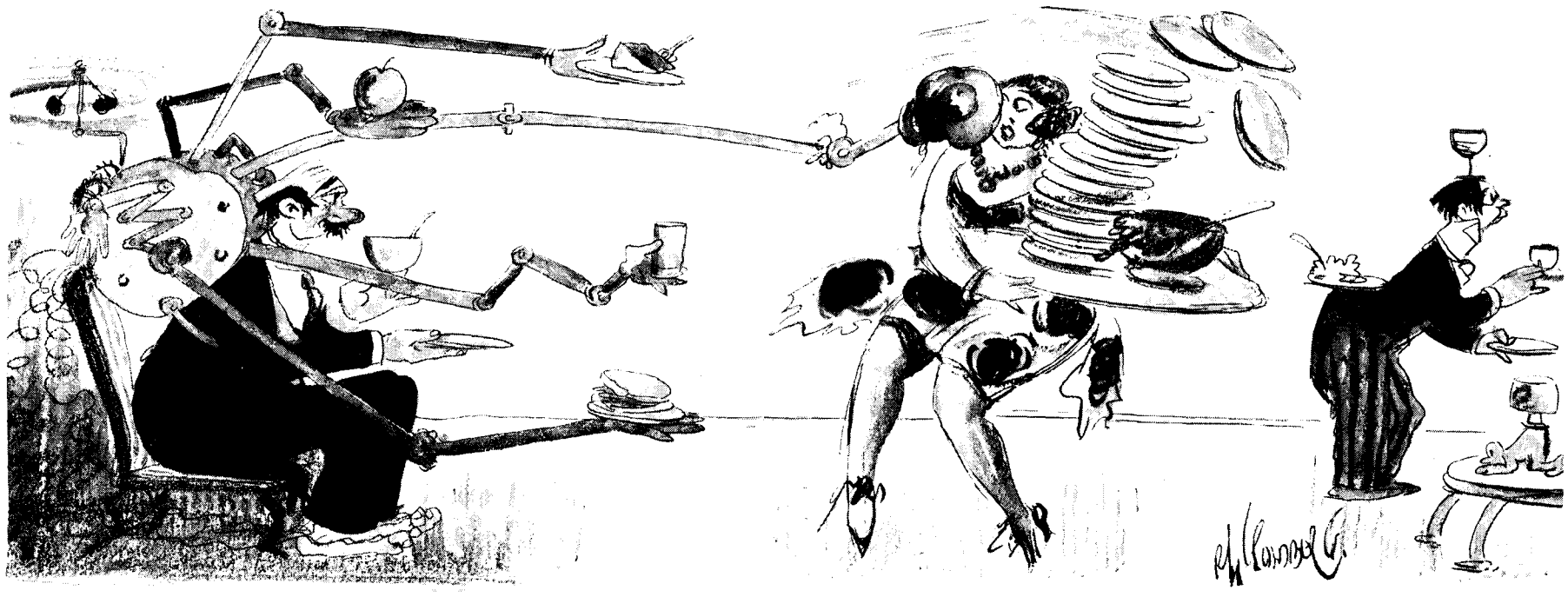

No afternoon tea habitué should be without one

It's the Little Things that Matter

By Rube Goldberg

Radio, television and airplane suicide are fine things. Their inventors no doubt are important men. But to find the real friend of mankind we must go into the cloistered calm of Prof. Butts' laboratory and there interview the inventor of the Perpetual Sock, the Self-Destroying Memorandum Pad, and countless other homely comforts

HERE we sit in a complacent stupor believing that modern science has so completely assisted nature in assorting and indexing all the elements of land, sea and air that the only help needed of us is to breathe and negotiate an occasional yawn.

We think that past generations were out of luck because they could not turn a little knob and hear the Paragon Garden Hose Quartet sing "Don't Think That I'm an Onion Because I Made You Cry." We believe we are the white-haired favorites of the scientific gods because we can open our morning paper and see an actual photograph of a hatchet murder committed yesterday in Australia. Electrical wizardry has so completely synchronized the arts that the eye and ear get instantaneous service. Science has been boiled down to a hit-and-run quick-lunch affair.

Even the old-fashioned method of dying is obsolete. The great fear of having to be pushed around in a wheel chair in our old age has been entirely eliminated by the blessings of latter-day enlightenment. There is no such thing as declining years, with a vulgar band of hungry beneficiaries waiting for our arteries to harden and our brains to soften. All we need to do to avoid the perils of senility is to take an airplane ride or drink a cocktail. We surprise the legatees by dying young and leaving everything to the Society for the Perpetuation of Whiskers on Billy Goats.

Inventions have made such rapid strides that, with few exceptions, no single person can stand out as the inventor of any great mechanical appliance. Ask any ordinary citizen who perfected the radio and he will not know. Try to find out who made it possible to telephone a photograph across the continent and you'll get nowhere. It

We believe we are favorites of the gods because we can see a photograph of a hatchet murder

may have been Senator Borah or One-Eyed Connolly or Jascha Heifitz.

The great electrical companies employ thousands of scientifically-inclined young men to wrestle with artificial lightning and make possible the impossible. The results have grown bigger than the individuals. One inventor starts an experiment to grow hair on barren domes and then goes to the corner for a minute to get a frosted chocolate or a nut sundae. When he gets back he finds that the other boys have carried the test so far during his absence that they are sweeping up the floor after giving the doorknob a haircut.

Innocent Victims

But is this right? Isn't there something wrong where individual accomplishment is lacking? Doesn't the huddle system by the very nature of its physical solidarity overlook the small, sensitive vibrations to which the human system responds? Was any great poem ever written by more than one person? Was any fine painting ever executed by more than one artist?

This situation had troubled me for some time. While all the big inventions were giving the astonished world fresher and louder gasps of incredulity, I could see around me many things that by their glaring deficiencies were crying out for urgent reform. While the large groups of inventors were toying with great forces of the universe and dispatching the human voice and image to all parts of the world in the amazing speed of less than nothing, I looked around me in anguish.

I still saw gravy spots on otherwise immaculate vests. I still saw lighted cigarette butts burning cruel holes in thousand-dollar rugs. I still saw innocent victims of afternoon teas trying to juggle four plates, a cup and saucer, a napkin the size of a postage stamp and a slice of flexible cake, with the force of gravity still triumphant. I could see lawyers talking judges and juries to death in courtrooms with no human force to stop them. I could see drug-store sandwiches cut so thin that the floor in front of the counter was actually strewn with starving stenographers. I could see collar buttons sticking into the backs of people's necks and causing them to bow to folks they had never met before in all their lives. I could see doughnuts with holes in them so large there was no doughnut left.

I could see derby hats that pushed their owners' ears out of all reasonable shape. I could see cigar lighters that set fire to everything but cigars. I could see grapefruit that, with one touch of a spoon, developed into the morning shower bath. I could see revolving doors that got the whole office force dizzy on the way to work and ruined all chance of commercial progress.

I could hear radiators that kept up a constant tom-tom like the drums in O'Neill's play "Emperor Jones" and caused all the members of the family to join Mother in a nervous breakdown. I could see menu cards printed in strange languages, so that discriminating diners continually kept getting hash when they repeatedly ordered Something-or-Other à la Duc de Richelieu. I could see bathrooms with nothing in them but guest towels. I could see red flannel underwear that scratched. I could see lumpy pool balls that rolled uphill on flat tables. Great Scott, what couldn't I see!

In sore distress I called on my old friend and classmate, Lucifer G. Butts, A. K. No doubt you have heard of Professor Butts. But, to refresh your memory, I will recall the fact that his outstanding achievement was the invention of the park bench. He made it possible for the great mass of the retired population to sit down and give the Board of Public Works a chance to fix the streets. He also invented the Christmas card and thereby built up large practices for physicians who did nothing but treat letter carriers for lumbago.

The Sly Old Dog!

Professor Butts retired from active service in disgust when inventive science took to mass production. When individual creative genius became standardized, he lost the incentive to help humanity. Due to his inactivity over a number of years, the real vital needs of the human race were sadly neglected. While the great laboratories ground out spectacular nonessential wonders, shoelaces still kept on breaking and hot dogs ruined the digestive organs of our children.

I found Butts—I always called him by his last name in the old days, although some of the other members of the class would jokingly call him "Nuts" through an impish slip of the tongue—sitting in his laboratory holding up a bunch of red, white and blue bananas. The sly old dog! He was still up to his old tricks. I (*Continued on page 28*)

I found Prof. Butts holding up a bunch of red, white and blue bananas

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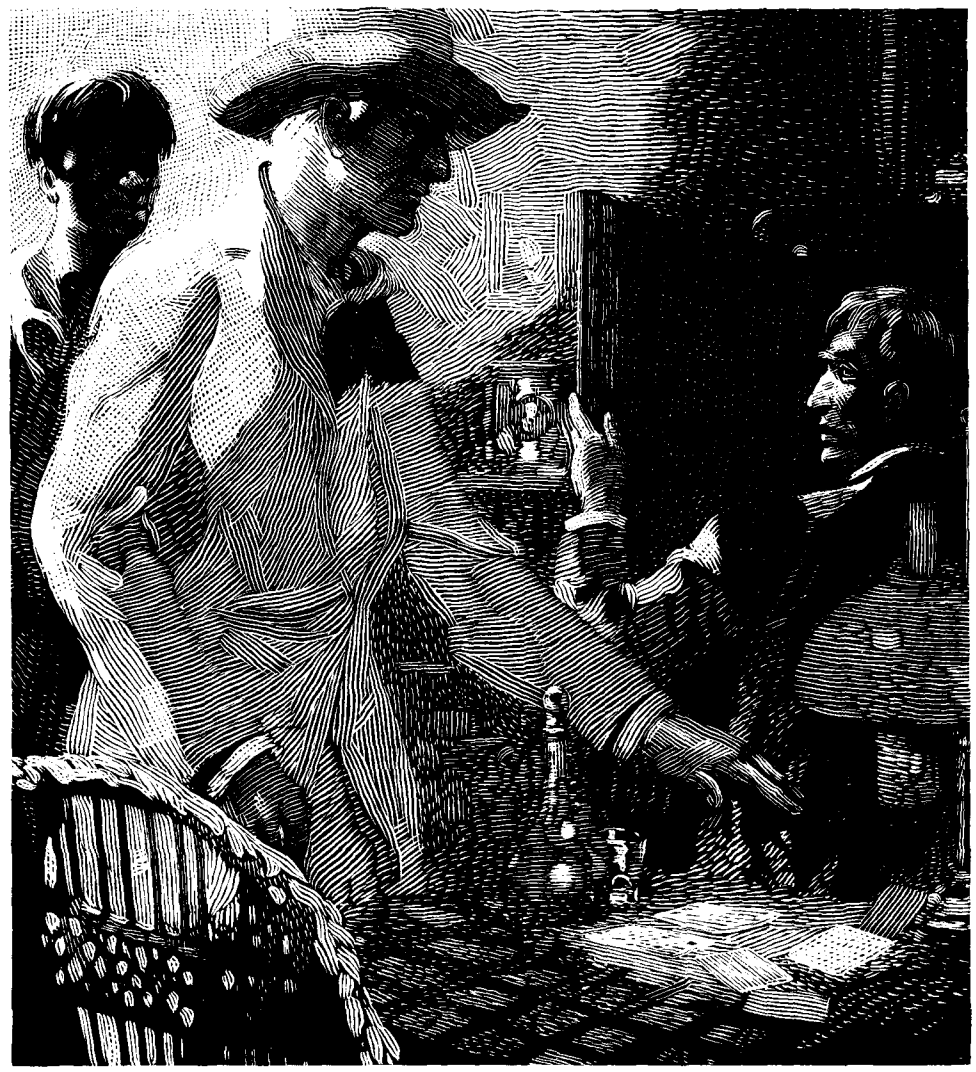
The Postmaster General

By H. DeVere Stacpoole

The story of a pair of twins who might have been mistaken for each other except for one thing



The sight of the open safe struck him dumb for a moment

NOW, this is the rummiest story you ever heard [said old Captain Barttels] because it's the truest. I've no holding with those chaps writing, like this chap I've been reading in the Pacific Magazine, out of their own heads. Fiction? Nothing but twisted lies and the more kinks you put in the cleverer you are, and that's all there is to it.

But the Browns weren't fiction nor was what happened to them. Twins they were, born in New Bedford, and you couldn't tell one from the other on the outside.

But, if you've taken notice, the outside of a man isn't the same as the inside.

Take Cleary. That chap was shaped for a parson and he'd have sailed his way right into kingdom come to be shot out as a dud only the penitentiary caught him first for share pushing and defrauding widows and orphans, which he won't be doing again for fifteen years.

It was the same with William Brown. He was the mother's darling and as innocent-looking as pie. Now, those two kids was as like as two raspberries, but William was the darling. How did the woman know one from the other. There was no outside difference. I'll tell you: William was streaky on the inside, that's how she knew him, by instinct, and that's why she loved him more than James. They always do love the streaky ones or the humpbacks, and it 'pears to me if you want to make a woman happy for life you've only got to give her a hydrocephalous hobgoblin for a son an' heir or barring that a congenital idiot.

James was different. He was white on the inside and as a consequence neglected.

William would snap the pap boat from James, if no one was looking, and empty it on the floor if he was too full himself and rob the kicking donkey money box when he was big enough to reach the shelf and spend the savings on candy, leaving the blame on James.

It was the same when they went to school, where William wasn't long finding out what a blessed dispensation it is to be born twins, with a brother to shovel your misdeeds on to.

It was William who robbed the orchard and James who got the flogging, and somehow or another James never could put matters right, for he was truthful, y' see, but the other was a liar, and at last James got sick of it and ran away to sea. He couldn't stand it any longer, and he just quit, and he told me that though he'd got on to a hard ship it was better than William.

He said he felt like the chap who had the hump taken off his back, and that being so he naturally expanded, and legging it off the ship at El Passo, which is on the Spanish-American coast, he gets a job on the wharf, and from the wharf he gets a job in an office, and he isn't there long in the office when he gets a rise in his salary. It was like a monkey climbing a tree the way he went up, and all the time he was plucking the dollars off and putting them in his pocket till he had enough to start a business of his own.

And the first thing he does after he gets on his own with a little business is to send his mother a draft for five hundred dollars.

That's the sort of chap he was, always put behind the door at home and given the second best of the food, yet the first thing he does is to send home five hundred dollars which he couldn't more than afford.

But he wouldn't have done that if he'd known that William would be the chap to cash the draft—which he was.

William under home influences hadn't prospered much in New Bedford, for New Bedford isn't a cucumber frame for the forcin' of mother's darlings. In Hiram Scudder's shipping office, where he was put to learn the business and make himself useful, he didn't get on with Hiram and he didn't get on with the clerks, and they hoofed him after he had been there a year and back he come to his mother, who was a widow by this, and down he sat to watch her work for him, which she did.

However, he reckoned without the rheumatism.

It didn't come to him: it come to his mother, and drove her from the washtub into her bed and kept her there, and it looked as if this chap would have to put his hand to his mouth to feed himself, to say nothing of the old woman, but the Williams have all the luck, and no sooner had she got between the sheets than along comes the five hundred dollars from James.

William cashed it and paid the rent; yes, he did that, and he supported his mother for four years with James' money, which come regular every quarter, though, truth to be told, she wanted little, seein' she was a rheumatic patient and the doctor couldn't do her any good; and so things went on till the time come when the poor old lady died and William found himself without the means of support.

HE WROTE to James, telling him how ill his mother was, and along come another five hundred and she in her coffin, but William didn't bother about that; it seemed to William as if a goose had dropped a golden egg into his hand, and it seemed to him a little later that he only could go on living by keeping his mother alive.

So he did. It was about the only thing he ever done for her, but he did it and the contributions come in so regular that he began to think if it wouldn't be well to get married and cheaper than livin' in a boarding house.

So he cast his eyes round, and he was just on the point of putting his hooks into as pretty a girl as you'd meet on the sea front when the contributions stopped.

They'd always come on a fixed date, and William could have told the day of the month just by coming down in the morning and seeing the letter from El Passo with President Perira's head on the stamp.

Well, the date come, as I was sayin', and the President failed to keep it.

No letter.

William went to the post office to see if anything had happened to the United States mails, but it hadn't.

The boats and trains were moving as usual, and the papers said nothing about any revolution in South America.

He waited a day, but nothing come, and then he went off to Minnie Hatton, the girl he'd been just on the point of putting his hooks into, and she, poor thing, dusted a chair for him, and when she asked him what he wanted he said he wanted to marry her.

THAT'S what he said, and he with his means of living gone from under him. But William never said anything without a reason to it, and when he asked Minnie Hatton to marry him he had his reasons, and when she consented after consulting with her mother he bought her a ring worth five hundred dollars, twenty dollars down and the rest in installments; and when the ring had settled on her finger, wedding her, so to speak, to confidence, William borrowed a thousand dollars from her mother.

"I've got the chance of my life," said he, "in Argentina. It'll never come again, and I only want a thousand dollars to make up the purchase money. It's a sugar proposition, and if you'll lend me the thousand you shall have it back on my return." And she, bein' an honest woman without guile, sells out stock and lends him the dollars. He wanted those dollars, and I'll tell you why: New Bedford was done with him. He'd tapped every money source above or under ground; second, a letter had come from James regretting the death of his mother.

Someone must have put James wise to the fact of the old woman's death. However that may be, he knew, and it was pretty sure he didn't know the date, for there were no reproaches at the news having been kept back a year, not a word to hint that James knew that William had been lapping up the remittances. That was all right as far as it went, but the bother was the remittances had stopped.

This and the fact that New Bedford had frozen to him was what made William anxious to get out and earn some money, and as the only way of earning money he knew was sponging on James he had determined to go to El Passo to do the sponging, but as you can't get to El Passo from New Bedford without money and a good deal of it, he fixed up the engagement with Minnie Hatton so's that he could borrow a thousand dollars from her mother, which she wouldn't have lent only he'd made Minnie a present of a genuine diamond ring which he'd got on the installment system, paying twenty dollars down, and never intendin' to pay more.

He was out twenty dollars, that was all. It was all as intricate as the insides of a watch. But he tried to simplify it before he sailed, borrowing the ring from Minnie to have the stones reset and pawning it with Gilligan's,

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in Fourth Street down by the Hard.

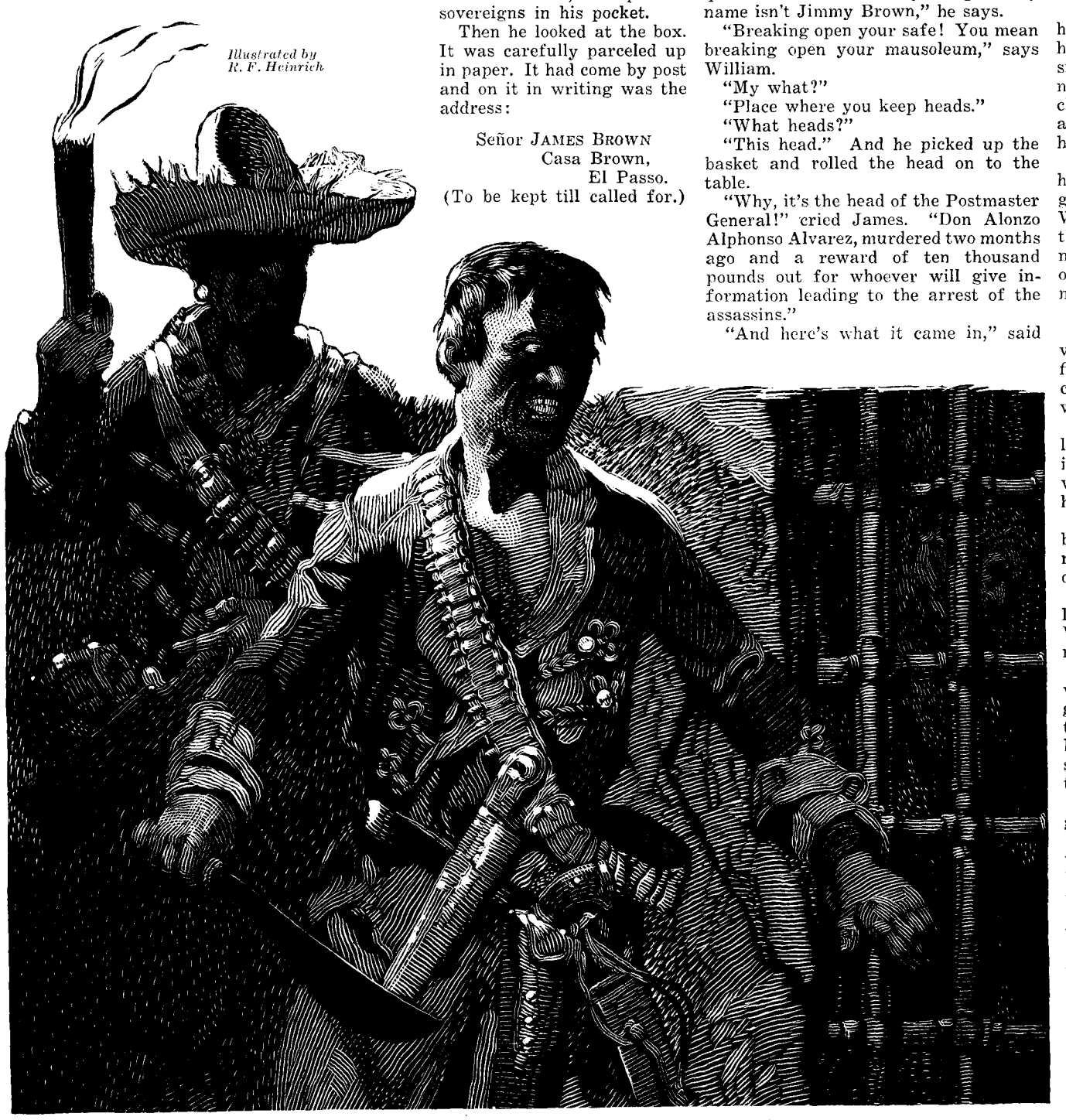
No, the ship didn't sink with him. Why, bless you, a chap like that is a mascot, same as a bishop is a sure sinker. At El Passo he got his dunnage out of the ship on to the wharf and hired a fly and told the driver to take him to his brother's address, and the driver whipped up the old bag of bones, and off they started going right through the town, along a country road and in at a gate through a garden to a bungalow.

It was all open veranda and a brown servant came running out grinning all over to fetch in the luggage, and William followed along, having paid off his driver and come into the office and there on the table he saw a lot of letters laid out and, being curious-minded, he looked at them.

They were letters that had come by post and not been opened, and there among them, stamped and all, was the letter he had sent saying he was coming, which had come but never been opened.

"Why, what's this?" says he to himself. "Is James ill or away?"

He noticed that a revolving calendar on the table had not been turned for three days, so it was probable that James was away, then he set to on the drawers of the bureau, pulling them out and examining their contents, for he was as inquisitive as a magpie and he knew by his welcome that the servant thought he was James.



Illustrated by R. F. Heinrich

The cell door breaks open and chaps with torches come in

But there wasn't any money or valuables, only letters and invoices and such things, but there was one letter with the New Bedford postmark which of course he read.

It was from Byers, a New Bedford man in the shipping trade; it was quite recent and it ran:

In answer to yours Mrs. Brown has been dead over a year, your brother William is still living in the house, but it's a miracle to us all what he lives on, for he does no work.

Gosh! that was a bombshell! James knew all! He shoved the papers and things into the drawer, and as he was so doin' he must have touched a spring or something, for a little flap clicked open, and out fell a bunch of keys.

"KEYS," says he. He picked them up and looked at them, and the thought that they must be valuable, being hid so secret, made him look at them again.

Then he looked at the old iron safe.

He tried them, and the last one did the job, and the safe come open.

And there wasn't much in it. A bag with twenty sovereigns, a round box like a female's hand box only not so big and a bundle of bonds that weren't worth more'n their price as wall paper: that's all he found.

But, mark you, he was on the run, so to speak, knowing he'd be kicked out when James returned, so he put the sovereigns in his pocket.

Then he looked at the box. It was carefully parceled up in paper. It had come by post and on it in writing was the address:

Señor JAMES BROWN
Casa Brown,
El Passo.
(To be kept till called for.)

William couldn't resist it; there might be something valuable in it, and there mightn't: it wasn't that that made him want to open it; it was just the want to open it. He worked the top, and there was something round and hairy inside he couldn't make out, then he turned the thing upside down on the table, and shook it, and out come a man's head.

William let a whoop out of him and nearly doubled up, but pulled himself together and not a bit too soon, for voices were coming from the veranda, and he recognized the voice of James. He shot the head into the wastepaper basket and the box under the table and was turning to shut the safe, but he was too late. James was at the door.

"Hello!" said James.

"Hello!" said William.

James looked at the open safe.

He was evidently full up with William and his misdeeds, but the sight of the open safe struck him dumb for half a moment.

Then when he'd got a purchase on himself:

"You scoundrel!" says he.

"Not content," says he, "with defrauding me for more than a year by scoffing the contributions I sent for the support of my pore mother," he says, "you come to my house," says he, "and break open my safe," he says, "for which the law gives ten years' imprisonment in the quicksilver mines where you'll go or my name isn't Jimmy Brown," he says.

"Breaking open your safe! You mean breaking open your mausoleum," says William.

"My what?"

"Place where you keep heads."

"What heads?"

"This head." And he picked up the basket and rolled the head on to the table.

"Why, it's the head of the Postmaster General!" cried James. "Don Alonzo Alphonso Alvarez, murdered two months ago and a reward of ten thousand pounds out for whoever will give information leading to the arrest of the assassins."

"And here's what it came in," said William, taking the box from under the table.

"I've been betrayed," cried the other. "That box was sent to me from a customer at Lima to be kept till called for. It's all a plot to hide the murderer and drag me in."

"So you say," says William.

"How do you mean?" asks James.

"How do I mean—why, I've only to go to the police and give information—see—and where'd you be?"

"Get out of my house," says James.

"I'm getting," says William. "But you've insulted me and called me as good as a housebreaker and stained my character, and it's worth five thousand pounds to me, which, if you'll pay two thousand five hundred down and the rest in installments, I'll call the matter closed.

"I'm gettin'," he says as James kicked him down the veranda steps, "but the door's still open for negotiations till I reach the fence. Beyond that," says he, "you're done."

Beyond the fence he was as good as his word and hoofed it for El Passo and the police, James returning to his office to put things in order.

HE DIDN'T bother about the threat of the other. First he didn't believe he was such a low-down hound as to give information against his own brother; second, he had lots of time and was going to bury the head.

He was fond of gardening and kept his spades and rakes and so on in a tool house close to a big banyan tree by the side of the bungalow, and out he goes now and gets a spade, and in a nice secluded spot by a big datura bush he digs a hole four feet deep and buries the head.

And he sighs and goes back to the house and has a drink and a smoke and grins to himself, thinking what a fool William will look if he gives word to the police and the police come and find nothing. Then he burns the coverings of the box, so that all traces of the thing might be gone.

Then he has dinner.

After dinner he was seated on the veranda smoking and watching the fireflies when the gate latch clicked and in came the police, followed by William, who was being held by a sergeant.

They accused him right off, and he laughed and got up, asked them to come into the office and showed them the safe which William had told them the head had been taken from.

Sure enough, there was nothing in it but the bonds, and it wasn't till this minute that James noticed the little bag of sovereigns had been taken.

He cries out at this and accuses William, and the police put their hands in William's pockets, and sure enough the money is there!

Tables turned, as you may say, but it wasn't for long. One of the police had gone to the kitchen for drinks, or something, and there the servant had given him some information. Told him he'd seen James burying something; offered to show the place, and did.

Was there ever a man so got into the grip of the law as James?

You see, if he hadn't denied the thing the way he did the thing wouldn't have been so bad, though, goodness knows, it was bad enough.

Off they marched him with William before an examining magistrate.

"Now," says the magistrate, "what have you to say to this?" and James slung his tale about how the parcel had been sent to him to keep by Alonzo Santiago, a coffee merchant of Lima, who was one of his clients.

The magistrate put the telephone to his ear and rang up the chief of police at Lima to get him to inquire of Santiago if this (*Continued on page 30*)

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Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Mr. X did not glance in our direction, nor did Beatrice, whom I was following, turn her head

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR OWSTON is employed by Martin Hews, a man who was born without legs and occupies himself collecting art treasures by not overscrupulous methods. Martin Hews lives in a huge mansion on the Breezeley marshes with his fascinating niece, Beatrice Essiter.

In London there were two large gangs: one led by Jim Donkin, who carried off Rachel, the girl of the rival gang leader and mortal enemy of Martin Hews, known as Joseph. Donkin and the girl flee to Breezeley, where she is kept. Donkin leaves the country.

Rachel becomes lightly infatuated with Major Owston. Owston returns no such feeling, but Martin Hews, always eager to destroy Joseph, finds Owston an apartment in town and sends Rachel to him, hoping that he will make love to the little Jewess, and incidentally pump her regarding her former lover. Owston is disgusted and sends her back to Breezeley.

That night he is visited by Joseph in disguise, who warns him to keep out of his way.

With Martin Hews' reluctant permission, Owston consents to work with Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard in the search for Joseph.

Hews decides to keep Owston in town and have him look for Joseph in the West End and to go to social functions which Joseph is known to attend because of the jewels worn. One of the most important is Lady Bonofar's reception, and the only pleasure Major Owston expects from it is from the company of Beatrice Essiter, whom he is to escort.

VII

THERE was a moment almost of hesitation on my part before I stepped forward in the lounge at Claridge's on the following evening to greet Beatrice Essiter.

I had met her and been with her in such strange places, in such an atmosphere of doubt, tragedy and suspicion, that to find her calmly moving toward me, dressed, as even my masculine eyes convinced me, more wonderfully than any other woman in the room, her beautiful hair fashionably arranged, a row of lustrous pearls around her neck, the frown gone from her face, the sullen discontent from her lips—to see her like this gave me for a moment a sense of curious unreality. Perhaps she felt something of the same sort of thing, for her own greeting was a little constrained.

"We remind one another of that new Russian Ballet," she laughed, almost immediately regaining her poise—"hobgoblins and fairies turned into ladies and gentlemen of fashion. Nothing about my uncle's staff work inspires me with greater admiration than his genius for providing clothes. I am surprised that you did not find your correct regimental tie with your lounge suit and linen."

"Your uncle is a most amazing man," I remarked.

She smiled without smiling, a trick she had sometimes—a little flutter of the eyelids, a deepening of that attractive line at the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, I suppose he might be called that," she agreed. "Just now he is depressed. He has come to the conclusion that there is at least one other man as clever as he is in the world, and he doesn't like it."

We moved into the restaurant and toward the table which I had engaged.

"No sign of Joseph, then?"

"Not the slightest. Helen remains upon her balcony, and sighs in vain. Hector's love is less than his cunning. So the mansion is still under arms and the flashlights search the countryside every night in vain. . . . You know the sort of evening that is in front of us?"

"I have already spent three this week at minor affairs," I groaned. "This, however, should at least be a spectacle worth seeing. They tell me that there are two thousand invitations issued and that nearly everyone has accepted, because Lady Bonofar is going to wear her diamonds. Think of it! Two thousand people, and Detective Bloor told me last night that Joseph was the greatest artist in disguise the criminal world has ever known. Makes our chances seem a trifle slim, doesn't it? Personally I would rather fancy myself in the East End."

"You are very foolish to talk like that," she said severely. "Do you read the newspapers?"

"Lately I have."

"Did you happen to notice an account of a man found dead upon the steps of the old wharf at Rotherhithe?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I saw that."

"Did you read yesterday about two more having been found near Blackfriars Bridge, one throttled and the other with a broken skull?"

"Yes, I saw that too. 'Terrible Result of a Fight Near the Docks,' was the heading."

"Then there was a man found dead on the line near Brentwood."

"I missed that."

"DID it not strike you," she asked, "that there were a good many deaths by violence in the course of three days?"

"One or two of them might have been suicides," I reminded her.

"Well, these weren't," she assured me. "I am certain my uncle knows, and he told me that every one of these four were men from Donkin's gang—the few who haven't gone over to Joseph. He isn't going to run any risk of their turning informers, you see. Joseph's secret service in the East End is perfect. You couldn't stay there for twenty-four hours without joining this little list."

"Well, I don't see what use I'm going to be up here," I sighed. "Joseph seems to be able to come and leave notes in my letter box whenever he likes. I feel somehow all out of place. I am more at home in a scrap, but when it comes to brains, well—"

"You have brains enough," she interrupted pleasantly, "to get one of the best tables in the room and to order a very excellent dinner. I call that a good deal, you know."

"You are laughing at me," I complained.

"Then I'll be serious," she promised. "Listen. Of course my uncle knows that you've had no experience in this

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Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"I say, you didn't notice a letter on the floor or on my chair, did you?" he asked anxiously

sort of thing, but he chooses to employ you deliberately, and I'll tell you why. It may surprise you to hear it, but he is exceedingly superstitious. Nearly every day I see him looking, for half an hour sometimes, into one of the most wonderful crystal balls I have ever seen. He has come to the conclusion that you have luck. You certainly have come off rather well in one or two little affairs. You were lucky not to have been knocked about worse in the scrap at the mansion. You were lucky to escape being shot in the library afterward. You were lucky not to have kept Rachel with you that night in Down Street."

"That wasn't altogether luck," I said, leaning a little toward her.

She looked me in the eyes very steadily and with some return of that sphinx-like expression of hers.

"What was it, then?" she asked. "Indifference?"

I wasn't going to lie about it, anyhow.

"No, it wasn't exactly indifference," I replied. "I'm just the same as other men. Rachel is fascinating in her way, and I expect I felt just the same sort of attraction for her as any other man might have done. I got out of it by telling her that I cared for someone else."

"And do you?"

THERE was not the faintest curiosity in her tone, but her eyes were still holding mine.

"I am beginning to," I acknowledged, summoning up my courage.

Anyway, I scored, for, although still indifferently, she looked away and continued her dinner.

"We have wandered from the point, haven't we? I was telling you that it is my uncle's belief in your luck which makes him reluctant to part with you. He knows that Scotland Yard is at work, and he has schemes of his own for tracking down Joseph. With it all, he firmly believes that you are the one man who will succeed: if I were you, I would concentrate upon the idea that he is somewhere close at hand always and be on your guard against even the most innocent-looking person who seems to take an interest in you. That is what we must do tonight at Lady Bonofar's. It is our only chance. Let us try to persuade ourselves that he may be even dining in this restaurant at the present moment."

It was a quaint idea, and rather appealed to me. I looked round. There was only one man, however, who, according to my idea, could possibly have been the man of whom we were in search. He was seated by himself at a corner table—a tired, sallow-faced man who was eating his dinner languidly and only occasionally glancing up at a passer-by. I directed my companion's attention to him.

"So that's your idea of Joseph," she observed. "Well, he has just that air of being able to look like someone else if he wanted to. Shall we ask your friend, the maître d'hôtel, who he is?"

A head waiter smiled at my question.

"Yes, indeed, sir," he acknowledged, "we all know that gentleman. He arrived from America only last night. That is Mr. Stanley Caton. They say that he is the richest man in the world."

"From America last night," I repeated. "Has he been away long?"

"For a little over three months, sir, and I am sorry to say that he is leaving again tomorrow—for Russia, I think. His wife and two daughters are with him. Tonight they have gone to the theatre."

The waiter passed on, and I permitted myself a little grimace.

"Number one's a blank, anyhow."

"You mustn't be discouraged," she insisted. "We will probably have to put up with a good many blanks before we get anywhere near our man. Did anyone ever succeed in running away from Uncle Martin, I wonder? . . . Not until he had finished with them, I am sure. Not until he had used all their brains and their youth till only the husks were left," she added bitterly.

I had to sit tight and remember—remember all the time—that I was Martin Hews' man, living on his bounty without a shilling of my own in the world. The moment passed. When she spoke again, it was in a different note.

"You have given me your impression of a possible Joseph," she remarked. "I will give you mine. There! The man behind Lord Farendon, just coming in."

A small party of newcomers were filing into the room. Two I recognized as well-known members of Parliament, and I also knew by sight Lord Farendon, who was a Cabinet minister. The man whom my companion had indicated was a stranger, but his appearance was certainly somewhat striking. He was slightly over medium height, with a pronounced stoop, black hair, pale complexion, somewhat sunken cheeks, and dark eyes inadequately concealed behind horn-rimmed spectacles. The lines of his mouth were curled upward, giving his expression a touch of cynicism. He was dressed a trifle foppishly, considering that he was among a company where the least eccentricity of attire is considered out of place. He seemed quite at ease among his companions, but at the same time he had the air of being almost a stranger to them. There was a brief delay about taking their places, which function was directed by Lord Farendon, who was evidently host.

THE man in whom I had been interested was to be on his host's right, and as he seated himself he glanced across the room in our direction, so that, although quite casually, our eyes met. There was something about that glance, unpremeditated though it was, something about the man, the poise of his body, as he leaned over his chair, which brought me not exactly any sense of actual recognition, but which thrilled me in a most mysterious way. There was not a line of him, or a feature, which directly reminded me of anyone I had ever met before in my life, yet I felt curiously and strangely affected by his presence.

He apparently reciprocated none of my interest. His eyes had passed from mine almost at once and rested upon my companion. There they remained. So far as a man with every appearance of breeding and good manners can stare at a beautiful woman with whom he is unacquainted, he committed that unpardonable sin. He looked at her without changing a muscle of his face, yet I could read well enough his interest, and I felt that strange mixture of sensations, which still kept me speechless, change into anger.

I GLANCED at my companion. There was, perhaps, the slightest possible tinge of color in her cheeks, but although her eyes met his steadily, there was not the faintest glint of that hauteur which had so depressed me on our first few meetings.

But there was something in her expression which reminded me of the moment when we had met on the threshold of my room at Breezeley Mansion, when the red light was burning upon my wall. Some fear seemed to have been born in her.

"Those things don't happen, do they—not in real life?" she murmured. "We are in search of one man out of seven million, and we are scarcely likely to find him the first time we dine together in a public restaurant. Besides," she went on, "although I have a great idea of Joseph, I can't really imagine him dining with dukes—there is a duke there, isn't there, besides a Cabinet minister? I think we shall have to go a little further afield for our victim. Lady Bonofar's reception-rooms still seem to me a more likely place."

"What a pity!" I sighed. "I like this atmosphere much better, and I hate a crowd."

Our meal drew on toward its end, but something seemed to have disturbed the growing intimacy between us which had filled me with so much pleasure. I noticed too, very much to my annoyance, that the man who had so manifestly shown his interest in my companion had in no way abandoned it. He was contributing his full share to the general conversation of the table, but whenever he had an opportunity he looked across at us, and his eyes sought hers in almost challenging fashion. I summoned my maître d'hôtel and whispered in his ear. He bowed and departed toward the office.

"I have asked him to get me a list of Farendon's guests," I explained. "That fellow looks at you all the time. Have you ever seen him before that you know of?"

Her fingers toyed uneasily with her cigarette case.

"I can't exactly remember that I have," she replied, "yet there is something about him— How foolish we are! We have worked ourselves into this state, you know. Anyhow, if your waiter succeeds in his mission, we shall know who he is."

The maître d'hôtel returned presently, and laid a little strip of paper by my side. My companion and I read it together:

Lord Farendon
The Hon. Peter Gateson
Mr. R. C. Croome, M. P.
Mr. Prayson Taylor, M. P.
Sir Godfrey Mandon
The Duke of Manchester
Mr. X

I looked up at the maître d'hôtel.

"Which is Mr. X?"

"The gentleman (*Continued on page 36*)

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Makings of the Mighty

By Grantland Rice

Taking a pair of athletic super-stars apart to see what makes the wheels go 'round

In the early days Bobby Jones was always boiling inwardly at his own mistakes

THERE are many stars and a few super-stars in sport. There are champions who bag a coronet now and then, and there are others who dominate some game year after year. In other words there are Bobby Jones and Helen Wills.

Bobby Jones is twenty-six years old. At this age he has won eight national titles at match and medal play. He has won four of the last five amateur golf championships of the United States and twenty-three out of his last twenty-four matches along this route. At medal play he has won the British Open twice and the U. S. Open twice. In the U. S. Open he has run one-two through six of the last seven years against the greatest men in the game—a killing scoring pace that left such professional stars as Hagen, Farrell and Sarazen dizzy.

Helen Wills is twenty-four years old. At this age she has won her last five starts in the women's national tennis championship of the United States and she has overwhelmed every European opponent since Suzanne Lenglen left the amateur ranks.

Bobby Jones and Helen Wills not only keep winning, but they leave so wide a winning margin that no one else seems to be second or third. Their victories are not mere victories. They are routs.

Jones, in his last six 36-hole championship matches at Minikahda and Braeburn, stood 66 up on such opponents as Francis Ouimet, Chick Evans, Harrison Johnston, Phil Finlay, Phil Perkins (British champion) and John Beck.

Helen Wills in the last two years has pulverized her opponents almost as badly. It has been more of a slaughter than a competition. Like two young cyclones she and Bobby have left only destruction in their respective wakes.

And at the ages of twenty-six and twenty-four they still have a long way to go before gathering years and younger opponents bring them back to the level of the field.

Just what qualities are responsible for the preëminence of these two champions at golf and tennis?

What has Bobby Jones to show that lifts him so far above the amateurs at match play and so far above the professionals in the medal-play test of the open?

Jones happened to start golf at the age of seven, and at that plastic age copied a model who had a sound, compact swing. The model was Steward Maiden—at the East Lake Club. So Bobby got the right start and the instincts of correct swinging planted in his system before he had a chance to develop any faults. At the age of ten he had about as good a swing as you will see on any golf course today.

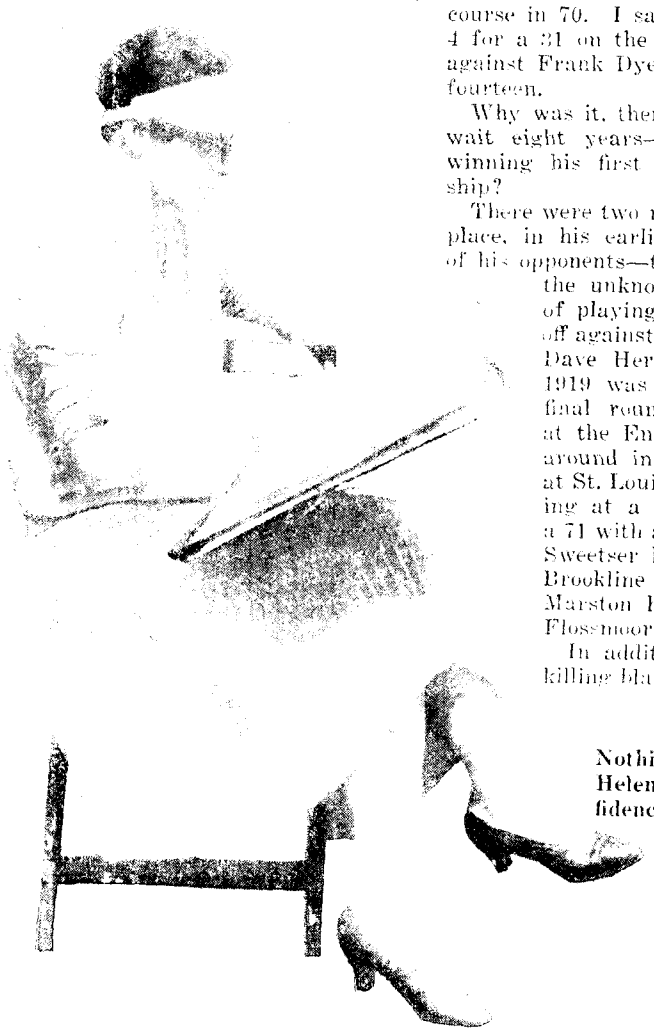
Bobby's Early Difficulties

At the age of fourteen Jones was almost as good a shot-maker as he is today. He had a strong pair of hands and a pair of powerful wrists. He had a strong body and stout legs. I saw him then march around a championship course in 70. I saw him finish with a 4 for a 31 on the last nine at Merion against Frank Dyer—all at the age of fourteen.

Why was it, then, that Jones had to wait eight years—until 1924—before winning his first amateur championship?

There were two reasons. In the first place, in his earlier campaigns, most of his opponents—the known stars and the unknowns—had the habit of playing their golfing heads off against the young Georgian. Dave Herron at Oakmont in 1919 was 3 under 4's in the final round; Francis Ouimet at the Engineers in 1920 was around in 70. Willie Hunter at St. Louis in 1921 was traveling at a 70 clip. Jones had a 71 with a 7 on one hole. Jess Sweetser handed him a 67 at Brookline to feed on and Max Marston handed him a 70 at Flossmoor.

In addition to these hostile killing blasts, Jones' early golf temperament was far from perfect. His tournament conduct at this time was beyond reproach but he was high-strung, over-keen, boiling inwardly at his own mistakes. He had never had the capacity for the relaxed mental state of Walter Hagen.



Nothing seems to affect Helen Wills' serene confidence and determination

With all the physical qualifications, Jones had an unusually fine brain and unusual determination and courage. But he had always had the high-strung temperament that goes better in football and tennis than it goes in golf—the yearning for action rather than the feeling of restraint and nerve control.

Those seven years of defeat in one match or another were like white flame applied to iron ore. They were making steel. Those defeats were teaching him lessons more valuable at that time than victories could have done.

He won his first open at Inwood in 1923, and his amateur championship at Merion in 1924. From that point on he was set. At the age of twenty-two he had won an open and an amateur championship. He had all the physical qualifications—big, strong hands, strong wrists, a strong body, and a great pair of legs. The hands and legs tire first in golf and when they do there are storms ahead.

Jones had stamina, courage, determination, and a keen, analytical mind. He had been a great shot-maker for eight or ten years. Now, at twenty-two, he had, in addition, experience under heavy and withering fire, valuable lessons in nerve control, sounder judgment—and all this was his with his youth intact and the years still ahead.

He almost wavered at Inwood in 1923 when he took a 6 or a 7 on the last hole to get a tie with Bobby Cruickshank. But at this same hole the next day he lashed a long iron from a bad lie within six feet of the cup—and the old spell was forever broken.

I think Jones became a great and a winning golfer the moment he added a fine putting touch to his long game. For five years he has been one of the greatest putters in all golf.

Opponents who once played their heads off against him—and beat him—now crumple up in any 36-hole match. At 18 holes they have a chance. At 36—what's the use? He is capable of winning at least ten or twelve more national championships before the years close in.

Why is Helen Wills so far above all competition in her field? Lenglen ruled first with a finer all-round game, carrying far greater foot speed and better technique. When she retired, Miss Wills was set to take her place. Where Bobby Jones had very few weaknesses of any sort to fight, Helen Wills had to make up for her lack of foot speed, which limited both her attack and defense. It gave her no chance for the footwork of a Lenglen or a Tilden. To offset this she had to fall back upon power and control of power. The wonder is that she could achieve the control she has shown for the last two years.

There have been few people in competitive sport blessed with a finer temperament for match play. She outclassed Mlle. Lenglen in this respect. Nothing upsets her mental poise. Nothing seems to affect her serene confidence and determination. She staked her chance upon a smashing driving game that she could handle ably at all times.

I saw her in a number of matches this season hitting the ball, from back court, as hard as most men can hit it, and placing it time after time within a few inches of where she wanted it to go. It required a combination of tennis genius and amazing patience and long, hard practice to get this result.

No woman player today would have even the slightest chance against her. For no woman player could come close to matching her power and control.

Things That Make Champions

Any good male player would have trouble beating Miss Wills from back court—as several have testified. As none of the women has a first-class net game they are all forced to meet her where she is strongest and almost invincible, where she has all the excess in both power and control of power. So the result is usually as expected.

Bobby Jones and Helen Wills had the knack for their games and they established this knack at early ages. They were experienced campaigners before they were twenty—campaigners under heavy fire against the best in their game. Both happened to be equipped with physical power. And, which is even more important, both happened to be rigged out with the type of iron determination that is often known as "the will to win." Bobby Jones had to play three types of almost miracle shots to stave off defeat at the hands of Ray Gorton at Braeburn, but he played them all when the pressure was at its hardest.

They have outclassed their fields—especially the amateur fields—because they have had the skill, the experience, the stamina, the physical power, and the unbreakable determination to carve their way through.

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Look Sharp Now!

By John W. Heisman

More good plays are muffed by the spectators at a football game than by the veriest dubs on the field. Many of those in the grand stand miss half the high spots, because they don't look on intelligently. In this article Mr. Heisman tells you how

Vic Hanson of Syracuse had hands built for snagging the forward pass

I ONCE lost what might have become an agreeable friendship by giving a man one of the best seats in the grand stand. The gentleman still believes that I slighted him.

He was a friend of a friend of mine. He had never seen a football game and this unhappy inexperience was related to me at our first meeting. Just why he had never seen a battle is beyond me, but he made it clear that he was anxious to be initiated.

"Very well," I said, "I'll send you a couple of tickets for the Chicago game."

"Thanks a lot," he replied. "I'll bring my wife. She's never seen football either."

So I sent the gentleman two tickets in the top row of the stand at the 50-yard line. Later, not having heard from him, I asked my friend whether he had heard how the gentleman and his lady had enjoyed it.

"They didn't see the game," he replied.

"No? What happened?"

"Well, Heis," sighed my friend, "Slim hasn't any more sense than the business of making a bare living demands and he got offended when the usher showed him that the seats were at the top of the stand. He thought you were shoving him in the gallery or the bleachers or something."

"Why, they were the best seats on the field," I said.

"Sure," agreed my friend, "but you can't tell a novice that. He's thinking in theatre-seat terms."

Doubtless there are numbers of readers of these articles who share that misguided gentleman's estimate of seat value at a football game. They do not know that the coach has the worst seat on the field—the coach and his team's subs. For them much of the spectacular action is lost. What is going on at that vital spot where the ball is, is frequently obscured from their sight by the players in the foreground.

Of course, the coach, sitting down there on the side lines, knows just about what the proceedings look like by the progress or lack of progress of his team. He probably knows more about what has just happened, even if he didn't see it all, than anybody else, including quite a number of the players. It is his business to know. He has drilled his men in the play and has many mental pictures of how the maneuver can be ruined or how it may triumph.

But if you're out to see football, to see both lines wade into each other, to see the fleet backs shave the tackles, skirt the ends or plunge into the milling center, sit high. If you're out to see the ball passed 20, 30, 40, 60 yards while charging giants come galloping down upon the passer, and to see a dozen clean-limbed boys speed down the field under the flying ball, their eyes hard on it and their hands extended toward it, rejoice if your seat is on the top row. If in addition you're between the 40-yard lines, shake hands with yourself. It might be quite a feather in your cap to be able to tell your friends that you sat with Coach So-and-so, but you're foolish if you do it. If you like to watch football, that is. And you can be pretty sure that the coach doesn't want you near him. He has enough to worry about without you.

Really Seeing a Football Game

However, we are about to engage in the business of watching a game intelligently. And believe me it's no simple matter. If you've played football or if you've been a football fan for a long time (and no game has a firmer clutch upon the affection of its true admirers), you know what to look for and at. But if you're just one of the crowd that goes to football games because it's a popular pastime or because it's the thing your set is doing or something or other, it is entirely possible that you will leave the field without having seen half of the fine plays. There are thousands of spectators who buy the newspaper on the morning after the game to find out what happened.

I recall the afternoon I talked on the telephone to a lady who was to become one of the most faithful of our customers at Georgia Tech.

"What I want," she said, "are seats right on the goal line where we can see all the good playing and the knock-downs."

"You mean touchdowns?"

"Yes, I guess that's it. Anyway, can I have them?"

"Of course, but you know the touchdowns might be made at the other end of the field," I reminded her.

"At which end do you think they'll make the most?" she inquired anxiously.

"I wish I knew."

"Well," she said after a pause, "I'll try the east end of the field, but I do think you should arrange to have some at both ends."

So you and I shall take these high-up seats between the 40-yard lines. First we locate the score board. It's just as important to know all the time what down it is as it is to know how many are "out" at a baseball game. Furthermore, you have to know how many yards the aggressor team has to gain after every scrimmage. You'll miss a lot of the thrill if you don't know that.

Having these important details in your mind, you are all set to put yourself in the place of the field general of the team with the ball. Third down, eight yards to go! What will they do—punt or pass? What would you do? Away back in every man's head is tucked the notion that, given the opportunity, he would be as great a tactician as Napoleon, Lee or Foch. Well, here's his chance to test his cunning.

But even before the game reaches such crises, before the kick-off, there are problems for us to work on. Is the sun shining brightly? If it is, the punt and pass receivers facing it are going to suffer. Would you elect to start play with the sun on your back then? Or is the wind so high that you'll take the sun in your face rather than buck that gale? Good generals have to decide these things—quickly, you know.

Understanding Whets Enjoyment

Or perhaps rain impends. Now here's where your knowledge of the two teams is coming in handy. If it rains, you know, the team with the heaviest and hardest plungers—line buckers—will have the edge. The light team with its passers and kickers will be severely handicapped with a wet, muddy ball. And after 22 lusty lads have rolled a ball into the mud and water pools for five or ten minutes that ball can weigh a couple of tons. Ask any player.

Of course there's to be punting, rain or no rain. But the punter for the heavier team will do his best to kick the ball into the muddiest areas and into the deepest water pools. George Brooke, the old Pennsylvania fullback, was a genius at this. He could kick that ball high and far, wet or dry; but if it were raining he'd almost invariably send it into the heaviest going and laugh at the enemy as they wallowed in the mire.

Now that we've got that far, let's look at the program. It will pay you to have a pretty comprehensive grasp on the names and numbers of the varsity players. Of course, unless you've followed one team for many games and know the players by sight or numbers you'll have to resort to your program frequently. But study it anyway. Things are apt to happen quickly and in swift succession and you might miss something good while hunting through the list of players to identify No. 12.

I remember being a spectator at a Virginia-Tennessee game on a particularly messy afternoon, and cold too. The referee, having come without a sweater, borrowed one from a Virginia man—a letter man.

The going being slippery, the ball was on the ground most of the time, with both teams piled on top of it. And the referee with a huge V on his back, having slipped the sweater on hind side foremost, was forever plunging into these pile-ups, pushing warriors aside and rescuing the heavy ball.

In a short time the officials and players were mud-covered. On the backs of a few players numerals were distinguishable.

There were several men and women in a party just in front of me and I heard them comment upon this player and that player. Presently one of them who had been silent spoke:

"Well," said he, "I don't know one of them from the other and I don't know much about this game but number five is the whole racket as far as I'm concerned. They don't get past that bird. When he wants the ball he takes it. If they were all as good as number five they'd be football players. He's in every play."

The Doubters Fall the Hardest

It took the others some time to discover that this man's hero was the referee with the Virginia V on his back.

Victims of golf are eager to assure you that you have only to spend an hour socking the ball to become an addict, and a hopeless one no matter how badly you play. Perhaps, perhaps.

But one doesn't have to play football to become a fanatic. I've known men and women who were as bitterly opposed to football as they were to prize-fighting and for a very similar reason—its alleged brutality. And then they saw a game. That one game converted the vast majority of them. Some of the most rabid football fanatics I have seen have never had a football in their hands and wouldn't know what to do with it if one were handed to them.

My father, for example.

Through the several years I played as a high school boy at Titusville, Pa., during my wild-cat playing at Brown and as a member of the Penn varsity, Father declined to look at football. I

Sixty-five yards for a touchdown.

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think I have never known a man more stubbornly opposed to the game. It was brutal. It was a waste of time. It should be prohibited.

But I caught Father in a weak moment when I went to Oberlin to coach. After an evening's argument, and much to my surprise, he was at the field on the following afternoon prepared to see what all the nonsense was about. He had decided that inasmuch as I had rejected the practice of law and had dedicated my life to the game, there must be something to football. Anyway he'd see.

He watched my Oberlin team speed through signal practice. His eyes popped a bit when he saw the ball soar in towering punts. Presently he came to me and said:

"The crowd seems to be for the other fellows. Do you think you'll win?"

"Yes," I replied casually, "I think so."

"You think so," he repeated. "Pretty sure of it? Your team's small. The crowd doesn't think much of your chances."

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded. "You're not a football fan, are you? What do you care who wins?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. "But I don't like this partiality. I'd like to see the big fellows licked."

Father Waxes Overenthusiastic

A few minutes later my brother came to me.

"Say," he said, "if you ain't pretty sure you're going to take this game you'd better let me head Dad off."

"Dad? What's he doing now?"

"Oh, nothing except walking up and down in front of Western Reserve's cheering section waving hundred-dollar bills and daring them to back their team," sighed my brother.

But we're getting away from the business at hand—this game we're about to witness. And we've got to get down to it now because the game's begun. The kick-off has been taken by a speedy lad ten yards from his own goal line and by dodging and side-stepping he has brought the ball to his own 30-yard line. A nice run, full of hair-breadth 'scapes and acrobatic spills when would-be tacklers were blocked by the runner's defense.

Now what? They have three methods of advancing that ball. They can rush, pass or kick. Punt of course, because field goals from that distance are hardly to be thought of unless you have a Pat O'Dea or John DeWitt or some foot of that potency around. Drop and place kicking were regarded as quite valuable scoring devices from 1910 to 1920; but somehow they've fallen off in popularity. Particularly since last year when the rules made field goal kicking all the more difficult by retiring the goal posts ten yards back of each goal line.

No, they've decided to rush the ball. There's a plunge, straight ahead. Smack into the center of the line. Second down, eight yards to go. Well, the line buck is about the surest way to make a little ground. It will average two yards or less per buck. Not like the slant off tackle. The off-tackle slice is more likely to result in a loss of ground than the plunge, but, then, if it succeeds, your gain in yardage is more inspiriting.

But they tried an end run instead. Well, well. Did you see that? The defense ran him out from behind what should have been his interference and encircled him. Thrown for a loss of five yards. That's the chance you take on end runs. If you get away with them your gain is greater, probably, than it would have been if you had hit tackle or the center but it's like so many other things: the bigger the stake played for the greater the loss if you lose.

You've noticed, I hope, that with the exception of the ball carrier no player of the offense may use his hands or arms against an opponent. But the defensive players may use their arms and hands as they see fit—provided they don't get too rough, of course. The referee or umpire observing the scrimmaging are the judges of what constitutes "unnecessary roughness."

Also it would be good to remember that the offensive side's job is the harder because they must have seven men on the line and that, at the moment the ball is put in play, only one member of the team may be in motion and that motion may be lateral or backward but not forward. On the other side—defensive—they may have as many men on the line at the moment the ball is put in play as they choose. Also they may all be in motion when the ball is snapped.

Furthermore (and it might be well for you to remember this), he who makes a forward pass must be at least five yards back of the scrimmage line and he may pass only to his ends or his fellow backs. Also only one pass may be made in a down.

I still have a letter from a Georgia Tech alumnus in which he revealed a bit of passing strategy which was sure to make his college invincible. Not only that: it would revolutionize the game. I take it from his letter that he was all a-tremble lest some other college adopt the new tactics before Tech. Curious no one had thought of it before. He inclosed a diagram that even I might not misunderstand.

Why Players Are Penalized

All the passer had to do was to flip the ball to one of the ends, who would then throw the ball to a halfback in a slightly advanced position. Then the halfback would hurl the ball to the other end, who, by this time, would be well down the field. And it followed that this end would then keep up the good work by passing to the other halfback who would have but a step to go for a touchdown.

Simple? Yes, but illegal. Only one forward pass to the down, you know. I was unmercifully lambasted (orally, thank Heaven) by this grand-stand tactician as a "swell-headed guy who knew it all" when I ignored the revolutionary scheme of advancing the ball.

But we're digressing again. We've got to pay closer attention to this game. What's happened there? Ah, yes, a penalty. Somebody's done something illegal and has been caught at it. Yes, there's the referee stepping off the yards.

And this penalty business is one of the hardest things for the spectator to see and understand. The commonest of the fouls called against the offensive team are off-side, starting ahead of the ball, holding or illegal interference, having fewer than seven men on the scrimmage line, tripping or clipping or crawling, and violations of the forward-pass rules. The defensive team is most frequently penalized for charging off-side, piling up, interfering with an eligible receiver of a forward pass and unnecessary roughness.

As I have told you, unnecessary roughness is a somewhat elastic term. Intent on the part of the defensive player may be taken into consideration but generally speaking rough stuff is quickly condemned.

I had a player at Georgia Tech who was subjected to really rough handling one afternoon but no penalty could be inflicted against his assailants. The opposition was not responsible for the condition of his clothing.

He was making quite a neat run when two of our opponents laid hold upon him. One of them took him by the jersey and another by the waistband of his breeches. Possibly all would have been well had he worn a belt, but he was one of those who scorn belts. And of course, suspenders are hardly practicable in football.

The breeches began to descend and the jersey moved upward. Worse, the breeches began to rip. My lad, suddenly becoming conscious that he was in no position to shed his pants, dropped the ball and made wild clutches at the vanishing garment. Whereat his two tormentors forsook him and made after the abandoned ball. We lost the ball but saved our reputation for modesty. Personally I should have preferred the ball.

As you watch these two teams it probably won't occur to you to wonder how the coach came to pick his warriors out of the many candidates who reported for football. It hasn't occurred to you perhaps because it seems too obvious. The coach merely selected the best men. Easy.

But not so easy. I recall a giant whom we shall call Perkins. One of the first of the candidates I saw when I went to Georgia Tech was this Perkins. He was one of the finest physical specimens I had ever seen. He was fast too, and for two seasons had played first-string tackle. Taking for granted his football worth I concentrated upon the men who had yet to win their spurs.

One day a pack of snapshots of our scrimmages was handed to me and I studied them. The first one showed a brisk pile-up—with Perkins standing near. The second was a fine sweep play. Perkins was running too but behind the pack. The third was a smashing line plunge. Perkins was there in the foreground, (*Continued on page 32*)

Strupper of Georgia Tech carries the ball. Blazing a trail for him and ruining Penn's defense are Guyon and Harlan

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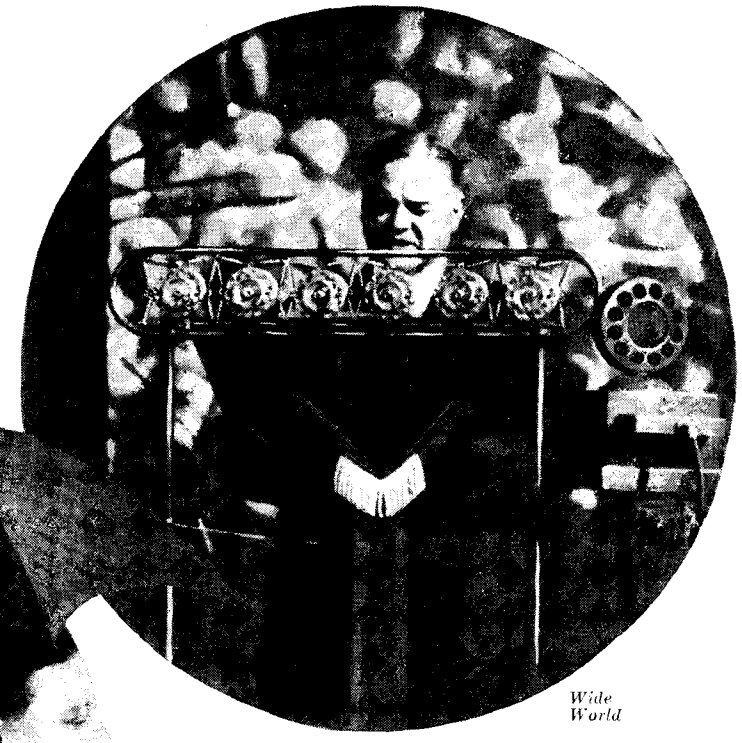
Just before the

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. Some glimpses of campaigns and campaigners of now and then

Wide World

We'll begin with an easy one. One that imposes no strain on the memory at all. If you have a loud speaker in your home—as who hasn't?—this candidate's voice is as familiar to you as the chimes of the clock on the mantel



Wide World

Another who needs no introduction. The voice of Mr. Hoover has been heard through the land, now pretty extensively—and to the surprise of a lot of folks who didn't expect him to be a good speaker

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A genial campaigner was William H. Taft—even when the most generous of umbrellas failed to provide more than fifty per cent coverage

Keystone

The absentee voters check in. Soldiers mailing their ballots during the Civil War and mindful of the pronouncement that "the victory at the ballot-box will be in vindication of this Union and our authority"

Well, it was bound to come. Wyoming has woman suffrage at last and here is a brisk scene at the polls in Cheyenne—but not recently

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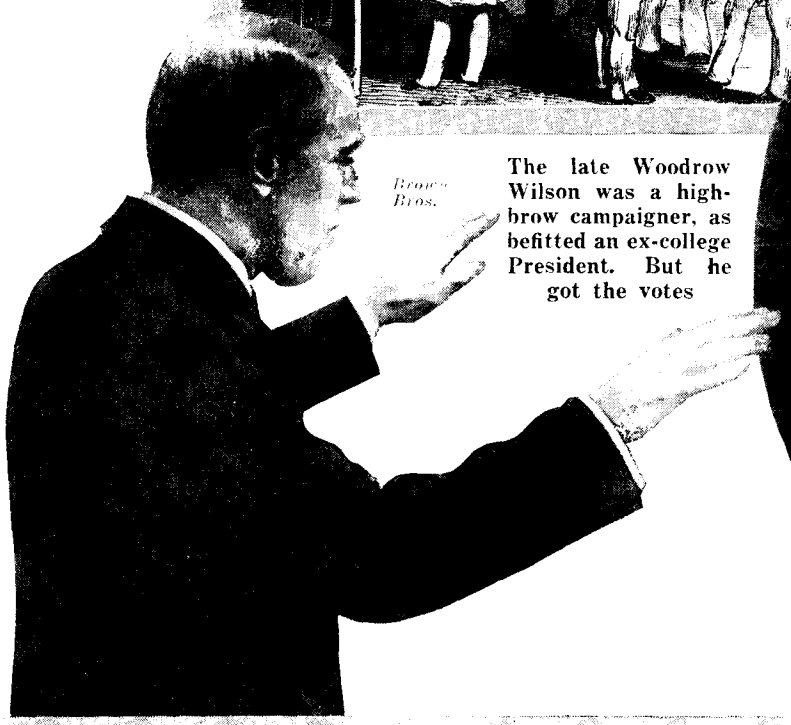
Ballot, Mother

A bunch of the boys at a polling booth in the Clay-Polk election. Can it be that the respectable gentleman at the right is arguing his right to cast two ballots? Just a group of friendly fellows but look out for those clubs!



Brown Bros.

The late Woodrow Wilson was a high-brow campaigner, as befitted an ex-college President. But he got the votes

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The vigorous "Teddy" in a characteristic pose. A lot of voters disagreed with him but nobody ever went to sleep in the audiences when the late ex-President Roosevelt was talking

Brown Bros.

Warren G. Harding in a back-platform appearance. President Harding was ever an amiable campaigner. The peculiar object in front of him is not a microphone but a light

The silver-tongued William J. Bryan. From his expression it's hard to say whether he's facing a hostile or a friendly crowd. But he's obviously on the verge of cutting loose

The parade halts for a moment while a Cleveland advocate engages in a not-so-friendly discussion with one of the Harrison supporters

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

They all finally wound up being edified over an impromptu rodeo

The Story Thus Far:

CLIFTON FORREST is returning home from the war after having been among the "missing" for over a year. He has been given a month more to live and he wants to spend that with his family in New Mexico, although before the war he had been in disgrace with them for having been expelled from college.

He has not told his family of his home-coming so he takes a taxi at the station and drives to Cottonwoods, his old home, only to find the Lundeens living there.

Virginia Lundeen had been on the same ship coming home though he had not recognized her. They had been drawn to each other and she had *been very kind to him. Their families are* enemies and when Virginia opens the door of what he thought was his own home and tells him heartbrokenly that it is now her home and that his family live down the road in her old home, an adobe shack, he is so overcome that he faints on the doorstep.

II

"OH, POOR fellow!" cried Ethel. "'Ginia, what can we do?"

Virginia's father stepped out from the doorway, followed by others. He was a stalwart man past middle age, whose handsome lined face showed the vicissitudes of a hard life in the open.

"Hello, who's this?" he queried, in astonishment, espying the prostrate form at Virginia's feet.

"Father!" she replied, recovering with a gasp. "Something dreadful has happened."

"Is he drunk or what? Who is it? . . . Strikes me I've seen him before."

"No, he's not drunk," rejoined Virginia hurriedly. "Dad, it's Clifton Forrest, who used to live here. I saw him on the Aquitania, but didn't recognize him then. He was returning from France. He must have been badly wounded in the war. He did not know me. . . . He *didn't know I lived here* . . . that this was not his home. . . . When I told him—he fainted."

Lundeen's features clouded and set: "Young Forrest! Home from the war! Shore, he looks it!"

"Father, let us take him in and do what we can," suggested Virginia faltering.

"What? Take a Forrest in my house? I reckon not," returned Lundeen harshly. He made a sharp gesture, beckoning to the chauffeur, who had just deposited Forrest's luggage on the flagstones. "Take those bags back to your car. An' pack this fellow out of heah."

"All right, sir, but where'll I pack him?" returned the chauffeur.

"He's a son of Clay Forrest, who lives down the west road. 'Dobe shack. You can't miss it," replied Lundeen, and stamped back upon the porch.

"Ethel, we must think of his mother too," said Virginia, in a low voice. "Someone must prepare her. Will you go with me?"

The chauffeur laid hold of Forrest to be checked by Virginia's swift hand.

"Careful. He has been badly wounded," she warned.

"Shore, Miss. . . . Gee, he ain't very heavy."

Virginia did not release her hold on Forrest's arm as the driver carried him. Ethel ran to open the door of the car.

"You get in first, Ethel. . . . We must avoid any jar. . . . I remember— Oh, driver, be careful! Don't let him slip. . . . There. Now hold him, Ethel, until—"

"You girls needn't bother," spoke up a young man, who had followed them from the porch.

"We will bother, thank you, Richard. . . . Driver, is there room for his bags in front?"

"I'll take care of them."

Lundeen appeared again, striding out with manner unmistakable. Virginia saw her mother trying to detain him.

"Virginia, what are you aboot?"

"Dad, I'm going to prepare his mother for—for this."

"You stay out of thet car," he ordered furiously.

"Why, Dad," she protested, keeping her temper, "I must go. It's the very least we can do."

"No. Let Dick go."

"But he might be awkward breaking it to his mother—shock her."

"Waal, I won't have you goin', an' thet's all."

"Dad, I've been away two years, and now I'm over twenty-one. I knew I'd have to tell you, but I didn't think it'd come during the very first ten minutes of my return."

Whereupon Virginia, her ears tingling at her father's profanity, stepped into the car. Ethel was holding Forrest, whose head swayed to and fro. Virginia slipped her arm around his neck.

"Let go, Ethel," she said, and gently drew Forrest to her, until his head rested upon her breast. "Now, driver, we're ready. But don't hurry. And stop at the brook."

Virginia did not look out as they entered the driveway, so she did not know or care about what consternation she had left behind. At the moment she was concerned with the strangest sensation she had ever experienced. Had it to do with the pressure of this young man's head upon her bosom? Ethel's eyes were wide as they encountered hers.

"'GINIA, isn't it dreadful? Oh, your father was black as a thundercloud. . . . But I'm glad you didn't give in. It just wouldn't have been decent."

"Ethel, my father always hated the Forrests. I remember that all my life."

"But, 'Ginia, forgive me if I say it's not fair—at least the hate isn't. You have all the Forrests ever had."

"Dear, I know it's not fair. Ever since Dad took over this property it has been a thorn in my flesh. . . . But I didn't say I hated the Forrests."

"I'm glad. Poor boy! . . . He's very handsome, 'Ginia. . . . What will come of it?" And her blue eyes quickened and dilated with all a young girl's mystic sense of romance.

"He's not a boy, Ethel. He's twenty-eight. . . . Even when I was a girl of ten or twelve he seemed a grown-up man."

At the turn below the knoll the chauffeur halted the car where the brook ran clear and swift over gravel bars.

"Wet my handkerchief," said Virginia, handing it to the driver, who leaped out of the car and, complying with her request, hurriedly returned. "Ethel, you bathe his face. . . . Now, driver, take the left-hand road at the forks and go slowly.

Virginia watched Ethel as gently, with trembling hand, she applied the wet handkerchief. She was very serious and grew almost solemn as her efforts at resuscitation appeared fruitless.

"'Ginia, when people faint they don't usually stay under so—so terribly long, do they?" she queried anxiously.

"I don't know a lot about it, Ethel. But I'd think not. You remember on the train, when he was unconscious so long. That was bad . . . but this is worse."

"'Ginia, he—he might be—be dead," faltered Ethel. "His face is so—so cold."

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Is there a doctor in the house?"

When the scene shifts, when make-believe suddenly gives way to grim earnest, when the cry "Is there a doctor in the house?" tells of a sudden emergency—

Every eye in the hushed, expectant theatre then seeks the *one* man whose duty and privilege it is, even in leisure hours, to respond to such a summons and protect human life with trained judgment and skill.

Few persons realize, perhaps, that *another* powerful protecting force is also called into play at such times—dependable medicines at the physician's command, medicines in which he can place absolute confidence.

To justify this confidence—to insure this dependability in medicines—has been our guiding thought since our beginning in 1866. If we could take you through our great laboratories—in Detroit, in Canada, in England, in Australia, in South America—you would see in constant operation a system of checks and tests that would astound you by its extent and complexity.

Extreme caution—for your health's sake

Each of the more than 10,000 yearly incoming shipments of raw material to be used in Parke-Davis medicines must first of all be examined and tested by our own trained chemists, botanists, and pharmacologists. We accept nothing on the maker's word. Unless each drug and chemical proves by these tests to be the best and purest obtainable, it cannot win the Parke-Davis stamp of approval.

Out of 27 shipments of a certain drug received recently, for example, 13 were rejected after testing.

From first to last, the identity and amount of every ingredient that goes into a Parke-Davis medicine is repeatedly checked and rechecked—never fewer than five times.

The final tests on all Parke-Davis serums and vaccines for your physician's warfare on smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid, and other infectious diseases are made by three different bacteriologists, working independently. The result of each test must say "Pure—Safe!" Otherwise the lot is destroyed.

Thus, absolute accuracy is the established order in every department of the Parke-Davis laboratories.

* * *

If you would like to know some of the ways in which your physician is equipped today to *prevent* disease in your own family, we shall be glad to send you an interesting, non-technical booklet we have prepared, called *Fortresses of Health*. Send your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ont.; or London, Eng.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Here are a few Parke-Davis special preparations for your daily home use, for sale by your pharmacist—made with the same exacting care as Parke-Davis medicines:

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream—Two fine white soaps are scientifically combined to produce this soothing and effective cream. Soap No. 1 makes the lather quick and voluminous; Soap No. 2 adds the richness and fine texture which hold the water against the base of the beard to keep it soft throughout the shave. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Orygene Mouth Wash—This deliciously flavored astringent tends to promote firm gums and healthy mouth tissues. It helps to prevent the bleeding of gums after hard brushing. It is effective in refreshing the mouth and alleviating impure breath when caused by mouth conditions. (No mouth wash can affect breath impurity which arises from other causes.) "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Neko (*Germicidal Soap*)—The odorless lather of this pure soap *removes* body odors—it does not substitute one odor for another. This is the soap that physicians and nurses have used for years to keep their hands hygienically clean and thus guard against infection. Thousands of families use Neko regularly for hands, for bath, and for shampooing the hair. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide—Distinguished among peroxides because it retains its strength for many months. Its purity makes it dependable in emergencies caused by cuts or abrasions of the skin, before medical attention can be obtained. When used for this purpose, or as a gargle, its antiseptic oxygen content is quickly released in a foam of bubbles. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

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"Oh, that would be too awful," cried Virginia, shuddering. Then, with her right hand, which shook like a leaf, she unbuttoned his vest and felt for his heart. "There!—yes, he's alive, Ethel. . . . Thank Heaven! If he had died—at my feet—I'd never, never have got over it."

"Neither would I," murmured Ethel, resuming her task more vigorously.

VIRGINIA leaned her head back and shut her eyes, seeking to free herself from that inward clutch.

"His eyelids fluttered," whispered Ethel excitedly. "'Ginia—he's coming to."

"Oh, Mr. Forrest, you're all right again," she said, eager, like a pleased and relieved child.

"What happened?" asked Forrest, in a voice which seemed far away, yet pierced through Virginia.

"You fainted. And it took longer to revive you than that time on the train."

"I see. . . . I'm back in the car. . . . Where are you taking me?"

"To your mother. It's not far."

"My mother! . . . I thought—I was afraid—when that girl said she knew nothing of . . . where is she?"

"I just told you. Your mother lives down the road a ways."

"I mean that Lundeen girl."

"Oh! She's not very far," replied Ethel shyly.

Then probably Forrest became aware of the position of his head and the arm that encircled him.

"Yes," said Ethel, as if answering a mute interrogation. The thing so dear to a woman's heart—the romance inseparable from this situation—shone tenderly and subtly in Ethel's eyes. "It is Virginia who is holding you. She insisted that she should be the one to take you to your mother."

In his slight movement Virginia divined that his position in her arms was vastly distasteful to him, but he had not the strength even to lift his head from her breast. Whatever vague and dreamy sensations of pleasure and pathos had stirred within her were suddenly dispelled. He knew her now as a Lundeen.

At this juncture the driver brought his car to a stop at the vine-covered gateway of a red adobe wall, a wall pregnant with memory for Virgina. She recalled the time when she had sat on that wall, a roguish little girl of twelve, dangling her bare legs, to watch with worshipful eyes Clifton Forrest riding by, calling out, "Hello, little redhead!" And now—how strange and terrible after what seemed a changing span of a lifetime, to be bringing him to his mother, ruined, broken, dying!

"Ethel, you hold him now. Let me go in first."

"I think I can manage, if you steady me," said Forrest to Ethel.

How would Clifton's mother receive her? Courteously and kindly as always, she thought, but perhaps with the same fear of Clay Forrest that ever had obstructed friendship. A flower-skirted irrigation ditch, full of murmuring water; further burdened Virginia with poignant associations of childhood and girlhood. The adobe house showed its age, especially in the size of the great vines that climbed its cracked walls, to shade its adobe-tiled roof with spring foliage. The fragrance here was sweet, dry, pregnant with the atmosphere of unhurried time and solitude. Birds sang in the trees and bees hummed in the flowers.

Virginia went round to the back of the house from which a trellis, with heavily vined roof, served as a porch. In trepidation Virginia prayed that Clay Forrest would not be in. If she remembered correctly, he was as impossible as her own father. But, to her relief, it was Clifton's mother who came out, not by any means as aged or changed as Virginia had anticipated.

"Mrs. Forrest, do you remember me?" asked Virginia, earnestly gazing up into the motherly face.

"For the land's sake! Virginia come home!" she ejaculated mildly, without trace of astonishment, and she leaned off the step to kiss Virginia. "Come in, lass. Well, an' lackaday, it's a woman you are now. Did you fetch home a husband?"

THE big living-room smiled at Virginia and seemed to intimate her place was there. Still there were treasures of color and beauty that had not graced it during the Lundeen occupation. Clay Forrest had saved fine rugs and paintings and furniture from the wreck of his fortunes—family belongings too splendid for this adobe house.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Forrest," replied Virginia, "not a husband. But I did bring you some good news of Clifton."

A spasm convulsed the lined face, and a quivering hand went to the heart: indications that justified Virginia's decision to break to Mrs. Forrest the news of her soldier son's return.

"Clifton! . . . Oh, my dear, you saw him in France! How good of you!" The darkening, hungry eyes almost made Virginia falter.

"No, hardly France. We were a whole day out," hurried on Virginia, brightly. "Do you know, Mrs. Forrest, I saw Clifton on the ship several times, and never recognized him. Isn't that just funny?"

"*Ship!* He was on his way home?"

"Surely. Then by the strangest and luckiest chance he was on my train. Still I didn't know him. I'm so sorry now, because I could have spared him pain."

Mrs. Forrest sat down shakily, but Virginia's wise, kind words had checked the shock of surprise, and now joy was fortifying the revelation that was to come.

"Pain. You mean he never knew—"

"Poor fellow! Naturally not knowing, he went direct to his old home. I had to tell him it—it was no longer his. How I hated that! . . . Then I came down with him—to show him where you lived."

"And he's out there now?" whispered the mother, a glory in her face that struck deep to Virginia's soul.

"Yes, out in the car. You see, the long journey—he must have come right out of a hospital—weakened him. He's not very strong. He looks pretty thin and—and ill. I wanted to see you first—and tell you, so you'd not be frightened."

"Frightened? I am only happy," replied Mrs. Forrest. "Lass, your heart was never that of a Lundeen. . . . Bring my boy in."

"You stay right there," said Virginia chokingly. "Else it might be—you'll frighten Clifton instead of the other way round."

"You needn't fear. I'm perfectly calm. But hurry, lass."

Virginia ran out with bursting heart, and at the corner of the house she encountered Clifton, one arm over the chauffeur's shoulder and the other over Ethel's.

"Is Mother all right?" he shot at her with a gasp. His eyes seemed to bore into her.

"Yes, she is."

"You prepared her?"

"Clifton, she doesn't dream you—you're so badly off. I didn't dare tell her. But she knows you're sick, weak, all worn out. . . . Now please play up to that. If you do, all will be well. Then gradually she—it'll be safe to tell her—"

"Where is she?"

"In the living-room, waiting. . . . Oh, Clifton, try to be natural."

HE LIFTED his arms from his supporters and stood erect, with a light of eye and face which blazed out the havoc that was there. "Virginia Lundeen, I have this to thank you for. . . . I'll go in alone."

Unfaltering, with no hint of his slight stoop and halting step, he went round the house. Virginia kept pace with him, saying she knew not what, while Ethel retained a timid hold on his sleeve, until they crossed the porch. Then he opened the door, as the girls drew back.

"Mother!"

"Cliff! . . . Oh, my son—my son!"

The door closed on him. Virginia, wiping her blurred eyes, saw that Ethel was crying.

"Wasn't he wonderful? I could just—love him!" sobbed Ethel.

"I'm afraid it might be hard not to—just now, at any rate," replied Virginia, trying to smile at her friend.

"'Ginia, I'll wait out in front," went on Ethel. "If I saw his mother, I'd bawl like a baby."

"I'm not so sure of myself. But I'd better stay a few moments. . . . Tell the driver to bring his luggage back."

Virginia was left alone, a prey to mingled sorrow and gladness and a remorse that did not seem as right and natural as the other emotions. She was strong of will, and sternly fought them, as much for Mrs. Forrest's sake as her own. She waited. The driver brought Clifton's several bags and left them. Only silence from within the house! The relaxing of a tension left Virginia nervous. She wanted to get home, to hide in her room, to cry without restraint. And the thought of home roused feelings that were enlightening and dismaying.

This adobe house was more her home than that palace above. Virginia had been born in Georgia, her father having been a planter when a young man, but she had only dim recollections of her Southern home. Here, under these spreading cottonwoods, she had slept and played for twelve years. Then she had gone to school in Las Vegas, spent a year in Denver, staying with relatives, and later, when she had reached eighteen, had been sent to a fashionable school in New York City. The Spanish

(Continued on page 42)

"The instant I saw Mr. Malpass I remembered him. I'm surprised if he has forgotten me"

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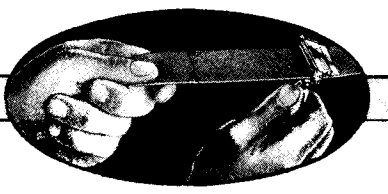
STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT



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are all Barbers CRAZY?

Is stropping a playful gesture to amuse you—or has the Valet AutoStrop Razor proved that there is a fundamental reason for stropping?

YES, all barbers are insane . . . so are other millions of men . . . *if* stropping a blade to sharpen it is useless.

But you know that *every* barber throughout the entire world knows that he *must* strop before he shaves. An unstropped edge is like a row of needles. It pulls and tears the skin.

There is one razor and only one which automatically insures a stropped blade for every shave. That is the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The Million Dollar Model is the result of 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars in experiments. Everywhere men are adopting it because of its new day improvements.

Perfectly balanced and self-adjusting, its friendly angle fits the face and cuts through the stiffest beard with smooth precision. With the new Valetite-processed blade it is a marvel of shaving ease.

Blades are inserted or removed simply by pressing a button. Blades are locked in firm, non-flexing grip that eliminates vibration and pull. New type guard lets you use the full shaving edge. And—fundamentally important—the exclusive self-stropping feature keeps the blade edge super-keen. No need to remove blade to strop or clean it.

Weigh these facts. You know barbers haven't been wrong for 2,000 years in stropping. Why experiment with *your* face?

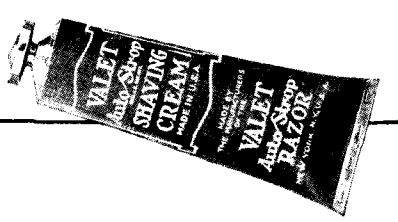
Give a Valet AutoStrop Razor a fair trial. You'll quickly learn to like it—then you'll never go back to an unstropped blade.

• • •

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

ALSO *a New and Finer Shaving Cream*

Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor



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New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

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Three Jinxes

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By Inez Haynes Irwin

He was a perfect type of hotel-lobby squatter. An hour went by before he moved

THE mid-evening crowds were surging through the lobby of the Hotel Hamblen. Happy Hunt threw an all-absorbing glance to the man at his right; then another to the man at the left. Instantly he changed his seat, for the man at the left was wearing an opal tie pin. And opals, Happy had long ago discovered, were very unhealthy for him.

He moved to a distance where the jinx could not work. And then he actually forgot all about the opals. The well-trained jaw of his well-trained countenance almost dropped. Almost, but not quite; he caught it and propped it up just in time.

Silk Tolliver was entering the lobby!

Did Silk know? Had Silk trailed him? For the first time in their long acquaintanceship, Happy realized exactly what his attitude toward Silk was. What he had thought a mere contemptuous curiosity was respect . . . jealous hatred . . . terror. . . . *Did Silk know?* Nobody could have told Silk where he was but Lallie—and where could he have seen Lallie?

In an instant's lightning-shot interval, Happy reviewed the circumstances of Lallie's desertion of Silk for him. No note. No word of any kind. No witness to her exodus. Just the packing of her things and a taxicab. What devil of luck had brought Silk back from the coast a day ahead of time? Of course Silk had gone to the apartment . . . his and Lallie's . . . to find Lallie away. What had he thought? . . . Oh, perhaps that Lallie was staying the night with a woman friend. . . .

And yet, "I must get back at once," Happy told himself desperately, "and put Lallie on the steamer." The whistle at midnight would split the three apart as sharply as a sledge hammer a nest of quartz crystals. Had he better slide out of the side door? No. Silk had caught sight of him.

SILK came forward, hand outstretched. He was a sheik all right, Happy reflected, with his shining blue eyes and the yellow hair which lay in ridges that looked as though the curling iron had put them there. He wondered if Silk did very much evening-clothes work because he looked so well in evening clothes.

"Hello, Hap!" Silk said in his mellow, beautifully inflected voice.

"'Lo!" Happy responded, growling it a little to cover his perturbation. That perturbation was slowly evaporating, however. His breath was beginning to come at normal flood. Silk didn't know—it was a cinch. As Happy turned his irregular, vulgar little face toward his handsome friend, all its natural cockiness of look had come back.

For Silk was surveying with a suave particularity the crowds which surged through the lobby. His long-lashed glance wove with a deft languor through the foreground to the middle distance and the background. It encompassed both sides. It turned back on itself and found how closely people sat or stood in the rear.

How Happy envied Silk that nonchalance! Happy could be nothing but furtive, and he knew it.

Happy knew what all this observation boded on Silk's part. Silk must have something important to tell him.

Silk had.

"Want to turn an honest penny tonight, Hap?" his lips, not voicing and scarcely phrasing, produced.

"Guess not!" Happy answered. "I gotta date at twelve." It entertained him to announce that date to Silk.

"It won't take ten minutes if the frame works out," Silk remarked, but dispassionately. "See that red-faced fat guy sitting over by the third pillar under the big palm?"

Happy nodded.

"Just as I passed he took a box out of his pocket and opened it. There was a ring in it with the biggest ruby I've seen in a long time outside of a jeweler's window. Worth five grand at least—perhaps ten."

Happy liked stones—all except opals; nothing would ever induce him to touch an opal—liked them for their own sake; liked rubies best of all. Stones were not Silk's lay; nevertheless he knew value when he saw it. How he would like to slip a big pigeon-blood on Lallie's finger just as the sailing whistle blew! How she would laugh—that bubbling throaty laughter of hers—when he told her of Silk's part in the capture.

"How'll we work it?" Happy asked.

"Just wait till he moves. If he goes upstairs in the hotel, take the elevator with him. If he goes out, work it at the doorway."

"The regular split?" Happy asked.

"No. This is a present to you, Hap," Silk said. "I've got something on myself—something so big that I can afford to give away a little job like that."

That was Silk, Happy reflected—always in something "big," but never caught. In the East the police didn't even know him yet. He'd clean up, probably, and move on to Paris before they discovered him. Yes—Happy realized it now—he had always hated Silk; hated him for that easy air of superiority; hated him for the fact that he had never offered him a look-in on any job. And now—even though he had lured away Silk's girl—he hated Silk worse than ever. None of this appeared in Happy's face or manner, of course.

"I guess I'll take a chance!" Happy decided.

Neither could guess, of course, how long the wait would be. Their prey had none of their watchful activity. Apparently he was a perfect type, perfectly well known to the two who watched him, of the hotel-lobby squatter. In fact, a whole hour went by before he showed signs of moving. Then, rather reluctantly, as though he hated to leave, he rose to his feet, stood an instant, then walked away.

"YOU'RE playing in luck, Hap," Silk said; "he's going out the side entrance. The little alley there runs into Forty-seventh Street. Beat it down Seventh Avenue to Times Square and take the subway. Once aboard the lugger and the girl is yours."

Silk did not accompany Happy. The touch-off went like clockwork, however. Watching, Silk saw Happy catch up in leisurely fashion with his victim; saw Happy stumble on the top step of the side entrance and fall against the owner of the ruby ring; saw his hands reach out, ostensibly to keep his victim from falling; saw him pause in an instant of profuse apology; saw him make off. Then Silk hurried himself over to the side door.

Happy carefully followed Silk's directions. The short but wide alley on to which the side entrance opened was deserted. He strolled until he reached the corner. On Forty-seventh Street, fairly deserted at this hour just before the theaters let out, he increased his speed. When he turned into Seventh Avenue he was going at as fast a pace as he could move and still call it a walk. Only five blocks to Times Square—and how reassuringly crowded Times Square looked! Forty-sixth Street and Forty-fifth. No, he must not run! He slowed down. Forty-fourth Street. Only two blocks more! Forty-third Street and—

Two men catapulted on him from around the corner of Forty-third Street. One was the obese owner of the ruby. The other was a policeman.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the owner of the ruby.

"You sure?" the policeman said, his hand on Happy's shrinking shoulder.

"What does this mean?" Happy demanded haughtily. "Release me at once, officer!"

"This is the man!" reiterated Happy's victim. "I'd know him anywhere myself. But the gentleman who saw him take the ring off me told me I could tell him because of that little scar over his left eyebrow."

Happy's mind reeled. But outwardly he preserved his haughty front. "I have no idea what you're talking about. What gentleman?"

"Oh, he saw you all right," the obese gentleman answered, "if you didn't see him. A tall, handsome, distinguished-looking blond man, officer, in evening clothes."

So Silk had known about Lallie! And this was his revenge. But how—how—how? Silk was a slick one! And how neatly he had walked into the trap Silk had prepared for him! Lallie would wait up for him all night, crying because they had missed the steamer. . . . She wouldn't know until she read the paper next day.

"Can't you search him here, officer?" the obese gentleman was asking.

"Sure!" the officer growled. "I'll frisk him in this doorway! Here, you, get over there!"

"This it?" the policeman asked, handing the obese gentleman a tiny, round, red leather box.

"That's it!" the obese gentleman gloated. "I'd hate to lose that ring. It's a very valuable stone—extremely rare. Look, officer, it's shaped like a tear, has the head of Mephistopheles carved on it—a perfect red opal!"

"Opal!" Happy thought. "Mephistopheles—tear! Three jinxes! Oh, my gosh!"

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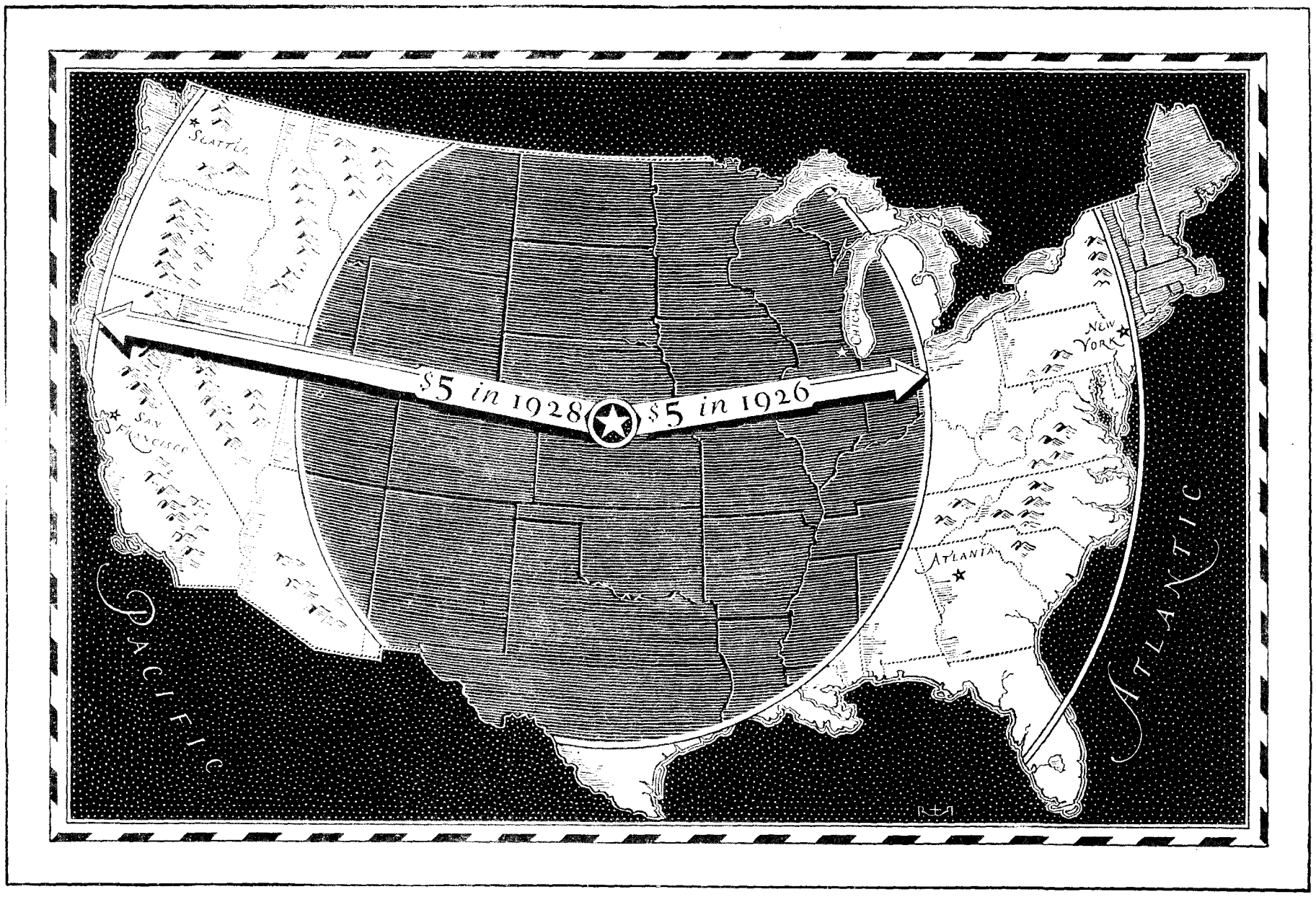
Now only $5 to telephone half way Across the Continent



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

NEXT to how much may be accomplished by long distance telephone calls, and the speed with which they are now being put through, the most surprising thing about them is: How little the calls cost.

Picture a man in Smith Center, Kansas, geographical center of the United States. Under the new station to station day rates he can now "travel" to the Atlantic or the Pacific coasts and return for $5. From Chicago one can go to New York and back for $3.25. To Los Angeles and return for $6.25. To Dallas and return for $3.25. All the way to London and back for $48.

Every long distance call is a round-trip journey. In a long distance call a man not only speaks what is in his mind but gets the answer. From his office in any city, a man whose time is valuable can speed from one concern and market to another, regardless of distance, in a few minutes and at small expense.

A Nashville lumber company relies on long distance calls for collecting slow accounts.

A Portland, Oregon, fruit company figures its sales overhead, where the telephone is used, at 2%. Where personal solicitation only is used, 7%.

A Chicago miller, by a telephone call to Philadelphia, costing $3.10, sold 60 carloads of flour for more than $100,000.

Why not let Long Distance help your business? What distant places could you profitably reach by telephone, now? . . . . . *Number, please?*

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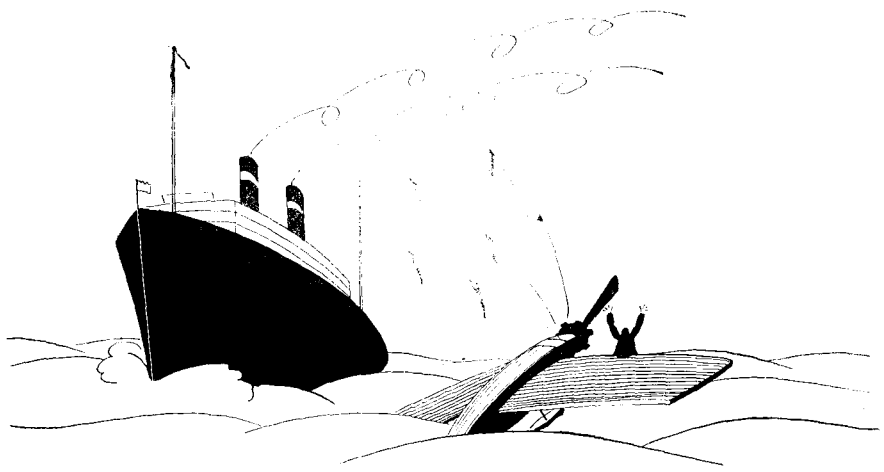

Where Weight Counts

By Jack Binns

I HAPPENED to be a passenger on the steamer Minnewaska when she picked up Captain Courtney and his three companions after disaster had put an end to their westward flight across the Atlantic. The main story of that dramatic event has been told. There are, however, some interesting details concerning events which took place during the eighteen hours that elapsed before the men were rescued that have never as yet been printed.

You will probably remember the plane caught fire in midair during the night, but was safely landed through the skill of Courtney and the bravery of Fred Pierce, his mechanic.

Hugh Gilmour, the radio operator, sent out one call, heard nothing, and then waited until daybreak before repeating the distress signal. His second call was picked up. He did not transmit again until three o'clock in the afternoon, when he sent out the corrected position that had been obtained by radio compass. His scarcity of transmission greatly hampered rescue work, especially as the Minnewaska was equipped with an up-to-date efficient direction finder that would have taken her straight to the scene had the plane been transmitting wireless signals.

The power required to run the radio apparatus on the plane was obtained from a wind-driven generator. A small storage battery was floated across this so that it could be used to reverse the process and drive the generator when the plane was afloat. Because of weight considerations the battery was small, and *just sufficient for half an hour's transmission.* That is the reason Gilmour was so sparing with his transmitter.

There is a great need in aviation for some light-weight device that will turn an electric generator rapidly and steadily enough to produce the power required to operate radio apparatus in such emergencies. The future safety of ocean flight will be materially advanced by such an invention.

A Bawbee Saved

Here is one yarn WEEI in Boston cannot broadcast. It comes from the columns of a British radio trade publication, which vouches for its truth. An English vacuum tube manufacturer advertised for a general manager to handle its Scottish branch office. When the mail was opened, two letters were contained in one envelope. They were applications from two Scots residing at different places. The envelope bore three halfpenny stamps.

How did the two canny Scots share the expense of mailing the letter? Can't you imagine the discussion between them over the odd halfpenny? What a broadcast that scene would make!

Lest We Forget

Judge S. B. Davis, one of the leading authorities on radio law, recently wrote a lengthy article on the Radio Commission. Almost at the beginning he stated: "Certainly the commission should proceed on the theory that the law which creates it is constitutional and that it has the power to do what the law tells it to do. To take the opposite theory is to negative its own right to exist."

Of course Judge Davis is too much a diplomat not to qualify that statement by pointing out the difficulty confronting the commission. Those two sentences are so tersely accurate and so sound that I have taken them from their context without the judge's permission, merely to remind the commission that there are still more than three hundred superfluous stations on the air, and still more that have no justifiable reason for existence no matter by what yardstick they are measured.

A Modern Grace Darling

Those of you who like to sit up into the small hours of the night fishing for elusive distant stations, should try to envision the job of Mrs. Stanley L. Morgan of Point Barrow, Alaska. In the middle of each bleak night, when the temperature is far beyond the wrong side of zero, she arises from her warm bed to read the thermometer, barometer and other doodadometers, so that you and I may know when to get the family furs out of hock.

Mrs. Morgan is the wife of the Signal Corps radio operator at Point Barrow. That icy isolated spot happens to be the first flag station in civilization for every Boreal wave that brings a cargo of cold air over the southeastern route into the United States. Every twelve hours Mrs. Morgan takes the readings and her husband transmits the dope by radio to Seattle. In less than six hours from the time she glances at the needles and gauges her figures are in Washington, and the weather man is able to issue his official communiqué: "Fair and slightly colder tomorrow."

It's the Little Things

Continued from page 12

was delighted to find that he was still interested in scientific phenomena, although the world believed he had retired from the field of useful experimentation.

"Butts," I said in a quaking voice, "I am here in the name of humanity. I can't stand it another moment. The big wholesale laboratories are turning out supposedly great inventions every day while the real, intimate needs of the people are being neglected. The social demands are growing more urgent and nothing is being done about them."

"I know, I know," interrupted the sage of the test tube. "Haven't you heard any strange sounds coming through the doors of my retirement? Those noises, my friend," he went on, "were howls of my personal laughter. I gloat over the uselessness of the so-called mechanical progress. It's the bunk. The world gets itself all tangled up in a lot of electrical switches and I laugh. Nobody is getting anywhere and I am the only one that knows it."

"But," I broke in, "I know it. And I know that you are the only person living who can save the world. The fact that the conference system of invention has forgotten the individual will give you the very chance you need. Don't you see it? The all-important little things have been completely neglected."

The World is Saved

I could see a strange light come into the old fellow's eyes. My impassioned plea had taken effect. The cynicism born of years of ingratitude from a disinterested world seemed to slide off the creases in his massive brow. He turned slowly toward the door leading into his secret workshop.

Professor Butts turned toward me. His chest seemed to expand and his whiskers stood at a firm angle of determination. "Strathmore," he said in a strange musical voice, "you have taken me out of the dumps. Once again I am Butts, the young inventor who discovered The-Pants-Button-That-Can't-Come-Off! You have slipped me the lowdown. Once again I am in the know. Come back in two weeks and I will show you a string of inventions that will knock you and the rest of the world for a cluster of automatic incinerators!"

"I will be back here in two weeks to the minute. Good-by, great Lucifer G. Butts, A. K. In two weeks!"

You can rest assured that in exactly two weeks I was standing in front of the great oak door leading into the sacred precincts of Professor Butts' workshop. As the clock struck ten the portal swung noiselessly open and there stood the inventor amidst the most novel and imposing group of machinery that ever greeted the human eye.

I was dumfounded. "Take your time, Strathmore," the great man crooned, "don't get excited. I will explain the intricate workings of these brain children of mine:

"Number One is called 'The Quick Remover of Pins from Laundered Shirts.' You place the shirt on this little traveling platform and press the button. The shirt moves along by means of a series of pulleys and passes through a bath of nitric acid. The acid dissolves the pins. The shirt is naturally partly dissolved too. So I have arranged a small mill at the end of the apparatus to grind up what is left of the shirt into small bits of the consistency of breakfast food. You put these bits in a saucer and eat them with cream. Then you put on your coat and a large old-fashioned ascot tie, that covers your whole chest.

"The principal benefit of the appliance is that your fingers and hands are not injured by pin pricks and you can shake hands with as many people as you like if you are running for office.

"This strange device I call 'The Portable Self-Serving Tea Table!' You strap it on your back when you attend an afternoon tea. The idea is so simple that no afternoon tea habitué should be without one. The metal case contains a small but powerful motor folded against which are ten strong electric arms, each constructed after the manner of a folding hatrack. Long wires are attached to these arms and each wire is run down the trouser leg and attached to one toe inside the shoe. Now, when the hostess has passed you all the tea, cake, napkins and salad you can naturally hold, you wiggle one of your toes and an electric arm reaches out from inside the case on your back and grabs the next plate of ice cream or whatever it happens to be. This is done successively until all the mechanical arms are in use. If by any chance the hostess insists on passing you something else when your own arms, lap and the mechanical arms are full, you jerk your head sharply to the left and a boxing glove flies out from a secret compartment in the case and knocks your hostess cold. This gives you a chance to escape without the necessity of saying anything that might cause her any embarrassment."

It was all so wonderful I was at a loss for words. I saw the human race freed of all its troubles right there before my very eyes. Butts explained machine after machine. He even let me work No. 261. It was "The Self-Destroying Memorandum Pad." I wrote on the top sheet of the compact little pad: "Luncheon date with Joe Peoppi, Wednesday, one o'clock. Pretzel Benders Club." Then I sat back and watched it work.

The pressure of the pencil on the paper squeezed a note out of a small accordion and frightened a lightning bug which flew up and ignited a row of tiny candles arranged around the edge of the sheet of paper on which I wrote my memorandum. The paper burned slowly off the top of the pad and the lightning bug, still panting from fright, blew out the candles, leaving a fresh piece of white paper for the next notation. Thus each memorandum is destroyed as soon as it is written and the date is canceled.

No Socks to Darn!

Finally he came to the last of the machines, Number 40,638. "This," he said with great gusto, "is my masterpiece. It is the simplest and most useful invention the human brain has ever conceived."

There it was, sure enough, the great boon to humanity. Why had no one thought of it before? Its simplicity was really ridiculous. "The Perpetual Sock."

It was merely a shoe with the leg of a sock sewed on the top. You slipped the whole thing over your foot and no one suspected that there was no bottom to the sock. You could not stick your toe through the foot of the sock because there was no foot of the sock to stick your toe through. Was anything more axiomatic or scientifically true?

No holes. No darning. A great evil eradicated. With no socks to darn, there was nothing to stand in the way of happy marriages. The whole social structure had been saved!

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PANIC HIT THE *Flop House* VOTE!

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by James Montgomery Flagg

A CROOKED GANG in a middle-west city was making a desperate fight for political power. The town was wide open. Pickings were good. Liquor, vice, gambling and fat jobs paid big rake-offs.

The local Scripps-Howard paper was aligned with a citizen's ticket. It collected and presented evidence that registration books had been changed. It proved that fake voters were everywhere. It induced the Governor to call a special Grand Jury which issued seventy warrants.

Finally the election was held. And in the home ward of the corrupt administration, the actual vote was 1,000 *less* than the registrations!

Most SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers have fought, or are fighting, political battles. A city cursed with a corrupt government is static. Libraries, streets, parks, every improvement must await the pleasure of the bosses. And so the Scripps-Howard papers carry the fight for civic decency to headquarters . . . Win or lose, the city benefits.

Each Scripps-Howard editor strikes or stays his hand as he sees fit. No class, party, or outside pressure determines his action. But he is never silent on questions that involve his city's welfare. He fights, even when he is certain to be beaten, always on the side of honest public service . . . Idealism? . . . Yes, and a sound, successful business formula, as every advertiser knows.

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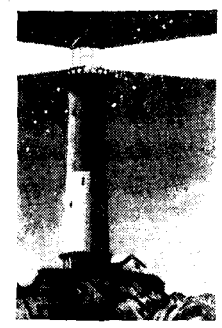

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It's all done with Names

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SOME years ago when the late Ollie James was running against Senator Painter in the Democratic primaries for nomination for senator from Kentucky, he went into the rural and mountain districts out of the hearing of the big city press of his state and made this speech:

"My opponent, Senator Painter, is a good Democrat. I have nothing to say against him on that score. But, folks, since he has gone up to Washington he does not keep the right company. There's always a temptation to a man in Washington to fall in with rich and powerful people and forget those back home who sent him to represent them at the national capital. Now you all know Senator Guggenheim of Colorado. You have heard what Roosevelt has had to say about him, how he is a malefactor of great wealth. He is a Republican. He owns lots of coal and copper. And he controls the Smelting Trust. I think you'll agree with me that he's not the kind of man for a senator from Kentucky to trail around with. Now I am going to read to you from the Congressional Record. This is not a partisan newspaper. This is the official account of what goes on in Washington. Here it is at the bottom of the page: 'Paired. Painter and Guggenheim!' That's just like your two oxen, Buck and Bill, hitched up to the same cart. The senator from Kentucky and the head of the Smelting Trust, the richest man in the Senate!"

Ollie won the nomination, perhaps on the twist which he gave to a perfectly innocent pairing of votes in the Senate.

The Bright Side

This national election has turned largely on just such appeals to ignorance and prejudice as that. It's easy to put two names together: The Pope and Al Smith, just like Painter and Guggenheim, or just like Buck and Bill, hitched up to the same cart. Al Smith is called a drunkard—as though a drunkard could rise from obscurity to be the greatest master of the government of New York State that has ever been known.

The Republicans as a party organization have *not* spread these stories but they have always said they would win because of the fool notions that people in the rural districts had about Tammany Hall, about New York, about Smith, and about the church he belongs to.

And the Democrats are not really any better. A prominent North Carolina Republican visited Republican headquarters in Washington, and the day's publicity listed his name and his wife's along with that of a Negro committeewoman from Mississippi as guests at the headquarters. That four-line news item was put in the hands of the white Democratic voters of the state as furnishing a good reason why they should not vote for Hoover.

In Tennessee the necessary association between the white Republican leader and the Negro leader was represented as another case of Painter and Guggenheim. The attack on Mr. Hoover as an enemy of the farmers was totally disingenuous.

Our Debt to Dr. Evans

There is a bright side to the picture, however. Take the exhibition of religious intolerance, the most depressing spectacle of this campaign. There has been less religious intolerance shown than probably would have been shown in any other national campaign in the history of the country.

It is a fact of great significance with regard to the growing tendency toward liberality of opinion that a Catholic should be nominated for President at all and still more that it should be conceded from the outset that he had a chance to be elected.

I suppose we owe a great deal of the religious tolerance that did exist in this campaign to the absurd Dr. Evans of the Ku Klux Klan. He made many prejudices so ridiculous that people with a gleam of intelligence had to dissociate themselves from them. And those who took up the work of Dr. Evans in the campaign have made it still more difficult for people to cling to their prejudices. There is nothing so discomforting as to find yourself in bad intellectual company.

The South, that dark continent of politics into which no issue has ever penetrated before, has responded this time to other issues than that of racial supremacy.

The Negro vote has been split. That is important in freeing the South from the domination of one idea in politics, for the creation of a real opposition party in the United States and for the future of the Negro himself.

And a lot of very respectable and important people have come out as wet. Prohibition may be dealt with henceforth intelligently and not hypocritically as in the past.

The Postmaster General

Continued from page 14

was so, and back came the answer that Santiago was dead. Had died the day before.

Then it was that James found he had made a holy error in burning the covering of the box with the postmarks on it. Seemed to him that he had got into a trap made by the devil.

"Take him off," said the magistrate, and off they took him and put him in a cell and a Spanish cell is spelt with an h instead of a c, I can tell you, and William, left behind with the magistrate, pulled up his collar and put on his best manners. He reckoned the reward was as good as in his pocket.

"Now," says the magistrate to the police sergeant, "what about this chap?"

"He wants the reward," said the sergeant with a grin, "which he can't have, for two reasons, seems to me: first, he's the brother of the criminal, as anyone can see from the likeness; second, he's been accused of breaking into the safe at the house of the criminal and stealing a bag of gold coins which was found on him, and, as Your Excellency knows, a thief is barred from receiving any reward from the government."

"Shove him in with the other," says the magistrate, and lit a cigarette.

AND William, who didn't understand a word they were saying, seeing they were talking in Spanish, was taken off and shut in with James.

James was sitting on a bench fighting the fleas when the other came in with the door banged behind him and locked.

Furious he was, but James was quite calm and contented, or looked it.

"Now," said James, "a nice thing you've done; they'll hang me for certain, and they'll hang you as well, for you're my brother, and you can't deny that, seeing it's writ in your face, and if they didn't hang you you'd get ten years in the quicksilver mines for stealing that money."

"Hang *me*," cries William. "Why, what have I done? I've had no hand in the business. I may have come and opened your safe—I admit that; and seeing those sovereigns I took them—I admit that, but hanging—"

"You won't be hanged."

"Well, what were you talking about?"

"They don't hang here; they garrote. Put you in a chair with an iron collar round your neck and squeeze the collar tight till your eyes pop out; that's what's coming to you, William Brown, as sure as it's coming to me."

"But you'll tell them?" said William.

"What?" asks James.

"That I had no hand in the murder of this chap, that I'm an innocent man—stealing, yes, I owns to that—but murder! I'm no murderer."

"Well, you take the bun," says James. "You go out and give me away in this business and then ask me to speak for you—"

"But, James, dear James," said William.

"Oh, stow it," answers the other. "I've had enough of you and your ways." Then William begins the soft sawther business, piping his eye and talking of his youth and their mother. He goes on and on till James, who was always a fool, begins to soften.

And at last, just as he often did before, he gives in.

"I'll tell them," he says, "you had no hand or part in the matter—and now shut up."

"Swear that," cries William.

"I never swear," replied James. "You know I never break my word and that my promise is as good as my bond."

"That's true," replied William. "But James—dear James—promise also to tell them that I didn't steal those sovereigns—you wouldn't see your brother taken off to those quicksilver mines—"

But that was too much for James.

"I swear I *will* tell them," said he, "and now shut up, for I want to get to sleep."

Then he lay down on the bench, but he couldn't sleep between the fleas and the mandolins and the noise of the crackers, and then the church bells let out tonk, tonk, tonk—you know them Spanish church bells—and then a bugle sounded, and then, as sudden as a clap of thunder turned inside out, came a dead silence.

"Lord, what's that?" says William. "What a town to be livin' in! Crazy when it's a making a noise and crazier when it's—"

Bang!

A gun went off from the old mud fort, and Bang! another went off from the Presidio, and Crash! musketry broke out with the blowing of more bugles, and then come shrieks of women and children and the sound of their runnin' before the tramp of troops and the square filled up like a bowl under a spout with the roar of a mob running and fighting and the rattle of old machine guns bought at bargain prices out of the World War.

And so it went on.

"It's only a revolution," says James, lighting a cigarette.

"Is that so?" says William, not to be outdone. "Sounds to me more like a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association."

"Catholic town," says James.

"Forgot," says William. "Hark."

The noise had stopped dead off.

"Fly in the carburetor," says William.

Then comes the sound of a bugle crowing like a drunken rooster and the cell door breaks open and chaps with torches come in and a yellow man with a long mustache in a general's uniform scizes James and kisses him on both cheeks.

"TELL him to kiss me too," says William, but James wasn't listening; he was jabbering with the yellow man. Then he turns to his brother.

"Revolution," says he. "They've assassinated Perira, and Carquinez is President, and I'm to be made Minister of Public Works because they believe I assassinated Alvarez. Get me? The chap whose head you found and who made himself disliked by raising the telephone charges—"

"James," cried William, "tell them I helped to do the killing; you wouldn't keep me out of a grand thing like this when a whisper from you would do the trick."

"I'll do no such thing," says James. "I never go back on my word, and moreover," says he, "you'll have to take your gruel over the safe business."

Which he had.

But James had a soft spot. He was all soft once till William hardened him pretty much all over. However, he had a soft spot left, and he intervened as Minister of Public Works and got the chap took from the quicksilver mines and put to work on the breakwater, and maybe he'd have taken him off the breakwater and got him to mind a dust cart, or something, only that he got to hear of the Minnie Hatton business. It was that that hardened the soft spot for good and all and grew hair on it.

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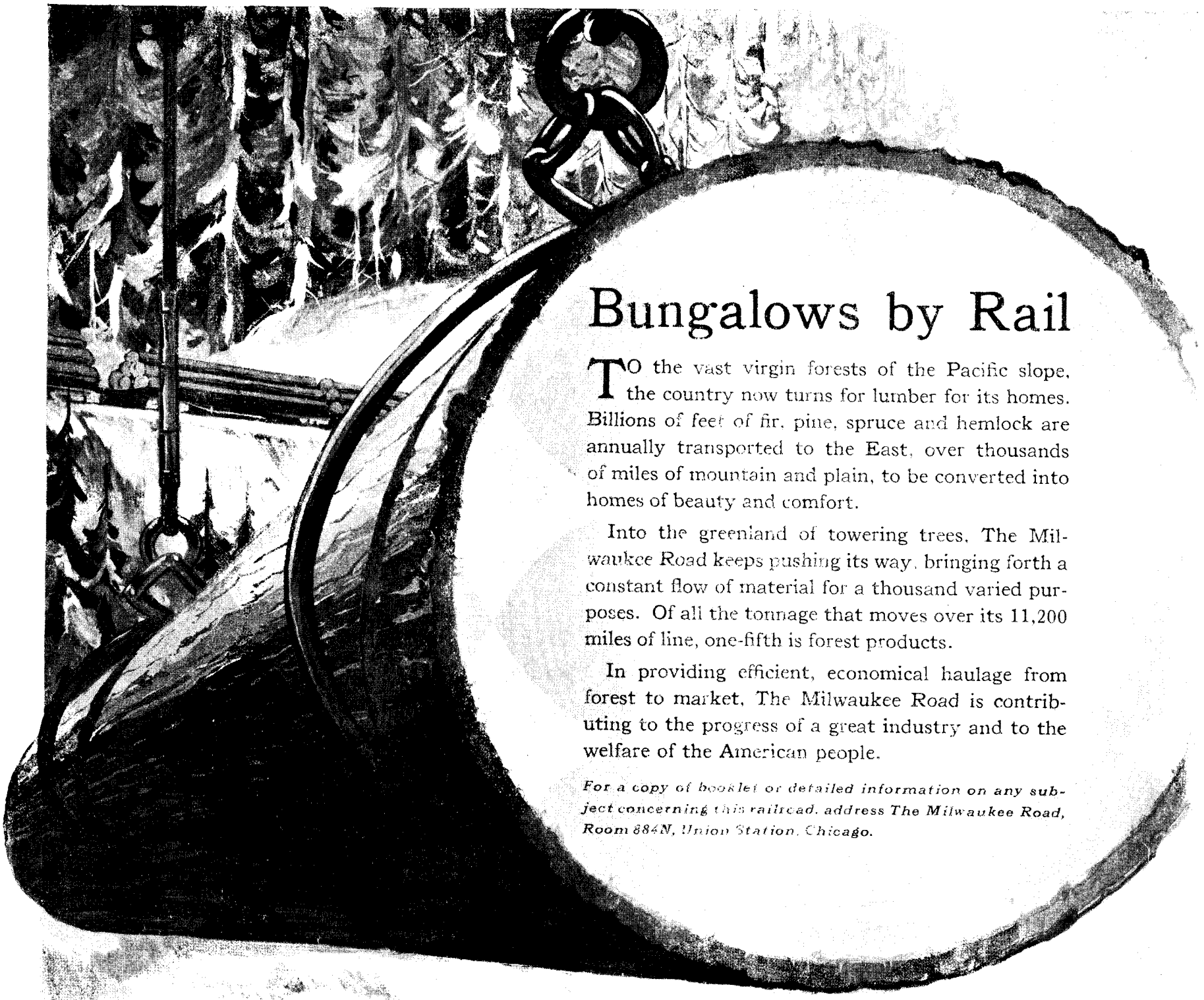

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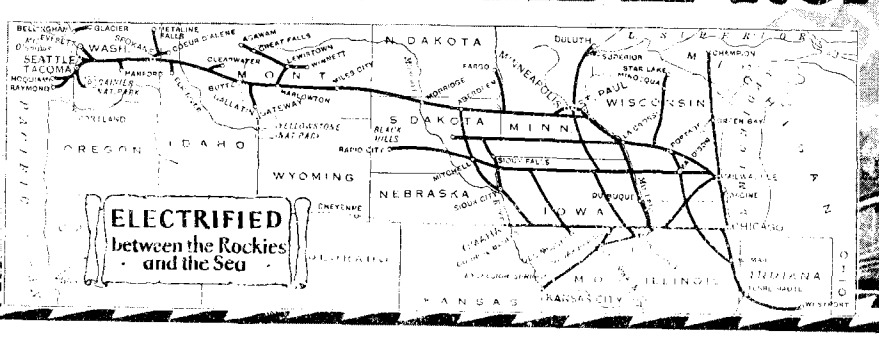

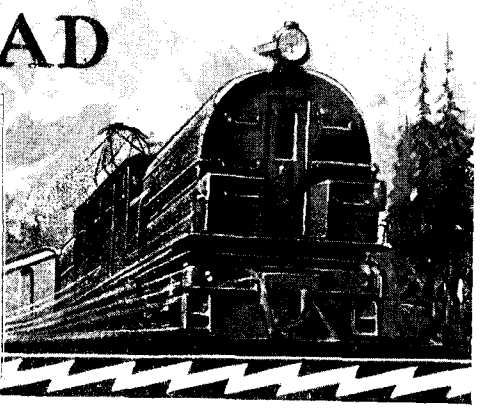

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Look Sharp Now!

Continued from page 19

tall and magnificent but not within arm's reach of anybody.

In every picture there was Perkins dancing about on the edge of the fight but never a part of it.

For two days thereafter I watched Perkins in scrimmage. The camera, as usual, hadn't lied. I never started a game after that with Perkins in the line-up.

What I mean is that the true test of a player's value to a team is revealed in the practice scrimmages. There's where the coach picks his men. There is where he selects the 150-pounder with the baby face and rejects the 200-pound husky whose fighting qualities are all on the surface.

Not that it's always so easy. A coach may have several good men fighting for the same job. All good, willing, fast men eager to mix it. Here the coach has to use something of intuition.

In the last year I played at Penn there were ten of us out for left end. It was not until mid-October that I felt that I had the inside track. Just before the Lehigh game our head coach said to me:

"Heisman, I believe you're the best man I've got for left end but nobody else seems to think so. Nevertheless I'm coach and I'm sending you in against Lehigh today. Son, you and I stand or fall on what you do today. Get in there, boy. Play football."

I think that I'd have fought a battery of buzz-saws barehanded after that.

Usually the spectator centers his attention on the ball. If he knew how much of the playing he was missing he'd change that.

Keep your eyes glued to the ball and you miss the gripping battle between the opposed linemen. You fail to see the spirited fights between the interference and the smashers. On end runs, look ahead of the runner. Catch up with his interference. Two of these young men are usually assigned to double-teaming the defensive end. And there you see football!

When the backs hit the center or slash off tackle, let your eyes precede the runner. Watch the runner's linemen try to dispose of the defensive forward. That is, if you want to see football—inside stuff. And watch the runner's trail-blazers try to cut down the secondary defense of the other team even after the runner has been fetched to earth in the line by some tackler who has refused to be disposed of.

Eyes Ahead of the Ball!

These trail-blazers aren't supposed to know that their runner has been downed. They're out to get their men always. They must not be discouraged if, time after time, they have disposed of their appointed men only to find that the runner did not get farther than the scrimmage line.

Tacks Hardwick of Harvard never was. Hardwick was the coach's beau ideal in many departments of the game but at "taking them out" he stood alone. He never despaired. Let what would befall the runner but Tacks was forever taking out his man. Sooner or later the runner would get by and then Hardwick's man would have been disposed of.

Great with Hardwick are Amos of Washington and Jefferson, Bunker of Army, Flournoy of Tulane, Hill of Georgia Tech, Hollenback of Penn, Morley of Columbia, Welsh of Colgate, Wilson of Washington. They got their men and it was gorgeous to watch them do it. So keep your eyes ahead of the ball.

See here. They're going to pass the ball. Watch the scattering of the players eligible to receive it. Nothing haphazard about it. Nothing helter-skelter. Each of those eligibles—the ends and the backs—have raced to appointed stations. None of this throw-it-with-a-prayer passing in highly specialized days such as these.

The defensive players are covering these eligibles, running toward them hopeful of flustering them into fumbling or flattening them the moment they grab the ball.

Let Her Go!

And now you see one of the eligible receivers break loose from his tormentors. He's off down the field or perhaps across it. There he stands all alone. And there (Heaven help us!) stands the passer looking hither and yon for some place to throw the ball. He sidesteps an opponent. He eludes a rushing tackler. He has to act now . . . now . . . now.

Doesn't he see that loose eligible? To our vast disgust he is looking in another direction. There, there. You chump. Over there. There's a man wide open. Let her go, stupe.

But no. He raises his arm. He is going to throw it to a covered eligible. What a chance—what a chance. Why, there are two men ready to tackle that end.

But suddenly he whirls and throws. Arrow-like the ball speeds out to the disengaged eligible. Well, thank God, that passer did see his chance at last. We thought he never would.

That, my friend, is the way to look at football. Of course the passer knew about that loose eligible all the time. Oh, yes, he did. His dodge at hurling the ball to the covered eligible was mere subterfuge. . . . Well, probably not so subtle but an artifice anyway to lure the defense away from that free receiver. But you had fun while it lasted, didn't you?

And you can get just as much of a jump when it's up to somebody to punt. Now watch the kicker's ends get down the field. With them race the defense men eager to bowl them over that they may now slam the receiver to earth the moment his arms envelop the ball.

The punt is received deep in the other side's territory and promptly and with great vigor the receiver is dumped in his tracks. And now for a little rushing or a return punt. But the likelihood is that they will rush. The ball is too near their goal to take chances. Chances like trying a forward pass, for example. The forward might be intercepted.

Yet, it has been done. There was that game between Penn State and Pittsburgh in 1920. It was Penn State's ball a yard from her own goal line. They'd punt, of course. And they *did* take punt formation. Hess, the Penn State quarterback, was ten yards behind his own goal line waiting to receive the ball and nine of Pitt's men swarmed on the line prepared to plunge through and block the kick.

Touchdown!

Ordinarily, you know, the defensive lads will scatter to receive the punt and protect their receiver, but that's when the ball is well out toward midfield. In this instance there was more for Pitt to gain in trying to block the punt and fall on it for a touchdown.

As Hess waited for the ball he saw the wide-open spaces before him. He saw one of his own ends, Higgins, away out to the right—uncovered. Instead of notifying his team that he intended to punt, he gave the signal for a forward pass. And Higgins crouched tense.

And as the Pitt team charged upon him he flipped the ball to Higgins, who galloped 90 yards to a touchdown.

On one of my squads I had a lad whom we called Dub. He was a good man who loved the game and played it accordingly. But his enthusiasm for football was not quite as high as his mother's. To his mother he was a combination of Brickley, Coy, Thorpe, DeWitt, Heffelfinger, Grange and Mahan.

And with Dub playing, you simply couldn't keep the lady off the field. When Dub had the ball and was running down the field, Mother would be running down the side line abreast him. If Dub hurled a fallen player, Mother leaped into the air. She did not go quite so far as to throw herself on the ground when he was spilled. But worse, if he did not get up promptly she would race out to him, beating the doctor to his side.

There was nothing you could do about her. Dub tried all permissible methods of keeping Mother in order and inasmuch as we needed Dub's services we didn't dare offend her.

But one day, in practice, she was playing her game with unusual vigor. Presently one of the lads was stretched out, the wind knocked out of him, and Mother raced to his side. It wasn't Dub. In fact Dub wasn't in the line-up that day. Mother, in her excitement, had not noticed it.

"Look here, Dub," I said, "this has got to stop. Now, we want you and need you. We like you and would hate to part with you. But if getting rid of Mother entails getting rid of you too—well, this has got to stop, that's all. I'm sorry, Dub, but you'll have to turn out Mother or turn in your suit."

And that was the last we saw of Mother. Dub continued to play but without Mother's enthusiastic presence. We regretted it, a bit. Somehow we missed Mother. And somehow something of the old fire and dash that made Dub the good man he had been had gone with her.

(*To be continued next week*)

Jingles in the Rough

Some more entries in the Collier Jingle Tournament. And every one earned an elegant gold luck-piece.

Oh, the lass who loved a sailor
Didn't lead as lone a life
As the lass who loved a golfer
And became a golfer's wife.

O. E. Cross,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Slice it, top it, cuss it, miss it.
Yet you'll yield to this decree:
Once a taste—a hopeless addict
Of the canny Scotsman's tee!

Ethel I. Hostetler,
Freeport, Ill.

I've read all the golf books from A to Z
And back from Omega to Alpha
But all that I do when I'm once off the tee
Is hack my way through the alfalfa.

J. R. Wood,
Cambridge, Mass.

Golf is my meat,
Though still in my teens
My game can't be beat—
I was brought up on "greens."

H. C. Blum,
Milwaukee, Wis.

"An old man's game, I'll never play."
I said it with much vigor.
I smacked a peach one sunny day
Now I'm the club's best digger.

C. A. Gammons,
Newark, N. J.

Lives of golfers oft remind me
I can practice strokes galore
And, years passing, time will find me
Slicing, hooking, as of yore.

E. M. Kugelman,
Pensacola, Fla.

I putted once. I putted twice.
I putted all around the pin.
At last, to my intense surprise,
My seventh putt rolled smacko! in.

H. A. Bell,
Dallas, Tex.

The clubs and ball are costly
And the dues take heavy toll—
But the real expense of golfing
Is at the nineteenth hole.

F. B. Pursell,
Flushing, N. Y.

In me there is desire to kill
And boil in oil the man alive
Who never did and never will
Refrain from talking when I drive.

C. A. Brink,
Carleton, Neb.

Last week I made a hole in one,
A thrill that comes once in a life!
And everyone believes me, too,
(Except, of course, my wife.)

F. J. Dolan,
Floral Park, N. Y.

I'd enter every tournament,
And fear no man alive,
If I could drive the way I putt
And putt the way I drive.

D. W. Cudd,
Kerrville, Tex.

Send your jingles to Jingles in the Rough, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Who knows? They too may bring you a luck-piece with your initials engraved on it.

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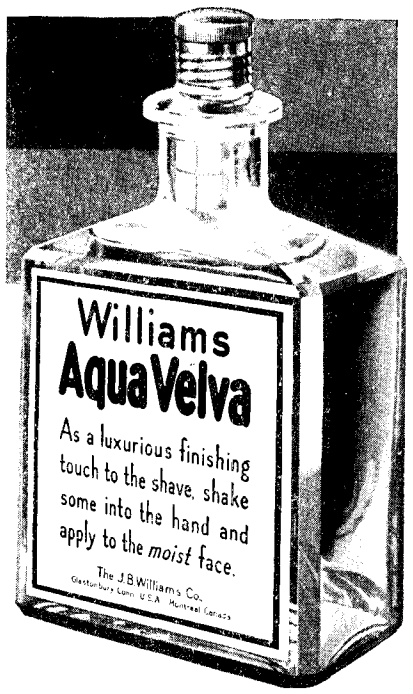
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The J.B.Williams Co.

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You'll get a stimulating thrill as you apply Aqua Velva after your shave. Your first *velvet* of the day!

Eighty-eight years of study of the needs of newly shaven faces, went into the making of Aqua Velva. And today a host of discriminating men would feel lost without it.

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Try a bottle. Note your all day face comfort. You'll wonder how you got on so long without it.

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it. Address: Dept. C-98, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Down the Home Stretch

Continued from page 9

You'd think they'd all be voting for Al, wouldn't you? Well, they might if they stuck around. But by November 6th three quarters of them will be off somewhere in South Carolina and so forth looking for jobs in the cotton mills or out in Chicago and Omaha and California looking for the job they ain't got here. And that way they won't vote anywheres.

"I organized the Al Smith Shoe and Boot Welt Stitchers' Association and wrote to the state democratic headquarters asking for the rent of three rooms over a business men's lunch club and they told me they'd let me know when they got an answer from the national headquarters in New York. This was a month ago. . . . Say, do you know this guy Raskob well enough to ask him if he ever got that letter?"

Mr. Boland tried to borrow a cigar. Failing he compromised on a cigarette.

"Prosperity," he scoffed peevishly. "The full dinner pail. Listen. Do you know what I think? Well, I think that all the guys who are out of work are Democrats anyway. And a Democrat sort of expects to be out of work. A Democrat would be."

In the Middle West the Hoover Prosperity Predictors are telling the farmers that this prosperity will come via a revised tariff. In the Great Lakes regions they claim that Hoover's deep-water route to the sea will produce it. In New England, Mr. Hoover's teammate, Senator Curtis, said that a duty on foreign-made shoes and boots will effect it. And the South is being assured that a Republican tariff coupled with a strict enforcement of the prohibition laws (thereby driving the Negro from his gin-making and corn-legging) will do the trick. The Negro, you see, would then return hungrily to the mill and field and everything be rosy.

"I wonder," said Democratic Mr. Cleary, in Cincinnati, "if the racket's like this everywhere. In England and France and Germany, I mean."

"Sure," I replied.

"My God," cried Mr. Cleary.

Of course the Republican job was a ridiculously easy one compared to the heart-breaking load Al Smith was asked to shoulder. To begin with, the country was politically dry. Mr. Smith dared attack the Volstead and Eighteenth Amendment windmills whereas Mr. Hoover, in common with ninety-nine per cent of the nation's politicians, refused even to trespass upon the field in which the two noble experiments stood.

In Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Michigan and Ohio, to mention only a few of the states, one could attend large meetings on any night, Sunday included, and listen to oratory which would have fetched tears to the eyes of a lady policeman. Was this country going ahead to glory and more mass production or was it content to fall backward into the whisky ditch? Were the fathers and mothers of America's children going to vote for a man who received his political training at Paddy Mulcahy's bar on the Bowery, ladies and gentlemen, on the Bowery? You mothers and you fathers, were you going to vote that your boy would crawl home via the gutter every Saturday night until, at last, there came that Saturday night when he shouldn't reach home at all but be found on the morrow on a morgue slab? Or that your daughter might not venture out of your sight without being violated and otherwise rendered incapable of further enjoyment of life's happinesses?

These phrases are not mine. I came by them, free, in a crowded hall in Springfield, Ill., where five terrific assaults upon Al Smith and the saloon were made by three ladies and two gentlemen, all of whom concluded their appeals for the defeat of "degenerate Tammany's evil son" by assuring the enthralled assemblage that Mr. Hoover was not only a teetotaler but in all probability was, at that very moment, on his knees somewhere asking his Protestant God to guide him.

An Anti-Smith Watchtower

In the same sanctified channel ran the thought and word of a gathering of five thousand comfortable people near Lafayette, Ind. But this anti-Smith watchtower was manned and womanned by The Defenders of All, an organization sponsored and created by gentlemen who were not above envying the financial success of the Ku Klux Klan and therefore not too proud to follow in its train. It was Sunday afternoon and the reason for this gathering of The Defenders of All was born of a desire to save the country from Mr. Smith and to Mr. Hoover.

"Elect this 'messenger of the Pope,'" said the loudest of the day's orators, "and the God of our fathers, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, will wither our crops as he did Egypt's. . . . As a matter of fact your sons will be too drunk to put their hands to the plow and your daughters prisoners in the brothels of New York which Al Smith has befriended all his life."

Behind the Hoover banner I observed the Baptist Church, the Methodist Church, and all their social appendages. I saw the Society of Christian Endeavor, The King's Daughters, The Epworth League, The Loyal Temperance Legion, The American Sunday School Alliance, The W. C. T. U. and less familiar societies such as Followers to Calvary, Knights of Nazareth and the In His Steps Sisterhood. Not that they were shouting the name of the Republican nominee. One of the amazing features of it all was the infrequency with which you heard the Hoover name. But Al Smith's name was in every other burning sentence.

If, in spite of being a Democrat, you remain calm through all this remarkable phenomena you will probably find that while your sympathy is Al Smith's you have strong symptoms of disgust with his party and for many of his national committeemen who, like the local Democrats, are sitting idly by hoping that disaster overtakes the Republicans but who are doing as little work to that end as possible. They seemed content to regard Al Smith as the Democratic Moses but also to forget what happened to Israel when Moses was out campaigning.

Here and there circumstances made it expedient for Democratic Shoguns who had withheld their acclaim of their ticket's head for one personal reason or another, to emerge from their reticences and publicly embrace the Smith candidacy. Luke Lea, capitalist, newspaper proprietor and ex-Senator of Tennessee, for example.

In August, Mr. Lea was cold. He even privately predicted that Herbert Hoover would carry his state. He changed his mind in September, his loyalty to the ticket questioned, and uttered words of cheer to Governor Smith's managers. No one, said he, in proportion to his abilities, would do more to aid in Al's election than he.

In at least ten so-called Democratic headquarters in various states I saw bundles of literature, some of it sent out by national headquarters. Some of the bundles had arrived two and three weeks before. None had been untied, much less distributed. There they lay—dodgers written by expensive press agents and propaganda leaflets and pamphlets for which large sums of money had been paid to the authors. They're there yet, probably.

In Providence, R. I., I called upon a Democratic Jeremiah who, at seven o'clock in the evening, was the sole occupant of a Democratic club. The man was lonely. He was also disgusted. Furthermore he was broke.

"We're all broke," he mourned. "We wrote to national headquarters in New York telling them we would need a lot of money to work on the wet French-Canadians here and guess what reply we got. We got a letter back from national headquarters asking us what we wanted money from them for when we had Senator Gerry to go to. Is that any way for a National Committee to talk when we got the chance of a lifetime to carry wet Rhode Island for Al Smith? We just maced the senator for the rent anyway.

"Listen," he said peevishly. "I hope Al gets himself elected somehow. And then I hope he appoints nobody to office but Republicans."

I left him to his doldrums and walked a couple of blocks to a Republican club which was so crowded that a floor committee had been appointed to handle traffic. There was refreshment to be had for the walk to the basement. And there were speakers to be listened to between descents.

Simple and Effective

Similarly in Massachusetts, which state seemed to have been all primed to abandon her customary Republicanism and surrender to Governor Smith, but for which the Republican machine was operating night and day to save to Hoover. The Republicans were conceding Boston to the Democrats and it seemed to me that the Democrats were so impressed by this that they were forgetting that Boston produces only 17 per cent of the vote of the state.

Characteristically the Republican women, through agencies disarmingly called nonpartisan leagues and associations, were arousing the interest of and exacting pledges from women who had never voted. They were making simple effective pleas:

"Was the husband out of work? Well, Herbert Hoover who, admittedly, had a far more comprehensive grasp upon the nation's business affairs, was better equipped to revive business than Governor Smith, whose chief aim was to modify the Volstead Act and whose political training was all local."

I listened intently for the Democratic reply to this appeal to the dormant woman vote. But all I heard was a repetition of the denial that Governor Smith was a drunkard.

"Do you, the wives of working men, want the saloon to reopen?" asked the Republicans. "Have you forgotten the bleary Saturday nights when John came home wageless and drunk? And the Sunday mornings when you could not go to church because John had presented you with a black eye?"

To offset this the Democrats were giving three cheers for the governor of New York.

The Republicans in Massachusetts

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had discovered that in that state there were about 200,000 women in the families of working men who had never voted. A huge proportion of this vote, they had found, was Catholic. And an equally large percentage of these women were of poor families. Yet they dared go after it, using as a lure to Hoover the awful stories of a revival of the saloon and more easily acquired whisky.

I was in a Democratic headquarters in Massachusetts to which the telephone company had been denying service because the bill hadn't been paid. I talked to a spellbinder for United States Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, who told me that he and other Walsh exhorters were "piping down on Al" because Walsh himself was a Catholic and they didn't want the ticket to look like an all-Roman one.

And there was the Indiana Democratic leader who told me that Governor Smith would have had a chance in that state if he were a Protestant and dry.

"But," he said, "some of the Democrats in Indiana are already making deals with the Watson crowd because while we won't get much from Watson, still it's sure."

Before the September elections in Maine the Democrats decided to surrender that state because they conceded its Republicanism. But for weeks before the election the Republicans were at work there.

"We thought," said a Democratic committeeman, "that inasmuch as Maine was about half Catholic that we could leave it to them to stick with Al. But they didn't."

I don't remember how many Democrats, East and West, assured me that Governor Smith ought to win state after state over the most terrific labors of Republican organizations because he could, they hoped, depend upon a coalition of Catholic votes, wet votes and liberal Republican votes.

"Maybe the country is dry if the voting was just a referendum on liquor," said a South Dakota Democrat. "But Al's got a Roosevelt personality. He's a big man. He will be able to attract and hold the Wets of both parties, the whole Catholic vote and maybe a couple of million Protestant votes which will be cast for him because they will want to show that they are not Heflins and John Roach Stratons."

Democrats, men and women, assured me that the nearly five million liberal votes which were cast for Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., four years ago were certain to be Smith's; but I found nobody who could tell me what the Democrats were doing to make sure of this.

"Let Al Do It"

All this I set down to illustrate that vast difference which existed between the preëlection activity of the nationally organized Republicans and the strictly local Democratic machines. It was impossible to escape the conviction that of the vote Governor Smith will get on November 6th, at least half of it and perhaps more will be the compliment of wet Republicans who, like the Germans in St. Louis and Milwaukee, were against the Volstead law first and Republicans second.

In the few Democratic headquarters where virility was at all apparent I found considerable enthusiasm. But it was an enthusiasm for the Smith personality and not for party victory. Even in these rare depots of Democracy there was the spirit of "Let Al Do It." You looked almost in vain for Democrats who said "Let's Help Al Do It."

Therefore it was almost impossible to believe that the governor of New York was going to achieve that political miracle that would overcome the combination of Republican efficiency and organization plus the anti-Catholic, Baptists, Methodists and other evangelicals, plus the Hooverized women, plus the huge dry vote whose belief in the Eighteenth Amendment transcends all party affiliation.

And plus Democratic ineptitude.

In Iowa, where farmers were disgruntled by the failure of the Coolidge administration to enact the relief legislation offered by Messrs. McNary and Haugen, there seemed reason to believe that there could be a majority for Governor Smith.

"That's nonsense," said a Des Moines clergyman. "Maybe a Protestant and dry Democrat might have carried the state if he had a farm relief program to offer. But we who have radio microphones in our pulpits every Sunday morning know better. The Iowa farmer may be in debt but not to Rome. And he isn't going to be."

"Are any of the Catholics using the radio in Smith's behalf—as Catholics, I mean?" I asked him.

Is a Miracle Forthcoming?

"They wouldn't dare," he replied. "There'd be riots. Remember that this is a Protestant country and the people would not stand for any such dictation from Rome. . . ."

Perhaps Governor Smith, single-handed, can overcome all this opposition and win on November 6th. Perhaps we are about to be treated to a miracle. But you have to be a trusting soul to believe it.

One of these lilies of the Democratic field, who divides his time between a hardware business and a county chairmanship in Nebraska, told me that he hadn't done any organizing or vote exhorting to speak of.

"What's the use," he sighed. "If Mr. Bryan were still alive he'd come out against Smith. The farmers will vote dry because their churches are dry. Anyway they've got all the hard cider and apple brandy they need for themselves, so Al can't promise them anything to drink that they haven't got already. No, the big thing is that we couldn't put over a Catholic, especially a Tammany Catholic. In spite of everything the farmers are Republicans as well as Christians and they'll never stand for a Catholic."

And then, one evening in Cleveland, Ohio, I called upon a Protestant clergyman whose influence politically is very great.

"I am just going to my young men's evening club," he said. "Won't you come too?"

I went. One after another young men arose and gave testimony of their faith. And at least a dozen of them vigorously pledged themselves to continue to work for the defeat of the wet and Catholic Alfred E. Smith.

The meeting closed with prayer by the pastor.

He gave thanks that America was a Christian nation, that its voters were about to rise in righteous wrath and smite down rum, Romanism and Tammany Hall, that Governor Donahey, although a Democrat, was cold to Governor Smith. He prayed for New York, asking that it be given Sodom's chance. He prayed for all visiting journalists.

As far as I can recall he prayed for or against everything political—except Herbert Hoover. Not once did he mention Mr. Hoover's name.

Perhaps it was an oversight. Maybe he considered it unnecessary. . . .

In the meantime the Democrats are still denying that Governor Smith's real purpose in seeking the Presidency is that he might turn our beloved country over to the College of Cardinals that a newer and bigger and better Holy Roman Empire may be founded.

The Hoover people haven't denied anything yet. Too busy . . . organizing.

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The matinee escort above is wearing the Colchester. Price $10.00

Walk-Over Warwick as advertised in the November Vanity Fair. Price $12.00

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WHETHER your steps lead you into the theatre lobby, or even before the footlights themselves, you can tread confidently if you are shod in Walk-Overs. They are designed to play a leading part in the smartest company. They embody good cut, finish, quality. They have, and give, a thoroughbred look. They wear well. No wonder discriminating gentlemen are choosing them more and more.

Shall we send you a copy of our attractive booklet, "The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," by William Arnsworth Wilson? It is free upon request, and illustrates a number of other distinctive designs.

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Here's the answer:

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Dept. L-86, 200 Madison Ave., New York City.
Without obligating me to pay anything, send specimen lesson in Speedwriting.

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City ..... *State* .....

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 16

seated at His Lordship's right hand, sir. He is a guest who does not wish his name to appear in the paper."

My companion and I exchanged glances.

"A man of mystery, anyhow," she murmured.

As though he knew we were talking about him, he suddenly leaned forward in his place and shot a swift, searching look across the room toward us—a look which seemed individual enough, and yet which included both of us.

"You must have met a great many people at different times at your uncle's?" I suggested to my companion. "Are you sure that you never met him there? He talks to both his neighbors, yet whenever he has a minute to spare he looks at us."

"My dear man, do you think that I don't know it," she laughed nervously. "After all," she went on, a moment later, "why shouldn't he if he wants to? He just escapes being rude. Don't you think that we are getting a little jumpy about our guest already? Joseph may be a very extraordinary person, but he is scarcely likely to be a friend of Lord Farendon, or to be sitting on his right hand at a dinner party at Claridge's."

"Yet," I reminded her, "everyone has warned us that we must look in the unexpected places for him. Any ordinary criminal Scotland Yard could have laid its hand on long ago."

She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. She had the air of wishing to abandon the struggle.

"Shall we go? We mustn't forget the business of the evening has yet to come."

I PAID my bill, and we left the restaurant. Mr. X was apparently engrossing the attention of his whole party by the recital of some adventure as we passed. He did not glance in our direction, nor did Beatrice, whom I was dutifully following, turn her head. I watched his faint gesticulation, however, as his fingers flashed through the air, listened to his voice, dry but not unmusical, and I told myself that somewhere in this world, either in a crowd or in some foreign place which I had half forgotten, on a steamer, perhaps, or during that twelve months I had spent in the desert, or even on the battlefield, Mr. X and I had met before.

Lady Bonofar's party had been deservedly heralded by the entire press as one of the events of the London season. Her house in Park Lane, architecturally superb, and garlanded with the choicest of flowers in amazing profusion, had more the appearance of a royal palace. The finest music in London was played by alternate orchestras in the magnificent ballroom. Three of the greatest chefs from Paris had ransacked Europe for delicacies. So far as our personal quest was concerned, however, we met with no success. There were hundreds of men who might possibly have been the person of whom we were in search, but not a single one who seemed in the least different from the others. We saw the famous Bonofar diamonds encircling the neck of our hostess, and we had no difficulty in picking out the detectives who were shadowing her wherever she moved.

Beatrice was not only extremely attractive to look at, but she was unusual. Evidently our hostess had to answer many questions, for eventually she came over to us.

I murmured a word or two of thanks for her hospitality.

"I wonder if you could spare a few dances?" she asked Beatrice. "So many men have asked to meet you, and I can find plenty of partners for Major Owston."

To my intense relief, my companion shook her head.

"Would you mind, Lady Bonofar, if I asked to be excused from dancing any more this evening," she begged. "We've been here already a terrible time, you know, and we were just going when you spoke to us."

"You must meet my brother, anyhow," Lady Bonofar begged. "I insist upon that, or, rather, he does. . . . Samuel, the young lady is going to be good-natured and give you one dance."

Mr. Leopold, who had been hovering in the background, was a middle-aged man of rotund figure, with a wrinkled face, sallow complexion, small black eyes and uncompromising features. He departed with Beatrice, and I resigned myself to dance with Lady Bonofar.

"I had no idea," she confided, "that Beatrice Essiter was a young woman of such distinction. I remember her as a sulky, ill-mannered child when she first came back to England. If she went out more here, she would become quite the vogue. Three of the diamonds in my new necklace, by the bye, came from Mr. Martin Hews. He has an astonishing knack of getting hold of fine jewels. I suppose he is fabulously wealthy, and dealers go to him when they must have money."

My employer's jewel-collecting propensities was a subject I thought it best not to discuss, but my partner seemed scarcely to notice my reticence.

"My brother is a strange character too. I never know in what part of the world he is. Sometimes I don't see him for years together. He has a house in Java, a bungalow in Rangoon, a flat in New York, an apartment in Paris."

"A genuine cosmopolitan, then," I ventured. "He has an amusing time, I expect."

"I don't know what he does," my partner confessed, looking up at me with a pleasant smile but slightly wrinkled eyebrows. "I sometimes wish he would confide in me a little more. He makes and loses fortunes with equal facility. Lately, I am glad to say, he is rather more by way of making them. I expect your charge of the evening is wishing that he had taken dancing lessons at some time during his life. How he has the nerve to go hobbling round the room like that I can't imagine, especially with a girl who has been dancing with you," she added, with a final smile. "I will take pity on Miss Essiter."

PRESENTLY our host—a dapper little man whom I had not met—looking a good deal less than his sixty years, came and bustled his wife off to greet some late arrivals. Leopold also took his leave and Beatrice and I made our way downstairs.

"You didn't get much of a show in the way of dancing, I am afraid," I remarked.

She made a little grimace.

"The oddest man," she confided. "He was once a great friend of my uncle, he assured me, but they seem to have had some disagreement, and he begged me not to mention his name. He devotes his time, it appears, to collecting precious stones in Rangoon, gambling on the New York Stock Exchange, shooting pigeons in Monte Carlo, playing baccarat at Cannes and visiting his sister in London."

"Can't say I took a great fancy to him," I said. "I wonder how he passes his time over here?"

"I really don't know what a man of that type could do in London," she acknowledged. . . .

The hall was thronged, and we had to edge our way toward the great flight of steps, where we found at least a score of people waiting for taxis. A very handsome car, of a well-known make, was drawn up in front of the door, and Mr. Leopold appeared behind us, pushing his way a little unceremoniously through the crowd. He recognized us, however, and hesitated.

"Can I drop you anywhere?" he asked, without any particular cordiality. "There aren't any taxis."

Beatrice looked out at the driving rain, and accepted. I followed.

"Where to?" Mr. Leopold asked, without removing the cigar, which he had been smoking, from his mouth.

"Claridge's, if you please," my companion begged.

HE GAVE the address to the chauffeur, seated himself by her side, and pulled down an armchair for me.

"Dull party!" he declared, stretching himself out with an air of relief. "Can't think why Sarah gives them. Never went in for entertaining myself—perhaps because I never married. Let's go to a night club. I know a beauty. Just half an hour, eh?"

Now, I can declare quite honestly that it was my intention to refuse that invitation, but my companion, however, settled the matter before I could open my lips.

"I should love to," she agreed.

"Want to go to the Embassy?" Mr. Leopold suggested. "Pretty well empty by this time, though. I'll take you to a place that has only eighty members or so, but they're all there every night after two. Wonderful music, good wine and the best deviled marrowbones in London. Hi, John!" he shouted down the speaking tube. "Go to the Blue Skies."

We slackened speed, passed Claridge's and turned toward Oxford Street. Soon, so far as I was concerned, we were lost. The windowpanes were dripping with rain, and we had left the main thoroughfares. Suddenly we pulled up in a small street which seemed chiefly occupied by warehouses. Mr. Leopold reinstated the temporarily deposed cigar in his mouth, stepped out, and was saluted at once by a giant commissionaire, who appeared through the handsome swinging doors of an unpretentious-looking building. We followed our host into a pleasantly lit circular hall, with a vista on our left of a delightful dancing floor lined with supper tables. The waiters and maître d'hôtel seemed to be of a superior class, and several of the men and women standing about in the hall and dancing I recognized as having been present at Lady Bonofar's reception. Our host motioned toward the ladies' cloakroom opposite.

"Will you leave your things in there, Miss Essiter?" he begged. "You won't mind signing in the secretary's room?" he added, turning to me. "This is a quaint little place, but it's the most exclusive of its sort in the world. You have to sign personally, and have your proposer and the secretary countersign."

Naturally I had no objection, and I followed him into a room farther down the passage. A man was seated at a

(*Continued on page 38*)

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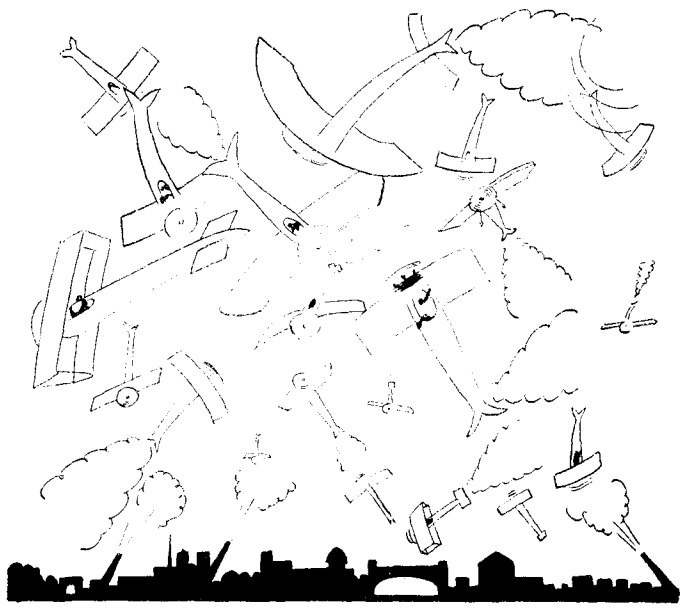


The Air is Safer!

By Edwin E. Slosson

THE recent air raids on London have demonstrated to the world that from a military standpoint England is no longer an island. For four successive days and nights the fake attacking force flew over the metropolitan area, singly or in squadrons, while the anti-aircraft guns and searchlights were trained upon them and the defenders rose in pursuit. At 7 o'clock on the last night, August 16th, the "enemy" had 50 bombers over the city while the defense had 72 in the air at that time. The London Times sums up the battle thus:

"During the present air exercise, in spite of the elaborate preparation made for the protection of greater London and the high degree of skill and enterprise shown by the home squadrons—who knew beforehand the exact zero hour when the attack was to start—the raiders have been able to penetrate all its defenses in great force, and to drop many tons of imaginary bombs in the very heart of the capital."

This proof of the vulnerability of the British capital has revived the agitation of the old project for cutting a tunnel under the English Channel. It is argued that the successful construction and operation of the vehicular tubes, 29½ feet in diameter, under the Hudson River, and the roadway tunnel, 44 feet in diameter, under the Mersey River prove that similar tunnels for railways or automobiles could be dug under the Channel cheaply enough to make the proposal profitable. This would involve digging a distance of 27 miles and expending $145,000,000. Through trains could be run from London to Constantinople, and then think of the relief to the stomach of the tourist in escaping the necessity of crossing by steamer!

But hitherto the Committee of Imperial Defense has vetoed the tunnel proposition. The government experts did not of course give their reasons for their decision. They did not have to. But it is easy to assume that they had in mind the possibility that France might not forever be friendly with England, as she has not always in the past. Or that the Germans might gain the Channel coast, as indeed they could have done in 1914 if they had been a little quicker. Of course it would be easy enough to defend or barricade the opening on the English end but this might be captured by a landing force.

The advocates of the tunnel argue that a store of dynamite could be placed beneath the tunnel or seagates so arranged that the tunnel could be blown up or flooded at any moment by pressing a button in No. 10 Downing Street. But the answer of the opponents of the project is that if it is as easy as all that, the explosion or the deluge might be set off by a chambermaid in No. 10 hitting the button with a broom handle, or by a rat eating off the insulation of the electric wires, or by the act of a madman or a conspiracy of communists. Would the public dare to travel through the tunnel if they were likely to be drowned out or blown up at any moment?

At any rate the British military authorities are unwilling to provide any more avenues of approach which they will have to protect, so "the silver streak" will remain as the moat of Old England, as in the days of the Spanish Armada, although it can now be overpassed in half an hour.

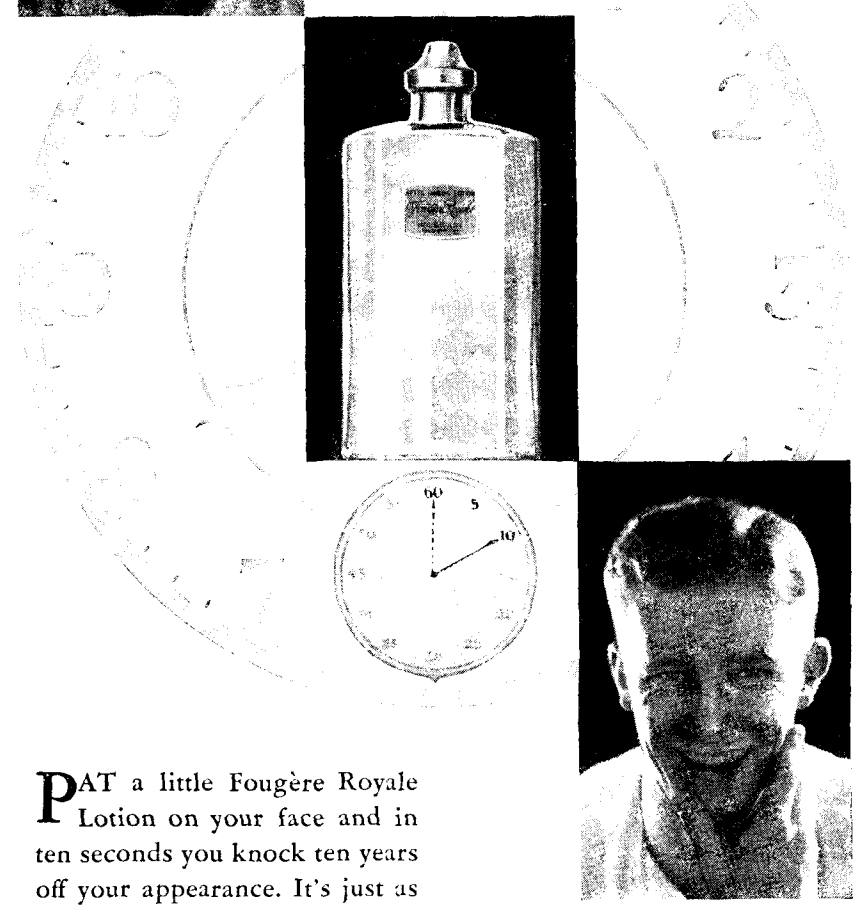
As Tennyson said in The Princess:

"God bless the narrow seas!
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad."

Don't Follow the Crowd

One of the pitfalls of statistics for the layman lies in his unconscious vanity, or perhaps his modest democracy. When he reads that the average man of sixty has a certain degree of arterial tension and the doctor rates him at that figure, he feels that this is equivalent to a verdict of perfect health. It does not occur to him that most men of sixty might be the better for a lower blood pressure than they have. When his wife finds her weight to be the average for her height she is convinced that she is of the "right" weight, forgetting that the doctors tell us that the best expectation of life is found among those who are not average, but a little stouter in youth and a little more slender in age than most of us. One might almost as well say that the average income is the ideal degree of wealth or that average intelligence is perfect wisdom. There is indeed a golden mean for all human affairs and qualities, but it should not be confused with the arithmetical mean, which merely shows the direction in which the crowd is going.

Ten years off your appearance *in ten seconds*



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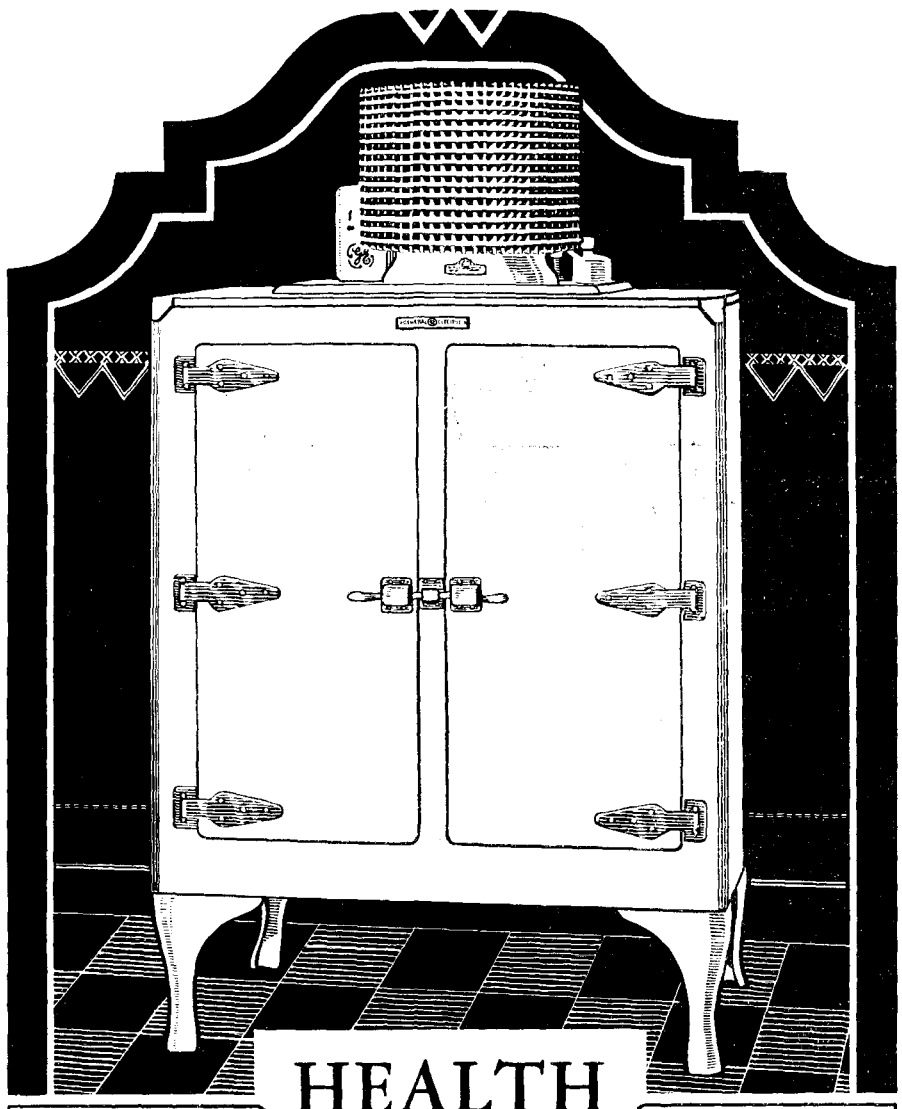

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is something to be thankful for . . safeguard it always

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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 36

plain mahogany desk, writing by the light of a heavily shaded green lamp. He looked up as we entered, and smiled at the expression of astonishment in my face. The door behind me closed with a little click. We were suddenly plunged into complete and utter darkness. . . .

It took the whole of my first few moments of recovering consciousness to realize where I was. Then a faint, imperfect thread of recollection was swept away in a spasm of horror. I suddenly knew that I was in a police cell. . . . There were voices outside; someone was coming in. I sat upon the hard pallet and, struggling against a deadly sickness, rose with difficulty to my feet. A policeman entered, accompanied by an unmistakable doctor, carrying a small black bag.

"Getting over it?" the latter asked curtly.

"Getting over what?" I demanded. "Why am I here? Who brought me in?"

The doctor smiled indifferently. I suppose he was used to such questions.

"You were brought here at three o'clock this morning, drunk," he said dryly. "Very drunk indeed," he added, as an afterthought.

I sat for a moment, with my head between my hands. The thoughts were forming themselves already in my brain. I began to apprehend the full nature of the devilish cunning with which my clumsiness was confronted. Then, like a stab, I remembered Beatrice.

"Can you tell me where the young lady I was with is?" I asked.

The doctor shook his head. He had taken my wrist, and was feeling my pulse. He looked into my eyes, and stepped back.

"I know nothing about any young lady," he assured me. "Where was he when he was found, constable?"

"Sitting upon the pavement, with his back against the wall in Chatham Street," the man replied, with a grin. "Drunk as ever I did see a gentleman in my life," he added.

A police sergeant put his head in at the door.

"Better bring your case along, Jim," he enjoined. "Mr. Horton is sitting."

In my disordered evening clothes, unwashed, and with my hair unbrushed, I was led out of the cell. My head was clearing quickly, and I tried hard to think. The harder I tried, the more improbable, I realized, would any story sound which I might tell. To my relief, as we entered the courtroom, I saw that there were barely a score of people present.

DETHBRIDGE the police constable testified to finding me in Chatham Street. "He smelled very strongly of whisky, and was evidently drunk," he said. "He is a heavy man, and I had to call a taxicab to bring him to the station."

The magistrate nodded.

"He smelled strongly of whisky," the doctor testified, "and I should think, from his condition, he had been drinking it neat. He was utterly incapable."

"Any statement to make," the magistrate inquired.

"Yes, I have a statement to make," I said. "I have never been drunk in my life, and I was never less so than last night. I had dined at Claridge's with a young lady, where we had one bottle of champagne, and one liqueur. I went afterward to a reception where I had one glass, or perhaps a glass and a half of champagne at supper, and another glass later in the evening with my hostess. A gentleman to whom we were introduced there gave us a lift in his car and invited us to accompany him to a night club. I entered the club perfectly sober, and was conducted to the secretary's room to sign my name in the visitors' book. I remember nothing more until I awoke in the cell this morning."

The magistrate looked at me, and if ever disbelief lurked behind a pair of cold gray eyes there was disbelief in his.

"You remember nothing of what happened to you?"

"Not a thing."

"Can you tell us the name of the young lady with whom you dined?"

"I should prefer not to."

"What about your friends who introduced you to the club?"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

UNABRIDGED

A story without reverence for the sanctity of golf or the dignity of bridge—in fact, a magnificent farce, warranted to destroy the gravity of any reasonable human being

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

To my intense surprise, Leopold suddenly arose from the back of the court.

"I am here, sir," he announced, "in case my evidence is required."

Obeying a gesture of the magistrate's, he stepped into the witness box.

"I met Major Owston for the first time last night," he testified. "He seemed to me, when we were first introduced, as though he had been drinking a good deal, but he was still sober. I offered to take the young lady and him to a very respectable night club. I think that the night air was probably bad for him. He seemed a little unsteady on entering, and I made a point of taking him to the secretary's room to sign his name before I introduced him into the club proper. Unfortunately, as it happens, the secretary offered us a whisky and soda, and Major Owston had no sooner drunk his than he collapsed."

I looked across speculatively at Leopold. His eyes met mine a little reproachfully.

"It was a very awkward position for me," he continued. "Fortunately, he happened to have told me where his rooms were, so we put him into a taxicab and sent him home. I suppose on

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the way he insisted upon trying to come back."

"Forty shillings and costs," the magistrate pronounced curtly.

There was a brief whispered conversation between the police sergeant and the magistrate's clerk. I gathered that no money had been found upon my person. Mr. Leopold stood up again, and handed some notes to the clerk.

"As I was responsible for taking the young man to the club," he said, "I should like to pay his fine."

"Can I appeal?" I asked the magistrate.

"You can, but I should advise you not to," was the uncompromising reply.

I stepped down, and somehow or other made my way outside. A good-natured policeman called a taxicab to the side entrance, and a quarter of an hour later I let myself into my rooms. Smart greeted me with an air of grave distress.

"A bath quickly," I ordered. "Any telephone calls or messages?"

"Nothing of any sort, sir."

I took up the telephone receiver and asked for Claridge's Hotel.

"Is Miss Essiter staying in the hotel?" I inquired.

There was a brief delay. Then the reply: "Miss Essiter is staying here, but she is not in."

I bathed, dressed, and changed as quickly and carefully as possible. Then I ate my breakfast, and walked to Claridge's. I think that never before in my life had I felt more nervous than when I presented myself at the bureau, and inquired for Miss Essiter. The reception clerk listened to me with a certain hesitation.

"Miss Essiter was staying here yesterday, sir," he admitted. "I am not quite sure whether she has left. Will you take a seat for a minute or two?"

He passed on my card to an attendant and I waited in a high-backed chair, watching the people coming and going through the swing doors. Mine was entirely an idle scrutiny, but suddenly I sat upright. I felt my muscles stiffen. I had a feeling, too, such as I imagine an animal must experience when the hair stands up all down his backbone. Mr. Leopold entered the hall and strolled across toward the lounge. Arrived almost at the threshold, he stopped as though to relight his cigar, and in that moment a man, dressed in dark clothes and having the appearance of a servant, stepped forward from the obscurity of the farther entrance, and without preamble or any form of salutation handed him a letter. Leopold asked no questions, made no remark. His hand slid with it into his overcoat pocket, and without a glance toward the retreating figure of the messenger, he continued his progress. I was half inclined to follow him. Then I reflected that he was safe there, at any rate for some time. Presently I heard the clatter of the gate. The attendant stepped out of the elevator.

"MISS ESSITER is staying here, sir," he announced, "but she is not in at present."

"Do you mean that Miss Essiter has gone out already this morning?"

The young man hesitated. He looked at me surreptitiously, and probably took note of my agitation.

"Are you a relative of Miss Essiter's, may I ask?" he inquired.

"I am her uncle's secretary," I told him. "She was in my charge last night, and through an unfortunate accident we were separated. I came round to be sure that she reached the hotel safely, and to see her if possible."

The young man looked me over, and apparently decided in my favor.

"Miss Essiter has not yet returned, sir," he acknowledged.

"Has there been any message?" I asked. "Are her clothes still in her room?"

"There has been no message," the young man replied, "and her clothes are still there."

"Has her bed been slept in?" I persisted.

"Apparently not," the clerk answered. "The chambermaid went to call her as usual this morning with tea, and found that the room had not been occupied."

"Something must have happened to Miss Essiter," I said. "I shall telephone to her uncle and communicate with the police."

"Just as you think well, sir," was the suave reply. "Of course, as you know, I dare say, sir, some of these parties keep it up pretty late nowadays. The young lady may have stayed and had breakfast with her friends afterward."

"Quite so," I agreed. "Thank you very much."

ALL the time I had stood facing the hall, so that no one could pass out of the lounge unseen. I took my leave of the reception clerk now and made my way toward it. For about thirty seconds I stood just outside the threshold, my fists clenched, and my nails digging into my flesh. As soon as I felt sure of myself, I entered. Mr. Leopold was seated in an easy-chair, reading the paper, with a large cocktail by his side. He looked up at my approach, and though I watched him closely I could find no signs of apprehension in his manner.

"So you've pulled yourself together, young man, have you?" he asked coolly.

"More or less," I answered. "I have brought you back your forty shillings, Mr. Leopold."

He accepted the money with a gesture of indifference. His little bright eyes were all the time scrutinizing my appearance.

"Would you be so good as to tell me," I continued, "what became of Miss Essiter after you packed me off last night?"

"Certainly," he assented. "You have observed, I hope, that I was very careful not to mention the young lady's name in court. I waited until she came out of the dressing-room, and then I explained the situation to her as tactfully as I could, and told her that you had felt it best to take a taxi straight back to your rooms. I asked her whether she would care to accept my escort, and have a dance or two, but she preferred to return here. I put her into a taxicab and wished her good night. A very charming young lady! I am proposing to send my card up to her presently and invite her to lunch."

"Very kind of you," I acknowledged. "By the bye—you must forgive my question, but my mind is really curiously blank about a great part of my evening—did Miss Essiter seem surprised at what you told her? I was all right coming along in your car, wasn't I?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to admit that," Mr. Leopold said, his keen little eyes watching me furtively. "I know what it is, though, with you young fellows in the army, especially if you've been in the East. You can and do take a terrible lot to drink, and then, all of a sudden—phut!" he exclaimed, waving his hands. "In the car coming along I must confess that I fancied I saw some signs of that. That is why I took you into the secretary's office myself. I wanted to have a word with you—just a word of warning, you know. Unfortunately old Daggers made us have that whisky and soda, and I suddenly realized that it was all up with you."

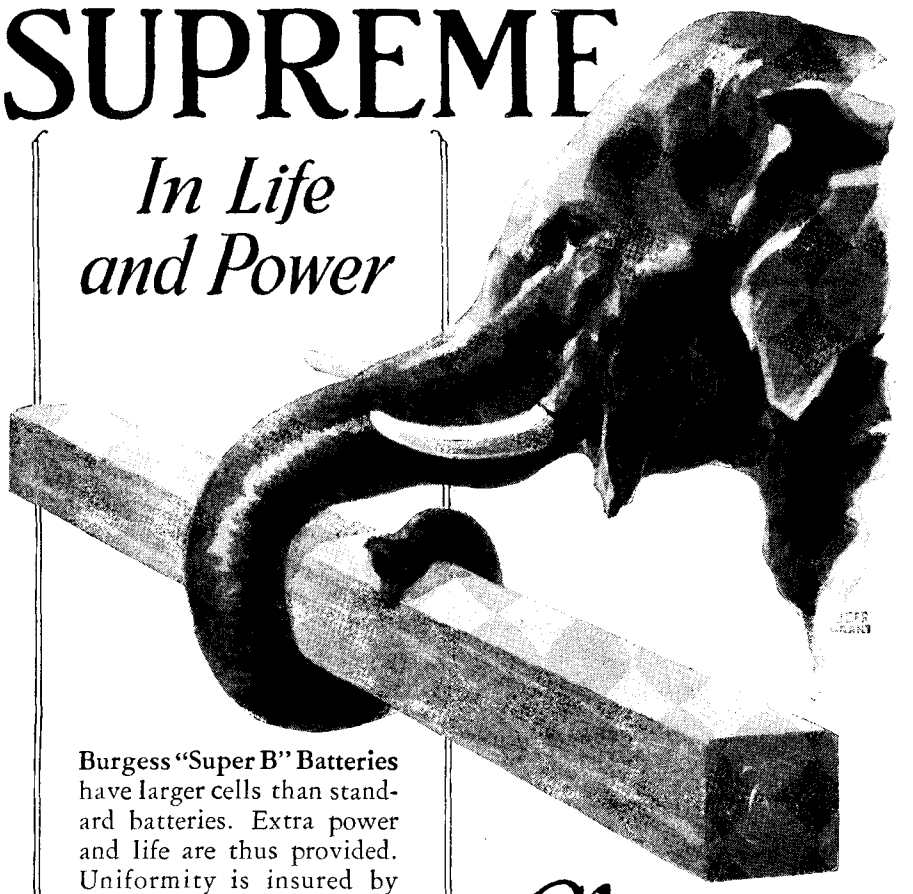
I groaned.

"You are quite right, Mr. Leopold," I admitted. "I perhaps exaggerated a

(Continued on page 40)

SUPREME

In Life and Power



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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 39

little in court when I said that I had never been drunk. If ever I am, it comes on like that. You don't know the trouble I'm in, though. You say that you put Miss Essiter in a taxicab at the club?"

"I certainly did," he assented. "I would have sent her in my car, but unfortunately I had just told the man to go and get some supper."

"And you directed the man to Claridge's?"

"Naturally I did. What about it?"

"Miss Essiter has not returned here," I told him. "She did not return at all last night. Her room is still empty."

MR LEOPOLD stared at me with an incredulity, which, if it was assumed, was exceedingly well done.

"Bless my soul! Not returned?"

"You can inquire for yourself."

"Bless my soul!" he repeated, with the air of one deep in reflection. "You are sure," he added, after a moment's pause, "that this is not her way of indicating that she does not wish to see you? She is probably annoyed. She might very reasonably be annoyed, Major, at your defection last night. She might not unreasonably tell the clerk to say that she was not in if you called. What do you think of that?"

I shook my head.

"I am afraid there is no doubt whatever," I told him, "that Miss Essiter did not return last night. You can go to the office and inquire for yourself. In fact, I should very much like you to do so. We shall see then whether there is anything in your idea."

"I will do so with pleasure," he agreed, swinging his short legs to the ground and rising to his feet. "There is certainly something in your suggestion. I will make inquiries in my own name, and send up my invitation to lunch at the same time."

He hurried off. I felt my cheeks burn and a little tingle go all down my spine as I watched him. I was about to commit an action of which I had never been guilty in my life. As soon as he had turned the corner I thrust my hand into the pockets of his coat which he had left hanging over the side of his chair. The first one was empty; the second contained a single letter, still inclosed in an envelope, although it had been opened. I transferred it unseen to my own pocket without daring to glance at it. I replaced the coat, and when he returned he found me seated in the same attitude of utter dejection in which he had left me.

"You have unfortunately been correctly informed, Major," he announced. "This is very unpleasant. I have seen the manager himself. He assures me of the fact that Miss Essiter has not returned. What can we do?"

"Well, what do you advise?" I asked him. "Of course it was chiefly my fault for leaving her alone, but it was you who put her into the taxi, and sent her back here."

"We must consider the situation," Mr. Leopold declared, beckoning to a waiter, and giving an order. "We are men of the world. We are equally involved in this matter— No, I will not say equally. I offered my escort to the young lady, and she refused it. My share of the blame is small, but still it was I who invited you to the club. In your condition, I should not have done that. We must put our heads together. You are looking ill, Major. No wonder, of course. Drink that," he added, as the waiter returned with two cocktails upon a tray.

He watched me craftily, and although the impulse was strong to dash the glass and its contents in his face, I resisted it successfully.

"I am older than you. I have had a wider experience of life," he went on. "Miss Essiter is, I am sure, a charming young lady, but heredity tells, and her uncle is one of the cranks of the world. He has friends in every walk of life. No doubt Miss Essiter has her own little circle. She would naturally be furious with you. She would be precisely in the mood to look up some of these other friends. What do you think, Major?"

"Quite possible," I admitted.

"Under those circumstances I suggest that we give the young lady a chance before we create a scandal. Give her, at any rate, until this evening. If, at the end of that time, nothing has been heard of her, we had better take the obvious course. If you like to leave it to me, I will see that Scotland Yard is informed, and you can go down and interview her uncle."

"You don't think we ought to let the police know at once?" I asked dubiously.

"I should give her another hour or two," Mr. Leopold urged. "Remember that if she went in for a spree—and young people go pretty far nowadays—it was partly your fault. Give her a chance. Give her until evening before you go down to see her uncle, and at the same time I'll let the police have all the particulars. Better for me to tackle Scotland Yard because it was I who saw the last of her. I can tell them exactly what time she left the Blue Skies, and it is very possible that the commissionaire may remember which taxicab he fetched. There is no possible harm that could come to her, you must remember, Major. We must give her a chance of turning up on her own account. The press in these days is far too free in such matters. We mustn't compromise the young lady, if we can help it."

I rose reluctantly to my feet.

"Very good, sir," I told him. "I'll leave the matter in your hands, and I'll wait for a time before I go down to Breezeley. Can I see you anywhere this evening in case you have any news?"

"Certainly, my lad," was the cordial reply. "Will you come to my rooms—27A Berkeley Street—and have a cocktail with me while I change for dinner? Half past eight, eh? How does that do?"

"Very well indeed, thank you," I assured him. "I'll be there."

I WALKED dejectedly toward the exit. Halfway there, however, Mr. Leopold recalled me. He was fumbling in the pocket of his overcoat.

"I say, you didn't notice a letter lying on the floor or on my chair when I went to the office, did you?" he asked anxiously.

"I am afraid I'm not in a humor to notice anything this morning," I regretted. "Nothing important, I hope?"

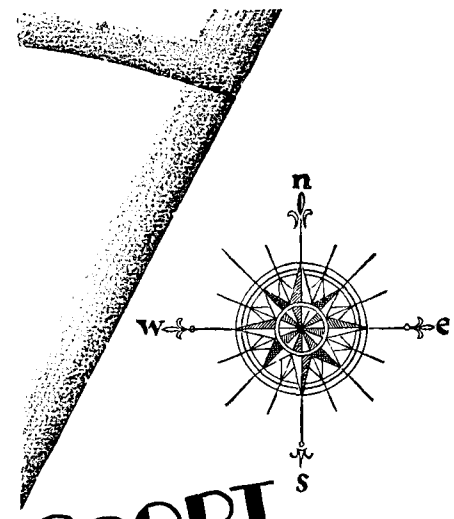
He shook his head, apparently satisfied.

"It was just a message. I never carry important papers about with me. Sorry to have called you back. I'll see you later in my rooms. Half past eight tonight, eh?"

"If I get back from Breezeley alive," I replied dolefully.

I sent an urgent note to Bloor, abandoning with some reluctance my first intention of going down to Scotland Yard myself. Afterward I summoned up all my courage, and started off for Breezeley.

(*To be continued next week*)



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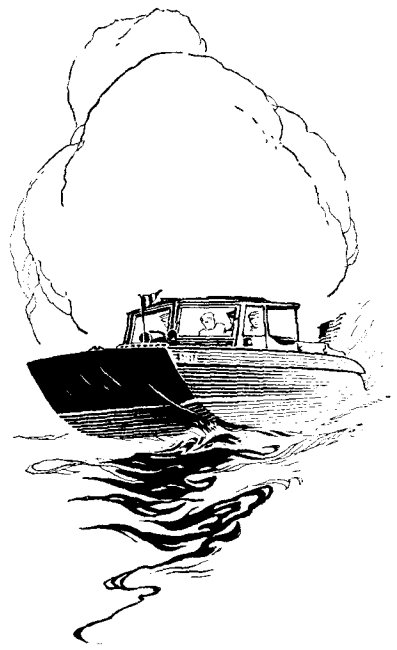

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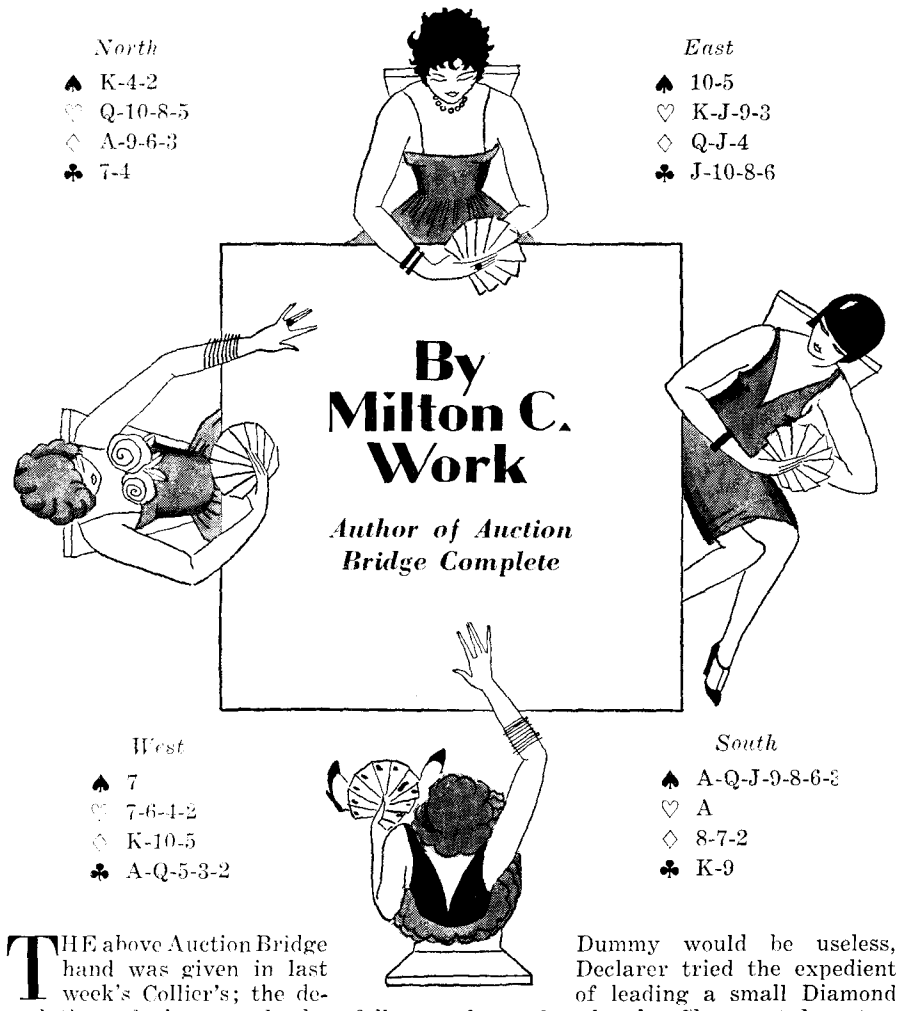

North
- ♠ K-4-2
- ♡ Q-10-8-5
- ◇ A-9-6-3
- ♣ 7-4

East
- ♠ 10-5
- ♡ K-J-9-3
- ◇ Q-J-4
- ♣ J-10-8-6

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West
- ♠ 7
- ♡ 7-6-4-2
- ◇ K-10-5
- ♣ A-Q-5-3-2

South
- ♠ A-Q-J-9-8-6-3
- ♡ A
- ◇ 8-7-2
- ♣ K-9

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the actual play follows:

The Auction

South opened the bidding with a preempting bid of three Spades.

Preëmption should never be indulged in with a hand which might work better at No Trump or at some other suit; but when the initial bidder is convinced (as in this case) that his suit will furnish the most advantageous contract, it is best to shut out competition and not allow the opponents to hear from each other.

The Play

West did not wish to open her Clubs headed by an Ace-Queen, nor her short Diamonds headed by King-Ten; so she was reduced to a choice between a singleton trump and four worthless Hearts. Many thoughtless players, with hands containing uninviting plain suit openings, start by leading a singleton trump.

In this case, West led her Deuce of Hearts and Dummy played the Five. East knew that West's Deuce was either a singleton or a fourth best; if a singleton, South must hold four (the Ace and three others) Hearts. Under such conditions she would not have been so apt to bid three Spades. East could depend upon West, when leading against a trump contract, not to open a small card of an Ace suit. East played her Trey of Hearts on the first trick—a play that involved no risk whatever even if West had led a singleton and South held four Hearts. If South had a singleton Ace, East's duck was obviously advantageous; if West was leading the improbable singleton, East, by playing low on the first trick, must eventually make two Hearts; she would not make more if she played the Nine.

Declarer led the Queen of Spades to trick 2; and the Six of Spades to trick 3, taking with the King in Dummy. This made Dummy's Spade Four an entry which might be seriously needed. Having exhausted the adverse trumps and knowing that a Heart lead from Dummy would be useless, Declarer tried the expedient of leading a small Diamond from that hand. She must lose two Diamond tricks and one Club trick. If she loses only three tricks, she will go game; but if the Ace of Clubs is held by West, South's only chance of not losing two Club tricks is to have West lead that suit, or to be able to establish a long Diamond in Dummy.

The first Diamond was won by East with the Jack and she, realizing that a continuation of her partner's Hearts up to Dummy's Q-10-8 would be fatal and returning the adverse Diamonds foolish, had but one lead left; viz., the Jack of Clubs. South had no course but to make an almost hopeless cover with the King; and the adversaries, taking two Club tricks and two Diamond tricks, saved game.

If East had played her Nine of Hearts at trick 1, North would not have led a Diamond at trick 3 but would have led her Ten of Hearts. East would have covered with the Jack, South would have trumped and then put North in with the Four of trumps. North then would have led her Queen of Hearts, which East would have covered with the King. South would have ruffed once more, put North in with the Ace of Diamonds to cast a good Heart and give South the discards he needed to make his game. The winning or losing of the game therefore hinged on East's play to trick 1.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 9-5-2	S. A-K-J-10
H. 9-8-6-4	H. 7-3-2
D. J-6-4	D. Q-9-7
C. 9-4-2	C. 8-5-3
West	*South*
S. Q-8-6-3	S. 7-4
H. K-J-5	H. A-Q-10
D. A-10-5	D. K-8-3-2
C. K-J-6	C. A-Q-10-7

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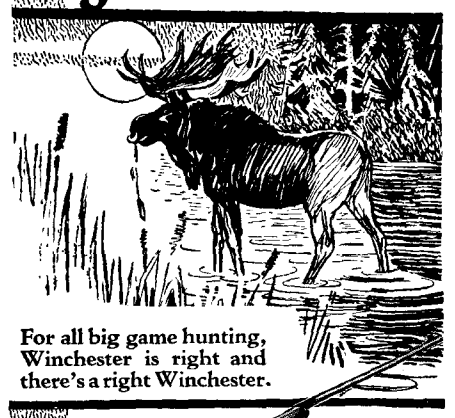

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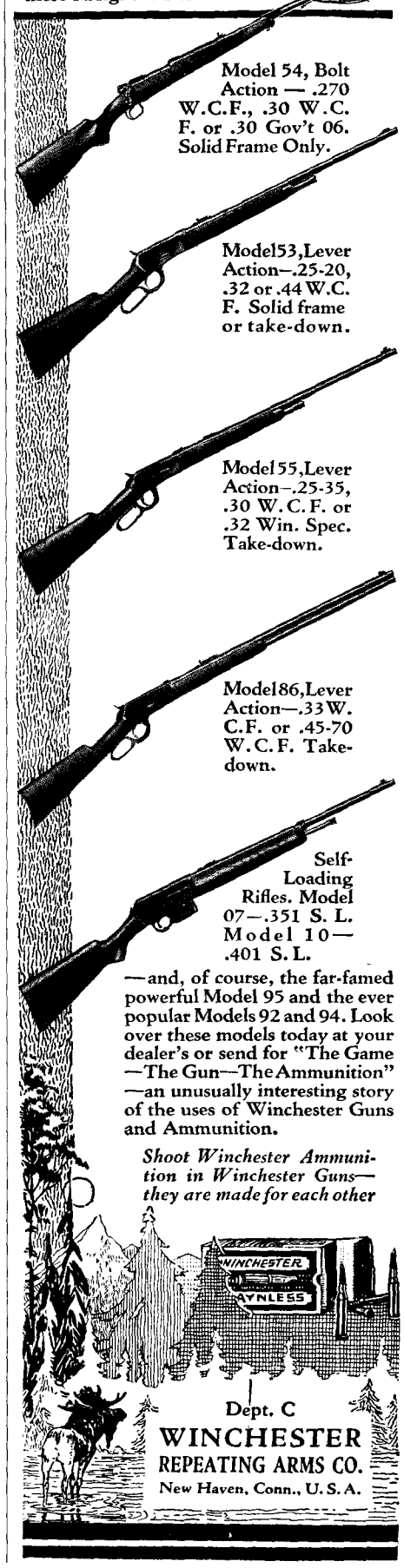

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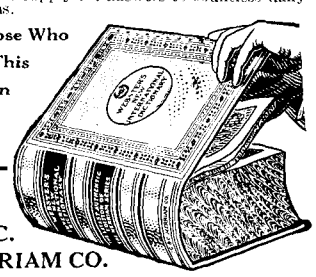

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Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 24

mansion on the knoll had known her for only few and short intervals. Now she had come back to stay, only to find the romance and joy of it ruined perhaps forever.

Her sad misgivings were interrupted by the opening of the door.

"Come in, Virginia," called Mrs. Forrest, who stood there, with traces of tears on her flushed face.

Virginia slipped in with the weight of other years upon her shoulders. Clifton was lying on the couch under the window.

"Mother wants to thank you," he said, with eyes that would haunt her.

"Please don't," implored Virginia.

"Lass, you made it easy for me," said Mrs. Forrest quaveringly. "Bless you!"

"Mother, not so long ago this tall, dignified, young woman was a red-headed tomboy with bare legs," said Clifton.

"Laws-a-me, Cliff, she was indeed," replied his mother, with a sigh. "She's changed like everything."

"My heart hasn't changed," returned Virginia, her cheeks hot.

"Virginia Lundeen, come closer," commanded Clifton, "so I can see in your eyes. . . . Do you know what your father did to my father?"

His query, sharp though it was, had nothing of the confounding quality of his accusing, soul-searching gaze.

"Clifton, I know nothing—nothing at all about what happened between my dad and yours," she protested wildly, conscious of her inability to maintain composure. "I've been away most of the time since it happened."

Forrest did not answer for several moments. He appeared to be lost in some mood of introspection. Then he said quietly, almost matter-of-factly, "We're ruined—penniless—and I've come home to die."

"Oh, don't say that last—don't!" cried Virginia entreatingly. "Say you will *live!* You must not—you cannot give up now—and leave them alone, when they most need you. . . . Clifton, you lived to get *home!*"

"MY SON, prayer and hope and will are mighty," added his mother fervently.

"Oh, Clifton, that is the spirit," went on Virginia eloquently. "You stood it all to get home. Now stand it all and more—to get well. . . . And let me help you. I—I have more money than I know what to do with. If you will only let me make it easy for you—till you're strong again!"

"Do you imagine I could take money from a girl whose father robbed mine?" demanded Forrest.

"Robbed! Oh, that's not true," she returned hotly. "You are unstrung. You speak wildly. My father might have been hard, unforgiving to *your* father, who was hard too. But dishonest—no. I couldn't believe it—and—and you must apologize."

Heavy footfalls on the porch outside stopped Virginia's lips. The door jarred—opened wide to disclose a tall man with upstanding, grizzled hair like the mane of a lion. Virginia knew him, though four years had passed since her last glimpse of this rugged face, gray like a stone, with eyes of burning jet that transfixed her.

"Mr. Forrest," said Virginia, brave at the sight of him. "I'm Virginia Lundeen. . . . Clifton came up to my—to Cottonwoods by mistake. And as he needed assistance I—I brought him down."

Forrest inclined his head, as if in forced acknowledgment, and his hand swept toward the open door, dismissing her from a roof that could not harbor a Lundeen.

Virginia fled. And as she reached the porch she heard his booming voice:

"Howdy, *prodigal son!* So the war drove you home to Dad?"

Perhaps some of Virginia's breathlessness, when she reached the car, was due to haste; however, a little hurry could hardly have been responsible for her scarlet face.

"'Ginia, what'd the old devil do?" demanded Ethel, bridling.

"He deigned me—a grand gesture of dismissal," panted Virginia as she flounced into the car. "Take us back, driver."

"Didn't he *say* anything?"

"Not a word. I was dirt—in his house—and his hand swept me out."

"AFTER all your kindness? Mean of him! 'Ginia, he was as nice as pie to me until he asked who was calling. Then I got fussed. I was afraid you'd come out. I spilled the beans all right. He turned as white as a sheet. It was good I wasn't the one to tell Clifton's mother. I felt sorry for him. Then, when I got to Clifton's mistake, going to your house, and your bringing him down here—whew! Oh, my! . . . Come to think it over, I don't really believe he meant to curse us. Probably it was the rotten luck of it."

"I wouldn't put him above it."

"But if he loves Clifton? . . . Pretty tough on Clifton, don't you think?"

"Sickening to me. What must it have been to him? . . . But oh, Ethel, he's game. You should have seen him!"

"'Ginia," murmured Ethel dreamily, "you'll fall in love with Clifton Forrest."

"I would if it'd help him get well," flashed Virginia, unreckoning. Then she was appalled at a reply which had not emanated from her thoughtful self.

"You've fallen already," went on Ethel, bent on completing her case.

"Ethel, you're a sentimental little idiot," declared Virginia impatiently.

"Well, darling, if you don't fall in love with Clifton, I will."

"Ethel Wayne! I'll pack you back home to Denver and never ask you here again."

"You've asked me for two months. You can't go back on that. And, honey, you've likely forgotten how much I can do in little time."

"Do be serious, Ethel. This—this thing has made me uphappy."

"I am serious. And I wouldn't give a hoot for you if you weren't unhappy. But, 'Ginia, you're as cold as a fish. All our Western boy friends say as much, anyhow. Who'd ever think you were born in the South? You slip into a Southern accent once in a while—just enough to make me want more, but as for Southern love and passion, why, you're simply not there."

"Ethel, it strikes me you're not paying the Southern girls much of a compliment. And your own mother came from Louisiana."

"I sure am. Love, anyway, is the only thing in the world."

"You speak from a wide experience—that is, dearie, if by flirtation you mean love."

"Is that so? You've got a pair of eyes yourself. Don't be a prune, Virginia. Be a good sport, as you always used to be. You've toddled home from the East for good, so you say. You've

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John B. Watson says that geniuses can be manufactured. When we get going we are not likely to run out of raw material.

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Flaming youth gets most of its fuel at gas stations.

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Most people who build castles in the air fail to provide parachutes.

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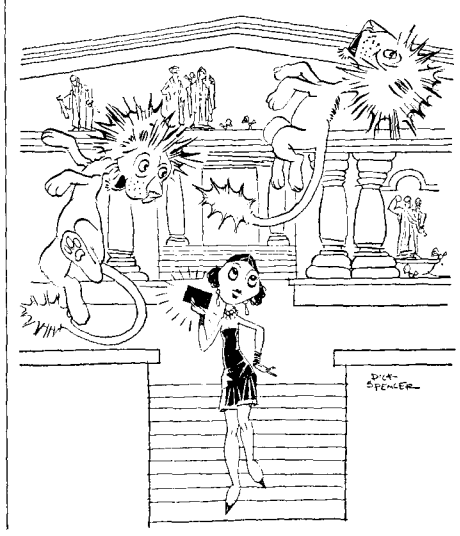
A good many of the American tourists who spent $4,000,000 in Canada last season are making rye faces.

■

Proposed prize contest: To be awarded to the man who wasn't fired before he resigned.

■

The New York Library is to have an addition costing several millions. Someone must have been taking out a book.



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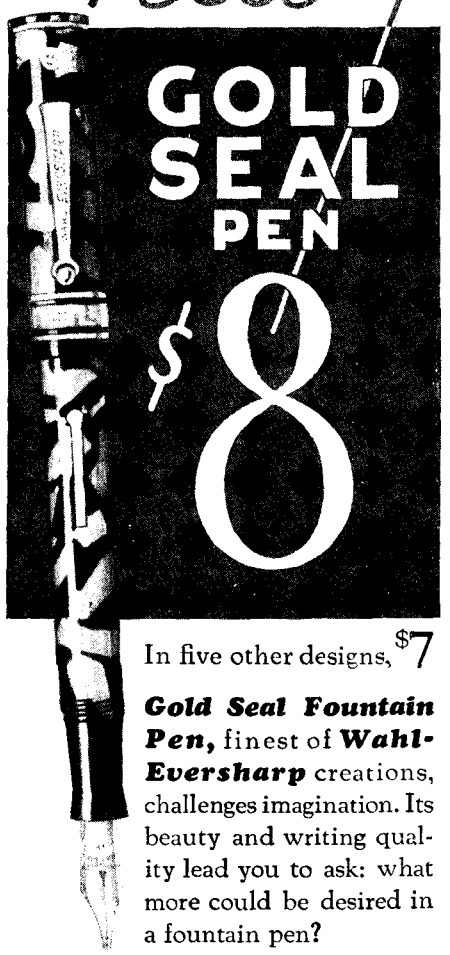

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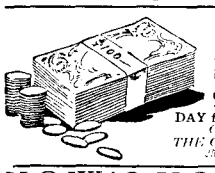

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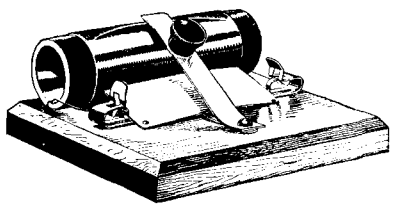

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certainly been away long enough. And you've sure skidded into a rotten mess. Well, there's only one thing you *can* do, if you're a thoroughbred. And Heaven knows that's your middle name."

"Very good, wise little monitor. What is the only thing I *can* do?"

"Help this poor, almost destroyed Clifton. Love him back to hope and strength. Give him yourself, for all he's lost."

"Ethel, you sound like a book. But, all the same, you hurt. . . . If Clifton doesn't despise me now, his father's hate of all Lundeens will soon make him."

"Fiddlesticks! You talk like a ninny. It needs only one to start a love affair, especially if it's a girl."

"You shameless child," retorted Virginia, driven to heat, "would you have me throw myself into Clifton's arms?"

"Sure, Mike," coolly replied this tantalizing friend. "Soon as he is strong enough to hold you."

The car stopped, and Virginia looked up to see that they had arrived at Cottonwoods.

"I'm glad that's over—and your mushy talk too," Virginia declared. "Here we are home. And I'm reminded I have a house party, worse luck."

Ethel let out a little peal of silvery laughter. "It's coming to you, 'Ginia, old girl; I always said so. You're too darned pretty and fascinating and good and rich and lucky."

Virginia's mother met the girls as they entered the house. No one else was in evidence, which fact afforded Virginia some ease. She certainly did not want to meet her father just then.

"Dear, you shouldn't have disobeyed your father," said Mrs. Lundeen reprovingly. She was a woman whose handsome, stately presence failed to hide the travail of earlier years.

"Perhaps I shouldn't," rejoined Virginia, with resignation. "But, Mother, I don't always do what I should. Has the baggage come from the station?"

"Yes. And your guests are all in their rooms. Ethel is to share yours."

"I'll need a maid."

"You may have Juanita. She speaks English and is the best of the lot. All our help is Mexican. It doesn't please me any too well. But Malpass runs the ranch."

"Malpass?" echoed Virginia puzzled.

"Augustine Malpass. You remember him, don't you?"

"The name, but not the man."

"He is your father's partner, formerly superintendent. But he still superintends, as you will see. I advise you to remember him."

THERE seemed more in her mother's words than a hint not to displease her father. But Virginia made no reply, and led Ethel through the magnificent patio, shaded by the single great cottonwood around which the house had been built. Tinkle of flowing water and fragrance of flowers attested to the luxuriance of this walled-in garden.

Ethel drew off her hat and coat, then flung her arms round Virginia's neck.

"You know I love you, 'Ginia?" she asked, in manner far removed from the recent tormenting one.

"Why, of course, you goose," replied Virginia, heartily returning embrace and kiss.

"I'm not serious often, but I am now," went on Ethel. "'Ginia, I'm something of a mystic in spells."

"You certainly are mysterious on occasions. Now, what's troubling you?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's this tremendous, overshadowing Spanish house. But it makes me say I'm no ordinary friend of yours. I don't care a hang for your riches or your favors. I do care for you, though, very, very much. And if you fell upon evil days—then you'd know me best."

"Evil days? For *me!*"

Ethel nodded her blond head, like a bright-eyed bird: "I've got a queer feeling you might. And it's not in my little toe either."

Virginia gave her a hug. "You adorable wretch! Don't come any more of your psychic stuff on me. . . . But, Ethel, dear, you are my best friend—my only intimate friend. I shall never forget your loyalty. But let me—help me to forget this—this that happened today. Oh, it goes so deep and so far back. I'm afraid—"

"So am I, but don't forget. Not—"

VIRGINIA stopped her lips with a kiss. "Come, we must unpack. Look at the trunks—and the bags! . . . And here's more in this room. While we unpack, honey, we'll talk. We have a houseful for a week; then, thank goodness, I'll have you alone for a time—till June, when the mob comes. *Then* we will eat and drink and smoke and dance and flirt—and ride, ride, ride. Dad has the finest horses in the West, and he loves to show off and spend money."

"Drink and smoke and flirt?" queried Ethel, with thoughtful softness. "Since when have you acquired these habits?"

"I haven't yet, but I shall. Then we'll ride, ride, ride right into a couple of husbands," replied Virginia recklessly, and she threw her hat aloft.

"Thanks. But I'll choose mine," said Ethel demurely. "I've just about picked him. He's pretty young yet and callow. Needs training, which he's getting unknown to himself."

"Ethel Wayne! You've never told me."

"Well, we never got thick enough until today."

"Tell me who he is. I'll telegraph him to come on," said Virginia eagerly.

"Indeed, not. Do you think I'll risk that precious lad with you? Not now, you lovely, rich, mad creature. Some day, maybe, when I have him corraled. Meanwhile, this riding for husbands, as you so elegantly put it, narrows down to you and—"

"Shut up!" screamed Virginia, "or I will be a mad creature."

The entrance of a maid put an end to possible hostilities.

"Señorita, I come. It is Juanita."

Luncheon brought Virginia's guests together, a merry half dozen, all Western people, among whom was Ethel's mother. Some of these had assembled at the station to welcome Virginia home, and she had whisked them off to Cottonwoods for a week-end.

Virginia noted the absence of her father and of his partner, Mr. Malpass, who, she understood, shared the hospitality of the house more as one of the family than as a guest. She had tried several times to place this individual in memory and to establish clearly in her mind why his name had significance.

"If you all don't mind, let's go out to see the horses," suggested Virginia at the conclusion of luncheon.

A yelp of delight went up from the young people. The Lundeen horses were famous, and Virginia assured her friends that, as horseback riding was a passion with her, they were all invited to choose any mount they liked and keep up with her, or ride when and where they chose.

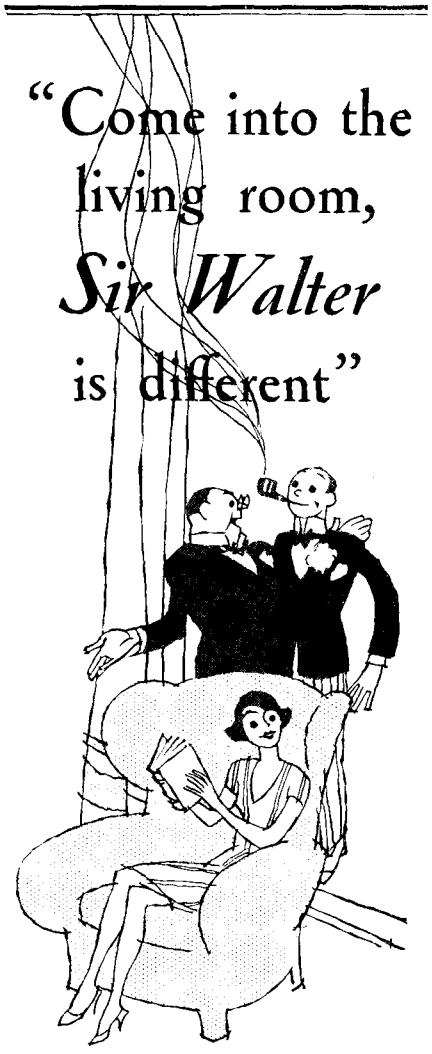
On the way down to the stables Fenton contrived by strategy and a little force to draw Virginia behind the others, and he proposed to her.

"Dick Fenton! I've been home just half a day, and you begin that again," exclaimed Virginia in plaintive consternation.

"Sure," he said, with complacence. "I want to get my bid in first."

(*Continued on page 44*)

"Come into the living room, *Sir Walter* is different"



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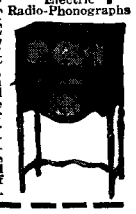

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Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 43

"Why the rush?"

"Virginia, your father recently made a crack in the Castaneda that has gone the rounds. He bragged he intended to marry you off quick."

"He did? Well, how funny!" returned Virginia merrily. But the gossip was more thought-provoking than humorous.

"It's not funny to me. I've found out a number of things: Your father's big money comes from his phosphate mines in the South. Well, Augustine Malpass is in on every deal Lundeen makes. They're as thick as hops. Now, Virginia, you've been away, on and off, since you were sixteen. You don't know things. And I want to tip you off pronto. Malpass was never well thought of. My father knows something shady about him. It's common gossip that Malpass engineered the deals for Lundeen which ruined Clay Forrest. And to come to the point everybody believes—indeed, I have a jealous lover's certainty of it—Lundeen intends Malpass to be the lucky man."

"RIDICULOUS," burst out Virginia, but her lips were tight. What kind of an intrigue had she come home to? This linked up with her mother's vague intimation. And suddenly she was realizing that since she had come to call Cottonwoods home, for nearly five years she had been packed off here and there to schools, and finally abroad. During that period her father had come to be almost the stranger he now seemed. She had attributed that to success, money and the power these controlled, which he had always worshiped.

"Virginia, I am most darned glad to hear that," Fenton was saying, fervently. "What's your answer to my offer?"

"No, you wild and sudden Westerner," answered Virginia. "But if you're so serious, I'll be serious. . . . Thank you, Dick, for the honor you do me. I appreciate it, but I must decline. And I have only the same old excuse."

"Reckon I expected it," he said cheerfully. "But I've started again, and I'll soon get in the habit. . . . Hold on now. Just one more word. Suppose it's true. You can't marry Malpass. He calls himself part Spanish, but he's sure half greaser."

"Suppose what's true, Dick?"

"That Lundeen would want you to marry Malpass."

"Why do you always call my father Lundeen?"

"Pardon. Everybody calls him that."

"Well, Dick, in that case, if I couldn't outwit them, I might have to flee to you for protection," she replied archly.

"Devil!"

Virginia ran on ahead to escape him. "Ethel, hang on to me," she begged with a laugh.

"Heavens!" rejoined Ethel, locking arms with hers. "Dick has gone and done it already. Poor simp!"

They entered the zone of barns and corrals, all new to Virginia, and the place appeared to be overrun by Mexicans.

The main barn was a low-roofed enormous structure, with a wide lane running through from one open end to the other. Virginia recognized this as the original barn repaired and greatly improved. It contained twenty stalls on each side, and all but several held horses. What a spirited, glossy-haired, well-groomed lot of thoroughbreds! Not one, however, did Virginia recognize as a favorite of hers. The Mexican vaquero who tended them could not make himself perfectly clear to Virginia. She gathered, however, that there were horses in the pastures. The Mexican said something about Waltrous, which recalled the fine grazing ranch her father owned there.

"Friends, I don't know a thing about these horses," vouchsafed Virginia. "Never rode one of them. I'll find out where mine are."

"Gee, but it's funny to visit the most wonderful ranch in the West, and not see a single bow-legged, red-faced, winking cowboy," observed Ethel.

"Can't say I love these sloe-eyed vaqueros," added Gwen Barclay. "But they're sure picturesque."

They all finally wound up, even Mrs. Wayne, by sitting on the top rail of a high corral fence, gayly edified over an impromptu rodeo.

After two hours and more of this kind of entertainment, Virginia's guests, at least the feminine contingent, were glad to bend their steps homeward. And it was when they got back that Virginia met Augustine Malpass. Instantly her memory bridged the gap between the moment and the day some years back when this sleek, dark individual had dared to make bold if not questionable advances toward her. That was before the Lundeen régime at Cottonwood. Evidently his fortunes, along with Lundeen's, were in the ascendant. Fine riding garb made fine-looking riders. From his long, cruel Mexican spurs and shiny high-top boots to his olive-tan face and magnetic eyes and sleek, black hair he personified the modern Western dandy. He scarcely showed the Spanish descent rumor attributed to him. But his eyes were black and piercing as the points of daggers. In his speech there was no hint of the foreigner; in fact, he gave the impression of a keen and successful American between thirty and forty.

"August, I'll bet you don't remember Virginia as the kid who used to sit on the counter down at the old tradin' post," had been Lundeen's introduction of his daughter.

"Who would?" rejoined Malpass, showing his handsome, white teeth. "If I remember the bare-legged kids of those hard days, it's inconceivable that your beautiful daughter could have been one of them."

"Waal, she shore is. Virgie, do you remember August?"

"I didn't by name, but the instant I saw Mr. Malpass I remembered him very well indeed. I'm quite surprised if he has forgotten me."

BY HIS reaction to that cool speech Virginia gauged him as a man of depth and resource. These qualities he might always have possessed; however, along with his immaculate riding garb, he had acquired considerable polish. If he had been a little less impenetrable she might have given him the *benefit* of a doubt. But he masked himself. He was aloof from the man she remembered.

"Father, where are my horses?" asked Virginia. "I took my friends out to the barns, boasting about my neglected pets, and I couldn't find one I knew."

"Shore, I supposed they were heah," replied her father. "How aboot it, August?"

"I keep them at the Waltrous ranch. Better grazing pasture there."

"Drive Virginia over tomorrow an' let her see them."

"I want my horses here," declared Virginia with spirit. "You certainly knew I was coming home. It really isn't like home without my horses."

"I'll take you over tomorrow, and you can pick out what you want to ride," said Malpass.

"I want them all. By the way, I suppose my boys, Jake and Con, are in charge?"

"No. I discharged them."

"*You* discharged them," rejoined Virginia, with undisguised amaze. "By whose authority?"

"Virginia," interposed Lundeen uneasily. "Malpass has the run of the ranches. My mining interests take all my attention."

"Oh, I see. Very well. But now that I'm home, I shall look after them myself," returned Virginia. These men, if they had considered her at all, had not calculated on this possible development. Not improbably they had been so engrossed in their business deals that they had not given her a serious thought. Virginia sensed more than she heard or saw. Her faculties had been shamed and stung acutely by Clifton Forrest's accusation and later sharpened by Dick Fenton's gossip. Right here, at the outset, she distrusted the situation, and at the risk of being impulsively precipitous she declared herself:

"Mr. Malpass, you need not trouble yourself about my horses—or anything else, for that matter. I have my own allowance and can entertain my friends without drawing more upon Father or charging any bills to the ranch."

MALPASS bowed politely enough, but the blood thickened under his olive tan. Furthermore, Virginia's keen eyes caught her father biting his cigar. Without more ado she excused herself and went to her room.

Ethel was in the bedroom, half undressed and curled up fast asleep. Virginia closed the door softly and left her there. She put on her dressing gown and, making herself comfortable on the cushions of the wide window seat, she gazed out over the valley.

In a vague, easily dismissed way there had always seemed something irregular about the Lundeen household. She could no longer lay it to her father's irresponsible habit of shoving things upon other people's shoulders. Fitting together the few instances that popped out of the past, and what she had heard and seen since her arrival home, she imagined a situation that was very disagreeable if not worse. Her father had never inspired confidence. Her mother was but his echo. It would surely be bad enough for her, even if she did not exaggerate the situation.

She watched the sunset, the first one she had seen over a New Mexican landscape for two years; and the gorgeousness and riot of intense gold, pink, silver and blue, over that far-flung expanse of desert, made her ache with the glory of the West. She had had enough of the crowded, sordid, noisy, war-beset East. This was home, and she did not mean the splendid mansion built by the Dons and named Cottonwoods by the Forrests. Home was the open there, the lonely range, and the grand bronze walls from which it sloped, and the ruggedness of the gray-barked cottonwoods, their strength, color, music and their shade.

Someone tapped on the door. Startled out of her reverie Virginia called: "Come in!" The door opened to admit her father.

(*To be continued next week*)

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Awfully Marvelous

Continued from page 11

minutes late; he resolved to dress ten minutes early. That was twenty minutes' leeway.

Clay stuffed the pages into their respective envelopes, glanced at his watch, gasped, and windmilled into action. For five minutes there was the clean rustle of hastily handled clothing, a wild flailing about of slender limbs and the thud of falling shoes. He paused when everything was on but the æsthetic touches, and reverently laid the blue silk Tie of Ties in the cleft of a faultless collar.

It was Jake's collar, Clint's tie, and Clay's big moment.

Before the fascinating knot was accomplished he stopped panic-stricken, and rummaged for a pencil. This he found in a drawer of the dressing table. He pounced upon the two envelopes. On one he wrote "Attention of Clint." He propped it against Clint's hairbrush and thrust the unaddressed, sacred missive into the pocket of his best coat, which hung upon a chair. Then he finished tying the $2 tie.

When he turned from the mirror Jake stood behind him, smiling.

Clay made it a rule of necessity never to hope where Jake was concerned.

Therefore Clay was far from reassured when Jake merely sat down upon his bed and regarded his younger brother's flustered toilet with sweet absorption.

When Clay put on his coat he pressed his right palm softly against the envelope which rested in the inside pocket. Jake's blue eyes lost nothing of the gesture; he recited with detached rapture:

"Oh, Dorothee,
When this you see
Remember me
And let me be!
I ain't for thee.
It cannot be,
So I must flee!"

"You think you're funny, don't you?" Clay demanded truculently, blushing to the roots of his perfectly brushed and rebrushed hair.

"No," admitted Jake; "not particularly. Just marvelous, wonderful, gorgeous. You going to get a little kiss off her tonight?"

"Shut up! Your mind's so filthy you can't open your mouth without it coming out. Dorothy's little finger is purer than your whole miserable body. I don't mind you and Clint ragging *me*, but when you start talking vile about a pure girl that can't help herself—"

"They all say that they can't help themselves—after they make you kiss 'em."

"IT IS marvelous walking tonight, but we'd better get a car now. Clay, I've positively never enjoyed a show more wonderfully." Dorothy slipped her overgroomed hand through Clay's arm. His bliss was tempered by ignorance of just how to carry an arm that had a girl's hand resting on it. And a direct and devastating galvanism paralyzed coördination so that they bobbed along ridiculously out of step until Dorothy giggled. "I'm getting you all confused," she announced pityingly, and withdrew her hand.

"I— If there's any fault, it's mine," Clay assured her miserably.

"Oh, it's always the woman's fault!"

"You know, that's something I never did believe, Dorothy. Another thing: they always say it's the man that gets tired first. I don't believe that either."

"Tired of what?" Dorothy's shoes were an eighth of an inch too short. She looked hungrily at a passing car.

"Why, of being in love, and keeping up a friendship, and things like that. Most cases *I've* ever seen, it was the *woman* got tired first—"

"Do you believe in Platonic friendship, Clay? I think a Platonic friendship between two people that were really *congenial* would be the most marvelous thing in the world. Think how wonderful it would be to have somebody to tell everything to and to have them tell everything to you. Let's hurry! There's our car now!"

The car was crowded, and two persons on it knew that it was running four minutes behind schedule. One of these was the conductor. He grudgingly opened the door, invisible behind the jammed passengers on the rear platform. "'Board!"

CLAY painfully handed Dorothy on. There was hardly room for her lithe body, so the boy hesitated. The conductor jerked the bell twice testily and closed the door as the car started. He had seen only Dorothy.

"Hey!" Clay yelled, forgetting to be self-conscious. He snatched his arm back as the door closed and sprinted after the car, which was rapidly gathering speed. Then he stopped. His right coat sleeve hung in two ribbons. The closing door had caught his cuff, and the light stuff had ripped with silence and completeness.

A hundred feet ahead the car stopped suddenly. Clay stood still and glared at it. There was a stir of dark figures on the rear platform, and the conductor thrust his head from the window. "Whatdyer think this is? A garbage wagon? C'm'on if you're going to ride."

Clay took two running strides toward the car. The split sleeve fluttered from his arm. A pin! Where was a pin? That would fix it. He stopped short.

"*Stay* there, then!" The conductor jerked the bell. The car growled on.

Well, he could explain to Dorothy tomorrow or some time. She wasn't like these flappers with no brains. She understood a man. Maybe she would—

The poem! The poem so painfully composed and copied! It must be handed to her as they parted in the moon-gray gloom of her deep front porch!

Clay slapped his pocket. The envelope was there. He tore wildly down the track. The car dwindled away in front of him; it hardly seemed to know he was after it. Panting, Clay stopped at the next corner as another car came up.

"Lemme out!" The boy surged across the platform, and thrust his shoulders against the door. He had just seen Dorothy on the car they had met and passed. She was going back for him.

"Stations only!" reminded the conductor. But he opened the door quickly at the next corner because his fare had symptoms of seasickness and monomania.

Again Clay convinced himself that even a fair sprinter is no match for a street car in good training. Just as his pounding heart seemed sure to burst, the arrogant vehicle stopped and from it Dorothy descended.

Clay slowed up and wrapped his ruined sleeve about his arm. Now that she was his again, he wasn't too sure that it would not have been better, the sleeve considered, to have missed her. But there was no choice; she saw him. "Oh, Clay! Are you hurt? The conductor was just marvelous! He's wonderfully intelligent and knew just what

(*Continued on page 46*)

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- *perpetual summer*
- *outdoor living*
- *grand scenery*
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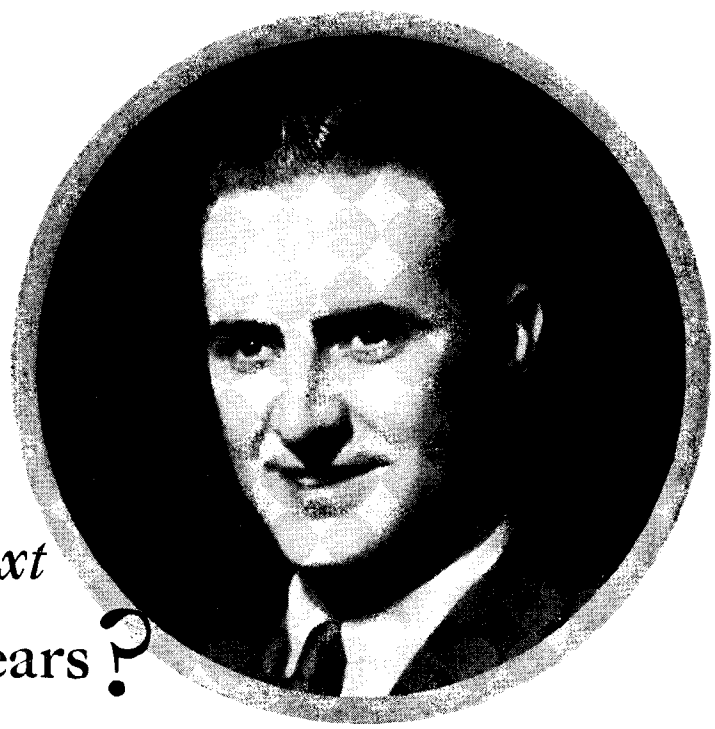

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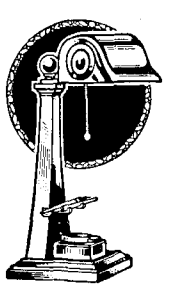
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Awfully Marvelous

Continued from page 45

to do. I caught the next car back and saw you on the one going uptown."

"I'm all right. I tore my coat sleeve a little, though."

"That's too bad. Why, Clay, it's *ruined!* I don't know *what* I would have done if the conductor hadn't suggested coming back. Did you notice what an intelligent face he had, Clay? He's young too. I think his eyes are just marvelous, don't you?"

"You can't always tell about those fellows by their looks."

Their car came, and they climbed on, It was a strained ride. Clay's sleeve was bothering him, and it was tacitly understood that he and Dorothy held diametrically opposite views upon the marvelousness of a street-car conductor with wonderful eyes. They pecked at conversation content with meager beakfuls until they reached Dorothy's street.

"Clay," she stopped firmly at the foot of her front steps, "this has been a gorgeous evening and I've had a marvelous time. It was wonderful of you to take me. And I'm just grieved to death about your sleeve."

Clay glanced once toward the porch swing, empty and idle in the moonlight. Dorothy shifted her weight from one tortured foot to the other and waited.

"I—" Clay began. "Say, Dorothy, you know how much I've enjoyed you lettin' me take you. Say, Dorothy, I got something for you—"

"Really, Clay? How marvelous! What is it? I'm awfully curious. I'll bet it's something wonderful. Let me see it, Clay. You *couldn't* have bought it when we were downtown—"

"No, it's something I— You'll have to read it." Quickly Clay produced his sacred envelope and handed it to her.

"It's a letter?" Dorothy must have noted the sudden flattening out of her own voice. She had the grace to add, rather too hastily, "It's marvelous of you, Clay! It's something for me to read after you're gone, isn't it? I'm just wild to read it!"

"I'll tell you how I came to write it," Clay volunteered. "I just got to thinking about the way you looked yesterday when we were there waiting for the car together. Somehow I just couldn't help trying to write a little something that would kinda let you know what—how—Well, it just seemed like I couldn't help it."

"Clay, that's marvelous! I'm going to read every word of it over and over, and I'll be thinking of you and your wonderful brain every minute. I simply worship a marvelous brain."

"Honestly, Dorothy?"

"You know I will. Well, it was certainly a marvelous evening, Clay, and it was just wonderful of you to take me. The show was gorgeous."

And not even moonstruck seventeen, bolstered up with the egotism of gorgeous achievement, could disregard the wonderful finality in Miss Dorothy Babin's marvelous voice.

PARTLY because there is still a sleepy boy in most young men of seventeen when the hour grows late, partly because the consummation of a date was a mighty struggle, the family considered, Clay was nearly as glad to leave Dorothy as she was glad to be left, though he would have shed his heart's blood in denial of it.

When he swung off at his corner he yawned unrestrainedly and paid no further heed to his bifurcated coat sleeve. His steps rang crisp and lonely in the empty street. The house was dark, though he thought that he had seen a light in the boys' room when he got off the car.

He found the key in the hanging basket of ferns on the porch and let himself into the black hall, where the imprisoned odors of a lived-in house were not unpleasant to his comatose senses. He dropped the key on the hall table and, fingers on wall, guided himself to the door of the boys' room, fumbled the knob, and, in deference to Clint and Jake, entered without much more noise than a meteor falling through ten floors of a department store.

The light snicked on.

On one bed a towering figure swathed in white looked grimly at Clay over the top of a sheet of paper. Clay recognized that sheet of paper before he recognized his sheeted elder brother. Turning from Clint, he saw Jake, also sheeted, a pillow balanced upon his head, standing upon his own bed. He too held a sheet of paper in his hand.

CLAY grinned. Clint began to read with admirable emphasis and plenty of expression. Clay's grin halted, stiffened, froze—died. Clint read:

TO MY LADY

BY CLAY ALBERT PRATHER

The hours we've spent together
Flit by on wings of gold.
Through every kind of weather
Your charms on me take hold.

Thy face in moon-wise splendor
Entrances every eye.
My heart in sweet surrender
Is thine without a sigh.

Oh, rest it in thy keeping,
Content no more to roam;
A red rosebud a-sleeping
In heaven—in its home!

Clint bowed, lowered the scroll, and turned to Jake. Jake bowed, holding the pillow in place with one hand, and immediately began:

TO MISS M. W. G. BABIN
Latest Edition
BY LI'LE CLAY HIS SELF

The hours we've spent together
Hop by on rubber heels.
Small pigs in wintry weather
Emit mar-*vel*-ous *squeals.*

Thy face in unwise splendor
Ain't all a face should be;
But can gor-*geous*-ly *render*
A pile of joy to me.

Won-*der*-ful! *In thy keeping*
A cabbage rests supine;
Make kraut of it by steeping
Its leaflets in strong brine.

Clay slumped heavily on the upholstered chest at the foot of his and Clint's bed. His shoulders drooped.

Sure of their greatest success, his tormenters would have been amazed—outraged—had they known he was not even thinking of their ribaldry. A white light of inexorable logic had just burned the fact into his mangled mind that, since Clint had Dorothy's epistle it must follow as perdition follows death that Dorothy had Clint's!

And if Clay's reactions would have mystified and disturbed his brothers, no less Dorothy's, had he known them, would have devastated Clay. For the young lady was at this very moment having one convulsion after another over the substitution. And the twenty-eight bosom friends with whom her generosity moved her to share this ecstasy within the following forty-eight hours would not have had it otherwise either.

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Fare Enough!

Continued from page 7

traffic stopped them there; and turning around to learn the cause of her new excitement, he saw that she was looking intently at the flower in the vase.

"Tell me, Tony," she said, her eyes two circles of blue and white wonder. "Isn't this an orchid?"

"Yes, miss," he said in a matter-of-fact voice as though it were no uncommon thing for an orchid to grow in a taxi. "You see, I know the florist who sells them, and he gives me a special price."

"Oh!" she said. And, "I see you have a new book today, too."

"Yes'm. We're trying out a number of books. I think it's poems today. The head of our library department thought that short pieces, like poems, might prove more popular with the passengers."

HE SAW then that she was looking at something else which was new—a card which he had had printed the previous afternoon and which was hanging from the inside door-catch. "Our Drivers Know New York Thoroughly. Ask them Any Question You Wish. You Will Find Them Both Courteous and Instructive."

"Oh, Tony—" she said, as the cab started again.

"Yes, miss?" asked the Courteous and Instructive Driver on the front seat.

"It says here that you know New York thoroughly. So instead of going shopping this morning, I think I'll have you drive me around for about an hour, and —and tell me about anything interesting that you pass."

So Tony started by showing her the Library Lions, and then he called her attention to Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Rolling north from there, he first told her the names of some of the most famous churches, clubs and shops in the world, and about the Plaza, the most illustrious landmarks of Millionaire's Row. . . .

At the end of the hour they started back to the Aubrey Arms.

"I wonder if you're going to be busy this evening," asked Ann, leaning forward after humming to herself a few minutes in the back seat.

"No, miss," said Tony.

"Then I wonder if you could call, say, at eight o'clock—and wait for me."

"Rather!" said Tony incautiously, but promptly corrected this to "Very well, miss."

As they approached the Aubrey Arms a stately limousine rolled by them—Tony meeting it with his head well down.

"Did you notice the woman in that car?" he asked, still in his instructive rôle.

"Yes," said Ann, leaning forward again. "She had beautiful gray hair."

"That was Mrs. Worthington—you may have read of her—she's one of the leaders of society around here."

"It must be awfully nice to be in society in New York," said Ann with a smile just touched by wistfulness, "if only to keep one from being lonely."

The meter called for $2.60—Tony only having had one chance to set it back. She gave him three dollars.

"Please keep the change," she said with the same serious young look of approval which she had given him the day before. "And you won't forget tonight?"

"At eight o'clock, miss. I'll be here."

After she had disappeared, the Admiralty treasury was enriched by another half-dollar; and the young man with ambition was trundling uptown, his heart playing jazz. . . .

Promptly at eight o'clock that evening, the Barge came to rest at the curbstone next door to the house where Ann lived. The Admiral was off duty; so Tony went in to the hall man.

"Please telephone Miss Fitzgibbons that her taxi is waiting," he said.

The man complied, and Tony returned to his cab—returned as well to those dreamy speculations with which he had whiled away the afternoon. . . .

Where was she going? To call on friends? Or was there a possible chance that she might like to drive around for an hour or so—say, to see the double row of pearls along Fifth Avenue, the rubies and emeralds in the river below Riverside, or the more dazzling pawnshop jewels of Broadway?

Of course, it was possible that she would have her father with her—but sooner or later Tony would have to meet the old boy anyhow. "A colonel, probably," he thought. "White hair and a drooping mustache. 'My daughter tells me, suh, that you have been—'"

His dreams were interrupted by the hall man, who suddenly appeared on the sidewalk and played an important solo on a whistle.

"She's there, all right," exulted Tony. But when he pulled up in front of the Arms he didn't exult so much. Yes; she was there, all right—hatless and caped to perfection; but there was neither white hair nor a drooping mustache on the man who was by her side. He was, on the contrary, not much older than Tony; a dark picturesque figure with his evening clothes and his stick; and to make it worse, as they crossed the sidewalk, Ann was laughing at something which he had just said.

"Good Lord!" Tony suddenly groaned to himself. "It's Tink Mitcham! How did she ever get to know *him?*"

Not that Tony knew the picturesque Tink particularly well—but now and then their orbits had crossed. Tink was an authority on stage beauties and wire-haired fox terriers, for instance; and could judge the points of either class with a dark and knowing eye.

"Longacre Theatre," he shortly announced as he followed Ann into the cab.

"And I'll bet it's a dirty show," Tony groaned to himself, "and after the show he'll probably take her to some wild party."

AS THE taxi moved mournfully forward, Tink closed the glass slide which separated the driver from his passengers—closed it with a bang which was like a knife in Tony's heart.

"Oh, well!" he thought, biting his teeth together as though the finger of fate were between them. "It's probably the best thing that could have happened. It's going to cure me. Any girl who goes around with Tink Mitcham—"

His guess about the show proved to be good. The Longacre was offering The Companionates; and Tony was about to drive savagely away before Tink could pay him, when he caught sight of Ann. He noticed that she was no longer laughing; nor apparently in any humor to laugh. For all that, she was able to find Tony a tremulous little smile—a smile which might have touched a spring in him, from the sudden manner in which he turned to the meter.

"Sixty cents!" he exclaimed. "And if you'll get a number from the starter,

(*Continued on page 48*)

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and so is tobacco for thousands of pipe smokers

TODAY we have better clothes, better homes, better cars, better food—these are the signs of American progress and success. Where once we bought for price alone, now we buy for value. Is it any wonder, then, that thousands of pipe smokers are welcoming the genuine pleasure and solid comfort of Old Briar Tobacco!

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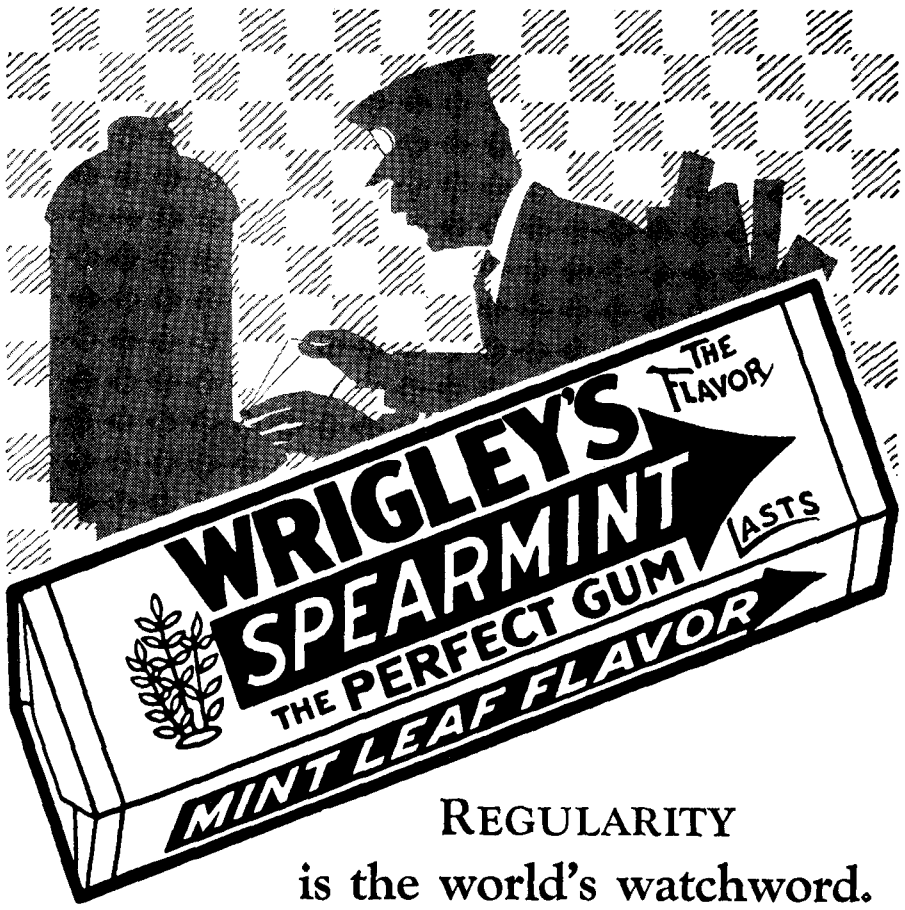

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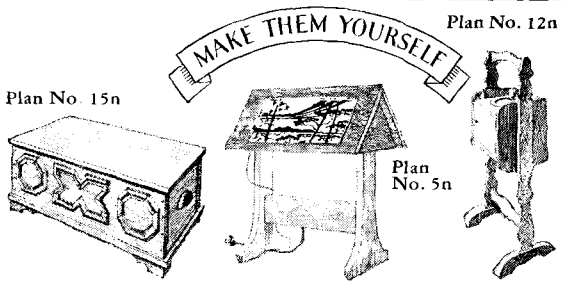

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Fare Enough!

Continued from page 47

I'll be waiting for you after the show."

"Not a bad idea, that," said Tink to Ann, unconscious that the message was to her instead of him. "It isn't always easy to find a taxi after the theatre. . . ."

The starter gave Tony a ticket with "166" scribbled on it—and when that number was flashed on the indicator at ten minutes to eleven, it didn't take the Barge long to answer it.

"Blackwood's Cabaret," commanded Tink with a wave of his stick. "Up in Harlem. Near Lenox. You know where?"

Again it pleased Tony to raise his hand to his cap.

"Courteous and instructive always," he grimly told himself. "I'll say I know where!"

ANN, he noticed, hadn't apparently greatly enjoyed herself at The Companionates. "But wait till she sees Blackwood's!" he thought. "It may cure her instead of me. . . ." During the theatre hours he had whiled away some of his time in studying the glass slide behind him. By the ingenious use of a lead pencil laid in the groove, this slide could now only be moved to within three inches of its closed position—a fact which Tink promptly discovered.

"Here, driver; what's the matter with this thing?" he demanded. "Do you want to blow our heads off?"

"No, leave it open," said Ann. "I need the air; I thought I'd stifle in that theatre. At home, you know, I almost lived outdoors. . . ." Whereupon she told, with many a detail, the story of a camping trip to the Natural Bridge of Virginia—a story which lasted till the Barge came to rest in front of Blackwood's.

"I'll give her ten minutes in there," thought Tony, as he watched them go down the steps. It was half an hour, though, before they appeared again; and even in the uncertain light of the street lamps Tony could see the two red spots on Ann's cheeks.

"And Tink's got a bun on," he thought, as he rolled the Barge to the entrance. "Looks mean with it, too. She probably couldn't get him away before."

Tink's bun, one might think, had aroused that spirit of travel which, they say, lies dormant in every man.

"Long Beach next," he commanded, "and park somewhere where we can see the ocean—"

"No," said Ann, already in the cab. "I told you I'm going home."

"Long Beach!" sternly repeated Tink. "Queensborough Bridge."

"Home," said Ann, raising her own voice a little, as though for the benefit of any courteous and instructive driver who might be listening.

"No, no, no," said Tink, getting in the car. "You're in New York now. This is no kindergarten class in—in Natural Bridges. Nice fat fare for the driver too. He likes it."

In this, however, he had misconstrued the last of the Cadwalladers. The Barge, cruised at full speed down Park Avenue, went past the Bridge as though it hadn't been built yet.

"Here!" exclaimed Tink in the back seat. "Where the devil do you think you're going?"

"I'm taking Miss Fitzgibbons home," he said over his shoulder; as courteous, you will notice, and as instructive as ever.

The glass slide opened behind him; and the next moment Tink's arm was around his neck, pulling his head back. Goggling a little, Tony managed to step on the brake and pull it to the sidewalk. Both men got out; and Ann hastily followed.

"You'd better run home," Tony told her, already struggling for Tink's stick. "It isn't far. You—you don't want to be caught—in this—"

He thought she had gone—he was far too busy at the moment to look around to see! But a few moments later when Tink managed to get his hand down to a button on the silver handle of his stick, it was probably just as well for Tony that Ann had stayed. For Tony suddenly discovered that although he was still holding the lower part of the stick, Tink had drawn out the handle—a handle to which was attached a blackjack—one of those springy, murderous affairs, weighted at one end, which are sold in Paris by whispering shopkeepers who confide that they make a specialty of the Apache trade.

Tink lifted its snake-like, trembling length over his shoulder and was about to bring it down on Tony's head when Ann sprang forward and grappled his arm. It was a short diversion, but it was long enough to give Tony time to focus all his strength on a swinging uppercut which caught his aggressor squarely on the point of the chin. The next moment Tink's head struck the sidewalk, and it only needed a glance to see that for the present, at least, there was no more fight in him.

"Now! Before anybody comes!" exclaimed Tony.

They jumped in the taxi together—she in the back seat and he in the front—and a few minutes later the Barge safely drew up to the landing-place in front of the Aubrey Arms. . . .

The Daughters of the Netherlands were holding their annual affair at Victor's a few evenings later—one of the reddest of red-letter nights in the social calendar. At a quarter to eleven a stately limousine stopped at the canopy outside, and Ann slowly emerged—most obviously dressed for the party, but all alone.

Uncertainly, almost timidly, she made her way to the elevator, where an attendant inspected her card. A loudly chatting group was already in the car and they all looked at Ann—the ladies in one way and the gentlemen in another. Evidently her card was in order, for she was admitted and the elevator began to ascend.

"When the clock strikes twelve," thought Ann, "I shall suddenly find myself back home—listening to the radio—"

AND indeed it had been like a fairy story. Two days before, Mrs. Worthington had telephoned her—Mrs. Worthington of the beautiful gray hair. "My dear, are you busy on Thursday evening? . . . Then I'm sending you an invitation, which I hope you will accept. . . . Your prettiest dress, please, and I'll have my car call for you at half past ten. . . ."

That, in itself, might have been dreamed; but an hour later a messenger had appeared with an invitation to the annual gathering of the D. O. N.'s—and although Ann hadn't been long in New York at least she had been there long enough to know what *that* meant. And here she was, in her best bib and tucker, uncertainly walking out of the elevator and asking another attendant where she would find Mrs. Worthington.

He checked her wrap first; and then he led her to a gracious gray-haired

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woman who was seated in state at one end of the ballroom.

"Ah, yes, my dear," she said. "It was beautiful of you to come on such short notice. I must find someone to introduce you to the other children. Meanwhile, if you'll stay here and hold my chair for me—"

SHE disappeared into a smaller room adjoining, where the last of the Cadwalladers was resting among the sad-faced stags.

"Lazy boy," she said, shaking her finger at him. "Come and work."

"Is she here?" asked Tony, eagerly rising.

"Yes."

"And isn't she a peach?"

"A sweet child, yes. And sweet children mustn't be kept waiting. Come."

"And you'll be good to her?" asked Tony, leading her back to the ballroom.

"If only for your sake—yes. If only because she seems to have put some life in you at last. . . ." And looking around at the sad-faced stags she added, "A pity it isn't contagious!"

Ann arose at their approach—and it pleased Tony to keep his handkerchief to his face, as though his nose were tickling him.

"My dear," said Mrs. Worthington, "I think you will enjoy Mr. Cadwallader. Mr. Cadwallader—Miss Fitzgibbons."

"Why!" gasped Ann, as the handkerchief came down. "It's—it's Tony!"

"Be off with you!" laughed Mrs. Worthington, resuming her chair of state. "I see you know each other."

They didn't go off far, though. There was a quiet corner in the palm-room where confidences could be exchanged; and in this corner Ann heard the history of the Barge—a history which she followed with such breathless attention that, with the exception of the tragic ones, her rounded eyes expressed every emotion known to man. They danced then—danced for nearly an hour—and when that was over, Tony said, "Do you want to know something?"

"Yes," she nodded, quite breathless again at the tone of his voice.

"I brought the Barge," he said. "It's parked around the corner, half full of flowers." Already he was leading her toward the cloak-room. "We'll sit the next one out—in the back seat," he said. "As instructive and courteous as I have tried to be, there are one or two things I haven't been able to tell you yet . . . with that glass slide between us. . . ."

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". . . I was coming at a pretty good clip and a car was coming ahead of me with a very bright light. I quickly put down my Face-a-Lite just in time to see a car parked ahead of me without lights. I quickly swerved to the left, thus avoiding a collision. If it hadn't been for my Face-a-Lite, I'd have had a grand smashup." Joe M. Lasker, Anoka, Minn.

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Yes, rush me full details of Face-a-Lite and tell me about your free sample proposition to car owners. Also include your $20 a day money-making plan. This request is not an order and does not obligate me in any way.

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THOMAS H. BECK
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

May the Best Man Win

THE Presidential campaign is drawing to its inevitable end. The candidates have done their work and have done it well. Little remains now except to record and to count the vote.

Four years ago29,000,000men and women divided their ballots between Coolidge, Davis and LaFollette. President Coolidge was given a handsome majority of the votes cast.

Enough voters stayed away from the polls to have elected a President. Nearly sixteen million voters supported Coolidge. More than twenty million Americans failed to vote.

The vote will undoubtedly be larger this year. The appeals made by two strong men have stirred the nation, high and low.

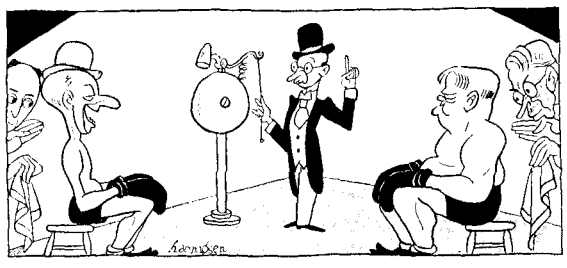
Men and particularly women who never before participated in elections will go to the polls on November 6th. How large the outpouring will be cannot be accurately foretold. Judged by the size of the registrations in many communities, however, the vote will be a record breaker.

Before midnight of November 6th, unless the decision is very close, we shall know the verdict. Radio will flash the news across the country and around the world. The voice of America will have spoken, but the actual election will still be months away.

We shall vote for Presidential electors on Election Day.

In theory these electors will be free to make their own choice of a President. They will meet in the 48 state capitols on January 14th to cast their ballots. Actually, however, the Presidential electors might just as well be figures in a marionette show. Long ago the power to choose was taken from them. They are now mere human counters, retained in deference to the Constitution but of no more significance than the white and blue chips in a card game.

A month later, February 13th is the day, Congress will meet and the President of the Senate will count the ballots of the members of the electoral college. Then formally a President will have been chosen.



The old forms have survived more than a century after they have lost all practical meaning.

The makers of the Constitution provided an indirect method of electing a President in order to eliminate passion and prejudice and to assure the use of calm and reasoned judgment in the selection of a man to be entrusted with the leadership of the American people.

The system they devised failed. We retain only its shell. The change was natural. Popular government has made vast progress since our Constitution was written. But even though we cannot delegate to any representatives the responsibility of choosing a President, we owe it to ourselves and to our country to go to the polls in an unprejudiced and reasonable spirit.

Gun Man Prohibition

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MONAGHAN of Philadelphia has uncovered a bootleg ring which he says had ten million dollars deposited in the local banks and paid two million dollars a year in bribes to the police.

One instance shows how the system works.

Four years ago General Smedley D. Butler, put at the head of the Department of Public Safety with orders to clean up the city, organized a special squad to close up the speakeasies. Last year positions on that squad, it is reliably reported, were being sold at one thousand dollars apiece. You can guess why.

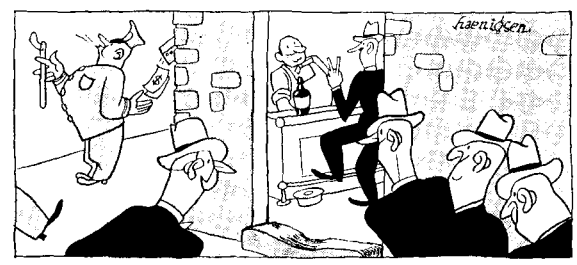
Not every policeman was crooked but enough of them were either corrupted or intimidated to make the liquor business about as profitable as the grocery business. Officers in uniform guarded whisky trucks and patrolled in front of drinking places. Distilleries operated illegally with almost no pretense of concealment.

The bootleggers had a private government and a private police force of their own. Hardware dealers did a brisk trade in bullet-proof vests, revolvers, shotguns and machine guns. If anyone defied the orders of the bootleg "czar" he was beaten up or killed.

There is doubt as to the guilt of accused individuals. They are entitled to fair trial. But there is no doubt as to the rottenness of the system.

These exposures might have been expected to rock the city to its foundations. They didn't.

One reason is that a great many people in Philadelphia—possibly a majority—don't think the prohibition law is a good law. They do not regard drinking as a crime and consequently they will wink at any system, however corrupt, which enables them to get liquor. This attitude exists in almost every great city in the country. It is one of the evils which prohibition has created and which concerns all of us, whether we are wet or dry.



Crimes are not made by law but by public opinion. We may as well face the fact that prohibition will never be effectively enforced in any community until most of the people in that community want it.

Spectacular clean-ups and sweeping denunciations will probably fail. Education may succeed. The fundamental error behind the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act is that they were put into effect before enough of the public was ready to accept them.

Why He's Headman

DWIGHT W. MORROW has become friend, brother and honorary headman of a tribe of Zapotecan Indians in Mexico. He's an honorary mayor of two towns and an honorary citizen of numerous others.

You don't have to be told that the American ambassador is regarded as an individual with neither horns nor hoofs.

It has been a long time since Mexicans felt moved to cheer a representative of the United States Government. The masses cheered Dwight Morrow repeatedly recently.

He had convinced the people that he was as much interested in helping to protect their national rights as he was in safeguarding legitimate American claims in pending disputes.

Diplomacy of this sort breeds affection as well as respect.

Previous spokesmen for this country didn't have equal success. Dwight W. Morrow applied an old truth.

There is no adequate substitute for the practice of thinking out problems in terms of human beings.

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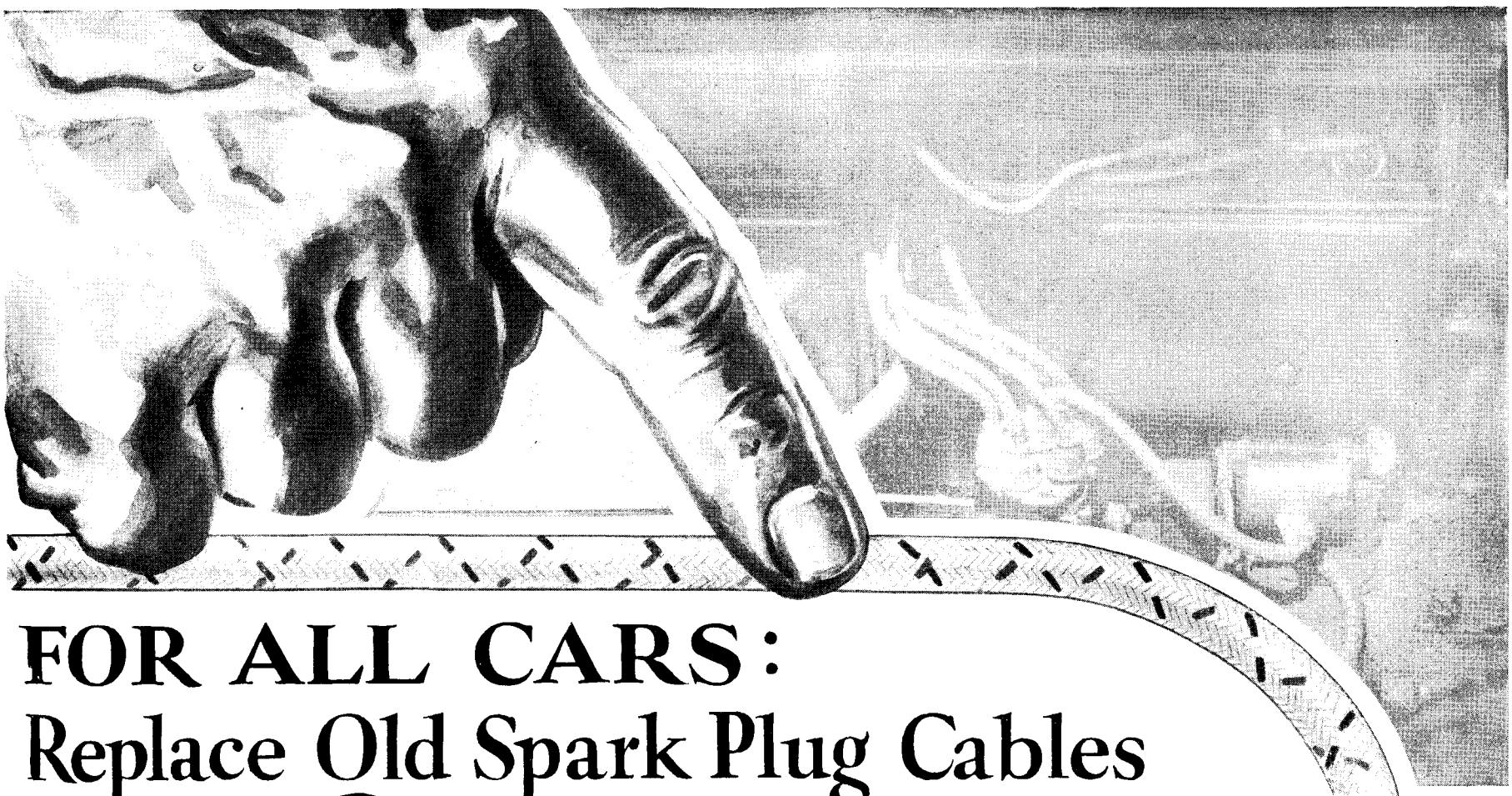

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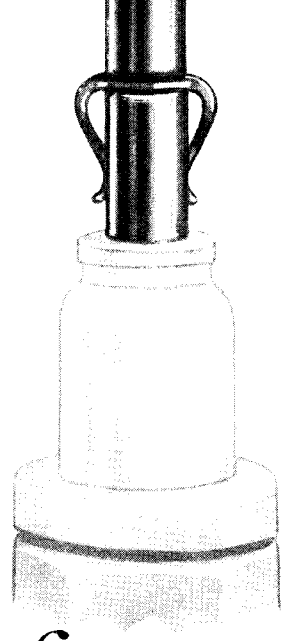

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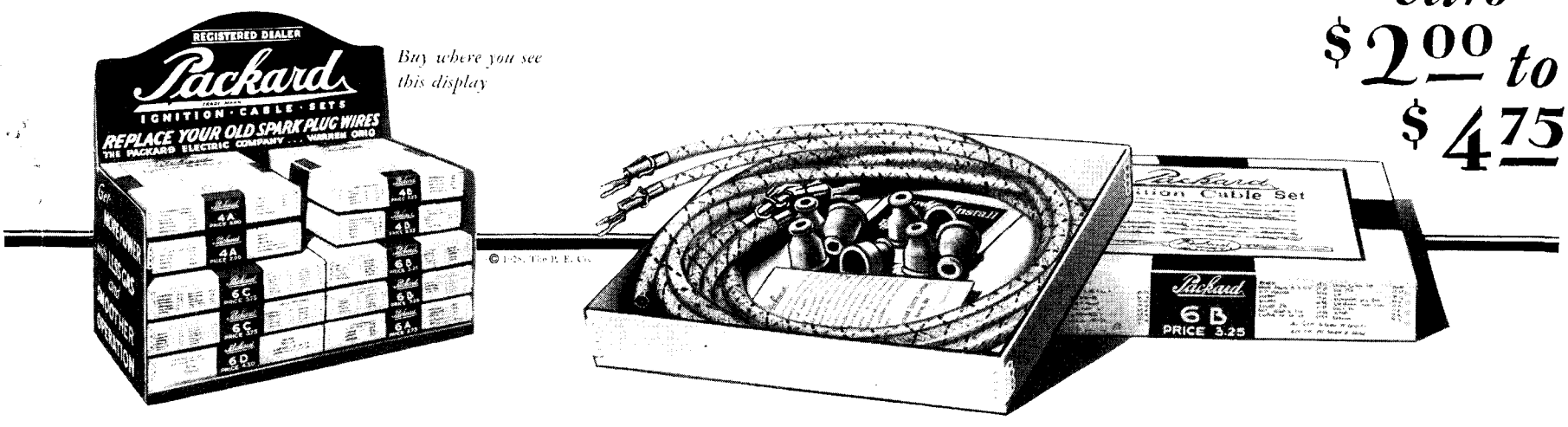

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